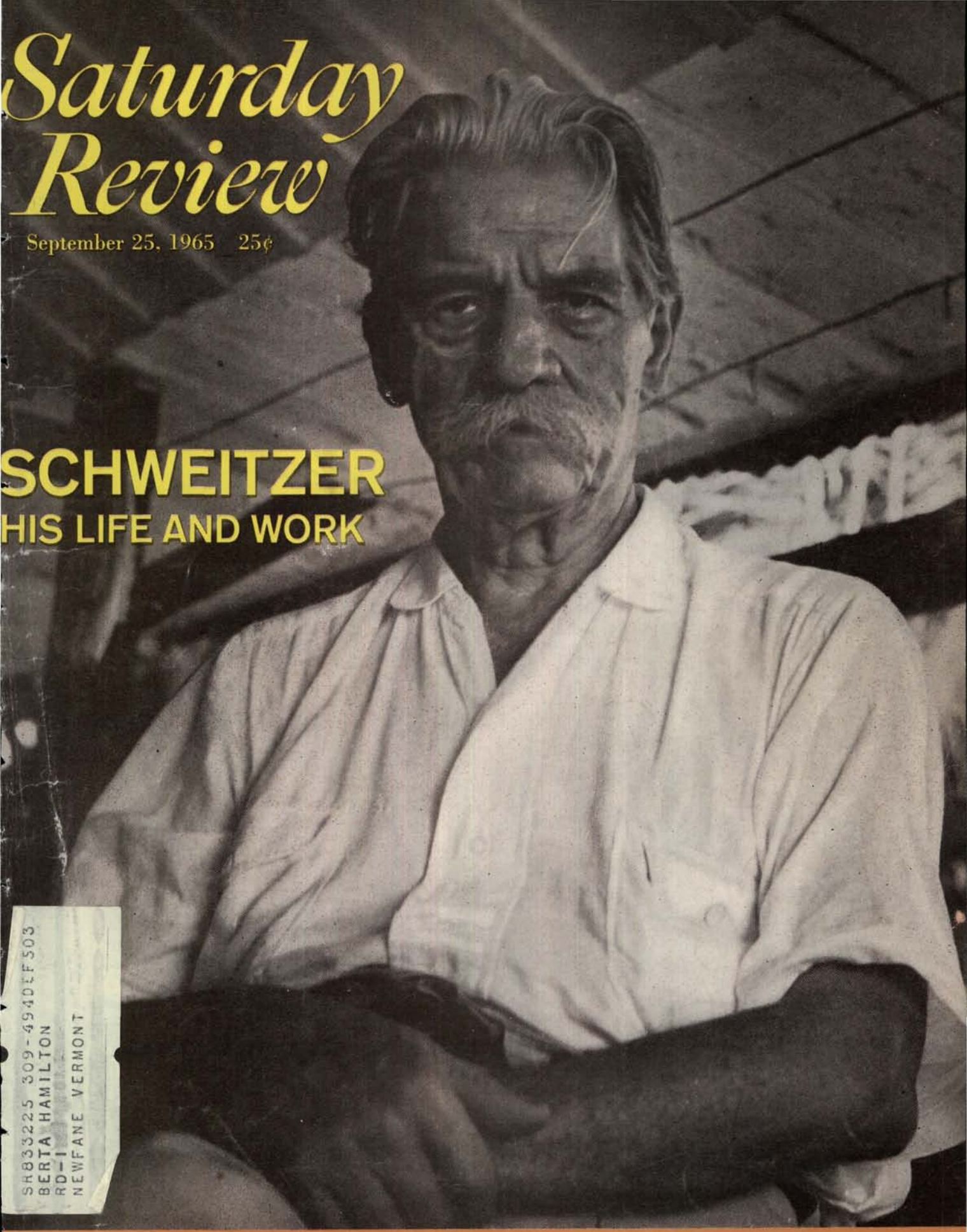

Saturday Review

September 25, 1965 25¢

SCHWEITZER
HIS LIFE AND WORK

SR833225 309-4940EF503
BERTA HAMILTON
RD-1
NEWFANE VERMONT

RECORDINGS

AUDIO '66 — PREVIEW OF THE NEW YORK AUDIO SHOW

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PINCH BY HAIG & HAIG, LTD., BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

People who prize Scotch pay the price for Pinch.

The Scotch with the noblest history in all of Scotland. A blend of the great historic whiskies . . . the masterwork of Scotland's oldest distillers.

There are more than three centuries of affection and conviction behind our blend. That's why only Pinch is Pinch.

To people who prize Scotch only the most famous bottle in the world will do.

Would you deny yourself a bit of heaven?

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The writer of this ad rented an Avis car recently. Here's what I found:

Cigarette butts. A whole ashtray full.

I write Avis ads for a living. But that doesn't make me a paid liar.

When I promise that the least you'll get from Avis is a clean Plymouth with everything in perfect order, I expect Avis to back me up.

I don't expect full ashtrays; it's not like them.

I know for a fact that everybody in that company, from the president down, tries harder.

"We try harder" was their idea; not mine.

And now they're stuck with it; not me.

So if I'm going to continue writing these ads, Avis had better live up to them. Or they can get themselves a new boy.

They'll probably never run this ad.

© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC.

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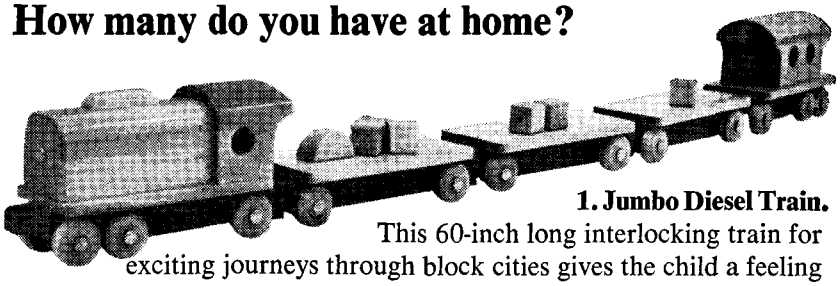
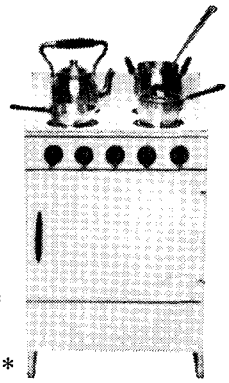
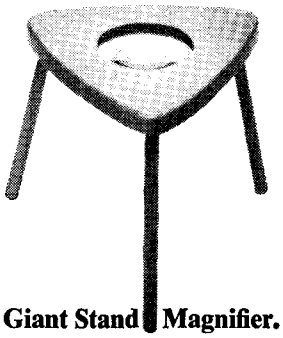
These are the 4 most popular Creative Playthings in 43,000 schools. How many do you have at home?



1. Jumbo Diesel Train. This 60-inch long interlocking train for exciting journeys through block cities gives the child a feeling of mastery over his environment. B140 Ages 2-6 years. $16.95*

2. Pots and Pans. Not "tiny toys" but duplicates of real cookware scaled to children's size and needs. Durable, double-gauge aluminum. Q710 Ages 2-8 years. $5.50* All Wood Stove H290 Ages 2-8 years. $20.95*





3. Giant Stand Magnifier. Lets a child discover the wonders of magnification for himself. A 5-diopter, wide-angle lens is always in focus and protected by heavy, three-legged wooden frame. S374 Ages 2-10 years. $9.95*

4. Bendable Rubber Families. Not comic figures, but family figures the child can identify with. Can be made to sit, stand or bend. Making people do his bidding is important "self-image" building for the child. B292 White, B492 Negro Family. Ages 2-8 years. $8.25*

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They know that what a child learns in his first eight years may well set the pattern for his whole life. They call these the peak years. Because by the time your child is eight, he's achieved 80% of the intelligence that he'll have when he's 17!

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Saturday Review

September 25, 1965

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Old East, New West

Edited by Martin Levin

Buttons and Barapel Bows

THE OTHER NIGHT I watched the beginning of a late television movie starring Doris Day as Calamity Jane. (The beginnings of late television movies work more quickly than barbiturates and aren't as habit-forming.) Soon after the credits, "Calam" stepped off the stagecoach from back East just in time to take the cue for her first song. Before her rustic welcoming committee and to the accompaniment of a large unseen orchestra, she sang about all the nice things she had brought back for everybody, including "calico and gingham." I dropped off to sleep thinking, "They don't make fabrics like that anymore." I slept fitfully, dreaming of a modern Calamity Jane carrying home bolts of Eiderlon and Arnel Triacetate.

My favorite scene in most Westerns is the one in the general store, where Lem Boggs, Prop., says, "Mornin', Luke, got your three sacks of corn meal all ready out back. Mornin', Miz Becky, jes' got in a shipment of velveteen and brocade from Kansas City. You'll look real purty at the Claim-Jumpers' Ball." Becky usually settled for some muslin, broadcloth, and a silk handkerchief, but think what she missed not being able to wear a Fortrel-7 ballgown, covered by a shawl of lovely Permathel Everglaze.

These rugged pioneers knew only about fabrics that grew in fields or on herds, or were made by worms, and thought that clothes made the man, rather than vice versa. Their schoolmarms taught poems by Robert Herrick, and never realized that the liquefaction of Julia's clothes would one day refer to their manufacture. Incidentally, think how thrilled the vicar would have been whenas in Caprolan his Julia went, or when he noted a sweet disorder in her Zantrel Polynosic Rayon.

The next time somebody tries to make a modern, adult Western, where cowboys ride around in Impalas instead of on Palominos, I would suggest the following general store scene:

"Mornin' Miz Zza Zza. Jes' got some brand new fabrics in from the looms of

"Sorry, I can't make it tonight. I just washed my hair."

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A deaf girl blows the blocks over—an exercise to help her make the sound "O." Photo: "San Juan Star."

"The City of Silence"—a remarkable school for the deaf opens in Puerto Rico

THE Puerto Rican child in our photograph is *not* playing with the blocks. She is learning to speak.

Teaching at Puerto Rico's new school for the deaf is based on the oral method. This three-year-old, pursing her lips, is about to blow the blocks over—an exercise for making the sound "O."

The school—Saint Gabriel, the City of Silence—is remarkable because it prepares the deaf for the world outside. They learn to make a living here. They experience for the first time the good feeling of *self-sufficiency*.

Saint Gabriel is one example of the Commonwealth's all-out crusade to give every child a full life.

Today, no country in the western world is spending a higher part of its income on education. During 1966, more than a thousand new schoolrooms will be built in Puerto Rico.

This is a land where spiritual gains are just as important as material gains—and where the deaf will have their full share of the prosperity to come.

One of a series on the cultural and economic development of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: write for information on productivity and special incentives. Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. C6A, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 10019.

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the U.S. Patent Office back East. This here they call Arnel. What's that, Miz Zza Zza, you bought some last month? I b'lieve you're confusin' it with Kodel or Dynel. But maybe you'd be more interested in some nice Durene or Lirelle? No? How's about a little Vycron, Herculon, Avisco, Avril, Acrilan, Lorspan, Creslan, Steintex, Claeth Cloth, Ameritex, Surftex, Antron, or Barapel? No? Beggin' your pardon, m'am, but a fancy lady like you is always in need of them frilly doodads. I got some lacy Spandex, Expandra, Spun-lo, Lycra, and Vectra to show ye. 'Course I have some of that old-fashioned Nylon, Dacron, Orlon, and Banlon stuff, too. What's that? You'd like some satin and five yards of denim? You fixin' to go to a costume party, m'am?"

—Lou D'Angelo.

Rebels Without Beards

I THOUGHT I was all through with autobiography, and was breathing some sighs of relief, when a picture of my first wife, Ida Rauh, turned up in James Joll's *The Anarchists*. It was a picture of Ida with her calmest and most firmly above-the-law expression, distributing pamphlets on Union Square, and was captioned, much to my surprise, "Emma Goldman," to whose short, stumpy, and fiercely unhumorous aspect it does not bear the slightest resemblance. And so, again I found myself drawn back to the good old days when there was a revolution to be revolutionary about.

We didn't have to satisfy our desire to overturn the world by writing bad poetry and painting noncommunicative pictures. We weren't full of *Angst* and didn't think that life, just because there is nothing to do but live it, was *absurd*. We did have our troubles, though, and one of them was to distinguish ourselves in the public mind from anarchists. Anarchism, I used to explain, is not a political theory, much less a practical program, but only a wish—a wish that most people of good taste and sensitivity would be inclined to share. But that didn't satisfy Emma Goldman. She thought that anybody who wouldn't join her campaigns to overthrow all governments was a quitter. She made it hard for us, too, by going in for specific causes that we believed in, like not entering the First World War, or distributing birth-control information to the poor. Margaret Sanger, I remember, starting out on her life career of propaganda for planned parenthood, had to stand some bitter gibes from Emma for her "lack of solidarity," because she didn't want to confuse her sober proposal with Emma's wild talk.

Ida Rauh, however, had no such life-work in view, and when Emma had some pamphlets printed giving the precious information, and went deliberately into the New York streets to defy the law, Ida was immensely intrigued. Emma got arrested, spent fifteen days in jail, and was welcomed home by a big and quite respectably uneventful meeting in Carnegie Hall. The harvest of publicity was not adequate, however, and when her friend Ben Reitman got sixty days in the workhouse for the same crime, it was decided to welcome him home by committing the crime over again in a larger way. Union Square would be the scene, and the hour just when the Square was filled with working people going home from the neighboring textile factories.

An automobile was drawn up on Fourth Avenue, speeches were made from the front seat, and the crime was committed from the back. The criminals this time were Ida Rauh and a slim, rich rebel-girl named Jessie Ashley. They were both obligingly arrested, and a new and more formidable wave of publicity set going in favor of governmental common sense.

I don't know what happened to Jessie Ashley when they appeared in court, but Ida was let off with a suspended sentence on the plea that she was the sole support of a small baby. Although I was the father of the baby, I have to confess that the plea was accurately true. But that, I think, was not explained to the judge. —Max Eastman.

For the Matterhorn

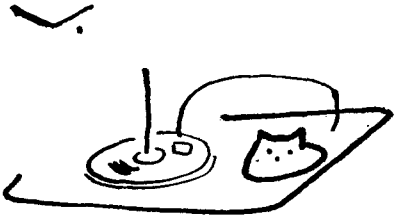
(Upon hearing the news that the party of climbers marking the anniversary of the first ascent included a woman in curlers.)

Oh Matterhorn,
Great Matterhorn:
You reared magnificently yester-
morn;
Your peaks aflame with alpenglow;
Your Edelweiss bravissimo!
And alpenhorns did gaily blow!

Now, up your side the party went.
To celebrate was its intent
The first ascent (and then descent)
Of zealous climbers, glory bent.

I ask, with not a trace of laughter,
Where on earth was she going
after?

—Jacqueline T. Bradley.



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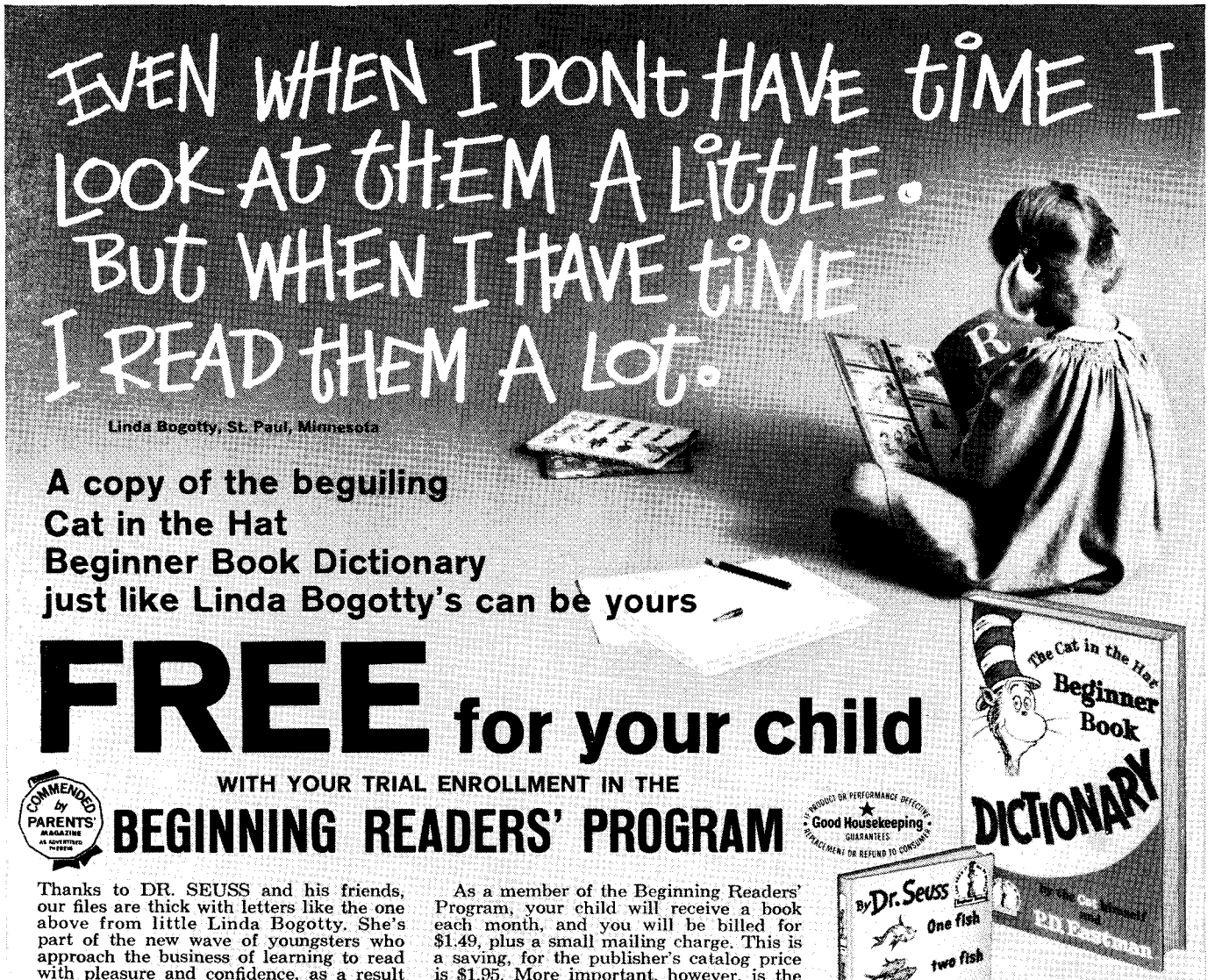

A copy of the beguiling Cat in the Hat Beginner Book Dictionary just like Linda Bogotty's can be yours

FREE for your child

WITH YOUR TRIAL ENROLLMENT IN THE

BEGINNING READERS' PROGRAM

Thanks to DR. SEUSS and his friends, our files are thick with letters like the one above from little Linda Bogotty. She's part of the new wave of youngsters who approach the business of learning to read with pleasure and confidence, as a result of early contact with Beginner Books.

The children's assurance stems from the fact that these books are written in simple words beginners can read by themselves. Their eagerness is a natural response to the witty, imaginative writing and dashing illustrations of Dr. Seuss and the other gifted writers and artists in the program. Even at ages 4 to 8, it would seem, children have an inherent ability to appreciate style.

Make this experiment: Treat your child to a trial membership in our program now, and we'll send him a free copy of the book Linda Bogotty is enjoying so much—"The Cat in the Hat" Beginner Book Dictionary.

It's a dictionary with a difference. There are words in it, to be sure—1,350 of them. However, each word is defined pictorially. Most of the illustrations are unforgettably funny. And that, of course, is the point. As a child pores over them, chances are that many of the words will become firmly ensconced in his memory.

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Please enroll my child in the BEGINNING READERS' PROGRAM and send him at once, FREE, "The Cat in the Hat" BEGINNER BOOK DICTIONARY. As the first club selection you will include "ONE FISH TWO FISH RED FISH BLUE FISH," for which you will bill me $1.49 plus a small mailing charge (instead of the publisher's catalog price of $1.95). If not satisfied, I may return these books within 10 days and owe nothing. Otherwise, each month thereafter, you will send my child another BEGINNER BOOK for which I will pay $1.49 plus a small mailing charge. I may cancel this enrollment any time after purchasing four monthly selections.

Child's Name _____ Please Print _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code (if known) _____

Parent's Signature _____

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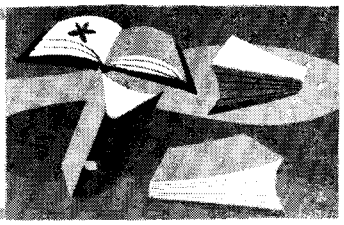
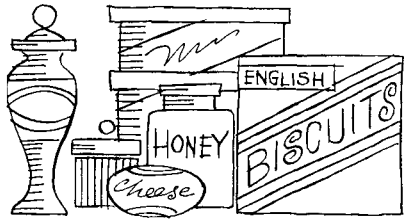
Trade Winds



Somebody told me his favorite kind of honey comes from Israel, is made by bees from wild desert flowers in the Negev, and is obtainable—along with every other honey—at the Delicacy Department of Bloomingdale's store in New York City. I went there, for I have been



searching high and low for honey made from soybeans and that's where I found it. I also found a myriad of other fascinating foods in what Clementine Paddleford, food expert, has referred to as "the world's best delicacy department." It seems that she made this statement, rash or otherwise, when she discovered that Bloomingdale's has a better selection of English biscuits than has Harrod's, the fine-food specialists in London itself.

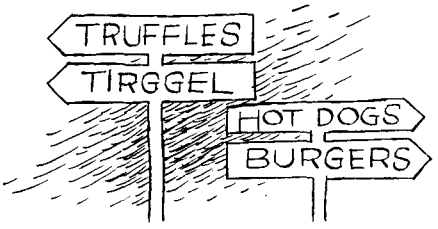
The manager, Robert A. Gumport, volunteered to show me around, and before we had even started a man came to the cheese counter, where no less than 200 kinds of cheese are sold, and purchased twenty pounds of Swiss. "That's a lot of cheese," Mr. Gumport declared. It was not a surprising transaction, however, because the variety of foods available at the shop brings in customers with special requirements and tastes. Mr. Gumport tries to keep one jump ahead of them by making annual trips abroad, coming back with unusual and exclusive items. This year, for instance, somewhere over in Europe he found some *marrons glacés*, big, fine chestnuts individually wrapped in foil, which you can now buy at Bloomy's. There are some delicious Belgian cream chocolates coming by plane, too. And there is *tirggel*, a honey spice-cake that is made in complicated wooden forms and is so fragile that the finished product has to be shipped in steel containers.

The thirty people working in the shop are specialists. I heard one clerk explaining authoritatively to a young man why he shouldn't put preserved figs on ice cream. A woman came in and complained that Roquefort cheese was cheaper at another store. She exhibited a piece that cost her quite a bit less. The cheese man looked at her sample and said, "That's blue cheese, madam."

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I'll take some of your Roquefort."

A famous movie producer (they protect their customers by withholding names) has drawn pencil sketches for Mr. Gumport to show exactly how he wants a particular side of bacon cut for him. So far, he hasn't been completely satisfied and they have just learned that the man is going to England to get his bacon.

Customers like that aren't crazy, merely fussy. The Bloomingdale shop is proud of its imported salmon, some of the best of it coming from Scotland. Well, a woman drives to New York from Pennsylvania once a month and takes home two sides of it—about fifteen pounds—at $8.50 a pound! A lady came in August and purchased six jars of truffles at $47.50 a jar. Since one truffle can be made to last several weeks, if sliced thin enough, I can only assume she is going to Australia in a small boat



and doesn't want to run out. A Peruvian diplomat loads up on Nova Scotia salmon when he makes his regular trips back home.

All this activity pleases Mr. Gumport. He maintains a trim figure despite the necessity of tasting and eating all sorts of delicious things here and abroad. "How would you like to see a chicken salad with walnuts or toasted almonds in it?" he asked me excitedly. "Look at this stuffed tomato! This lobster stuffed with crabmeat! This trout in aspic!" He pointed out several hors d'oeuvres, one interesting item being a ball of roquefort mixed with cognac and stuck on the end of a pretzel stick. For people who insist not only on the best imported Scotch whisky but also want to dilute it with the authentic thing, there are at 29 cents each little bottles of water from Scotland. I felt that was the ultimate in

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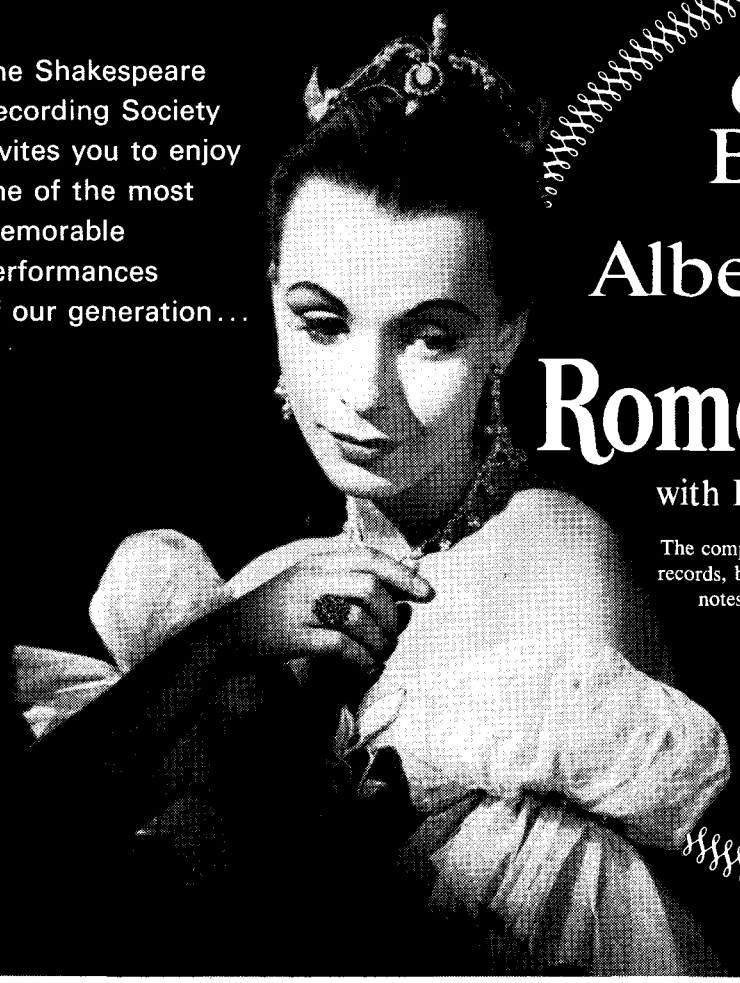


Claire Bloom

Albert Finney

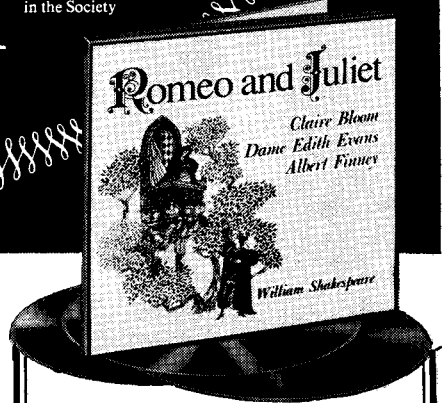
in

Romeo & Juliet

with Dame Edith Evans

The complete play on three longplaying records, beautifully boxed, with program notes and separate text volume

$1 for only [catalogue price: $17.85] with membership in the Society



IF you have ever been enchanted by Shakespeare's poignant tale of young lovers, you will be thrilled by this unforgettable performance. Here, in an inspired interpretation, lovely Claire Bloom portrays the girl *Juliet*, torn between conflicting loyalties...the exciting new star Albert Finney (of *Tom Jones* fame) is an impetuous, virile *Romeo*...and the formidable Dame Edith Evans is superb as the *Nurse*.

Albert Finney plays Romeo

This full-length recorded production, which *Life* called "the season's most notable release," is offered to you for only $1 (catalogue price: $17.85) to introduce a new dimension in the enjoyment of the world's greatest plays.

The Shakespeare Recording Society

The Society has undertaken, for the first time, to produce on records all of the plays of William Shakespeare—not excerpts or "modern" abridgements, but *full-length, full-scale* dramatic productions that bring into your home all of the fresh and vital spirit of the plays as they were meant to be performed.

Listening to these recordings is an unforgettable experience. Here, through the ear and the "mind's eye," you feel a sense of excitement and an immediacy rarely possible even at good stage presentations. You follow all the whispered plottings, the outrageous puns, the softly-uttered soliloquies . . . hear the ringing trumpets, the clash of swords in battle . . . find your imagination sweeping you into the teeming, colorful world of Shakepeare's characters.

Each album features a "dream" cast

To help realize this ambitious project, a most unusual repertory company has been formed. Participating players include *Sir John Gielgud, Claire Bloom, Richard Burton, Paul Scofield, Siobhan McKenna, Rex Harrison, Margaret Leighton, Jessica Tandy, Stanley Holloway, Dame Edith Evans, Sir Ralph Richardson,* and other performers of equal renown.

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For families with school-age children, there is no better introduction to Shakespeare's genius than the magic of these recorded performances. Here, brought vividly to life, are the towering tragic figures, Hamlet and Macbeth . . . Othello and King Lear . . . the delightful romantic characters, Beatrice and Benedick . . . Viola . . . Petruchio and his Kate. To hear their famous lines interpreted with wit, warmth and understanding gives young people the opportunity to enjoy fully our richest literary heritage.

As a member of the Society, you are offered each full-scale production *at a substantial saving.* Although these albums cost non-members far more, you pay only $8.90 and $12.90 for two-record and three-record boxed sets. (Stereo and monaural versions are available at the same price.) Each album comes complete with fascinating program notes, and the text of the play beautifully printed in a separate bound volume.

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"What a service The Shakespeare Recording Society is rendering all of us who treasure the noblest poetry ever written in our language!"
—Lewis Funke, N. Y. Times

"A must for any intelligent family's record library . . . a classic, living Shakespeare." *—Clifton Fadiman*

"So fine are these recordings that when they are completed 'a set of Shakespeare' may well mean not the Variorum Edition but the Society's faultless productions." *—The New Yorker*

"Poetry for the ear . . . an esthetic feast." *—New York Herald Tribune*

"Top-notch productions, both technically and artistically."
—Edward Tatnall Canby

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catering to the palate. I ate a tremendous apricot from Australia and walked out of the Bloomingdale's Delicacy Shop, emerging on the street within sight of a corner juice-and-hot-dog stand where Americans were lined two deep indulging their own special tastes.

A story in *Panorama*, that interesting weekly supplement of the Chicago *Daily News*, tells about the international racket in stamp collecting. What's happened is that a lot of countries are printing new and fancy stamps just for the income they produce when collectors all over the world buy them. One new African nation, for example, prints 1,000-franc airmail stamps, whereas you can send a letter by air for 85 francs. Many places issue lots of new stamps all the time, tiny countries such as Sharjah, Bhutan, Fujeira, Ajman, and Al Qiwain. The catch is that hardly anyone there ever mails a letter. The last word in crooked business is the printing of stamps by Sarofu, Oudeypoor, Palumpoor, Moresnet, and the Kingdom of Bulgaria in exile. Lovely issues, they were advertised in international stamp collectors' magazines and grabbed up. The only trouble was that there are no such countries.

Sharps and Flats: David Cornwell (John Le Carré) had an interesting experience two weeks ago. At home in England his wife bought a pony that needed breaking in. An instruction book said that to cure the creature of kicking, you back it against a stone wall and let it kick the wall. That would discourage it from ever kicking again. Mrs. Cornwell backed the horse against the wall and said, "Now, David, run your hand down its hind leg and make it kick the wall." Sadly enough, the horse kicked forward, breaking the author's left arm and leaving the wall unscathed. The horse has not been cured of kicking but Mr. Cornwell is cured of that particular experiment, which could probably be called "The Try That Came in from the Fold."

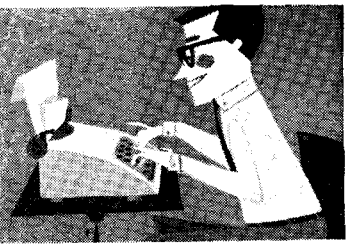
►From *SR*'s Nancy Gruber: One tiger meeting another on Madison Avenue: "Where you been? You smell like gasoline." —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1641)

Bill Adler:
THE CHURCHILL WIT

At Yalta, F.D.R. suggested to Winston Churchill that the conference last five or six days at most. To which Churchill replied: "I do not see any way of realizing our hopes about a world organization in five or six days. Even the Almighty took seven."

Top of My Head



Inventory

TO DEMONSTRATE that they really know how to hurt a guy in my group, this is the year they pass Medicare, and all of a sudden and out of the blue I feel great.

Of course this euphoria will be short-lived because the new television season has opened and my TV writing chores are about to begin. I had a feeling it wouldn't last when NBC suddenly declared a national "eight-day week" to accommodate all their new programs. It took Him only six days to create the earth. But of course He didn't have that spate of Westerns to contend with and an automobile that was somebody's mother.

When the eight-day week was first announced I began to feel the first tremors of the season's hypertension, which manifested itself in a crawling sensation at the hairlines of both temples. This can be alleviated only by a brisk scratching with the finger tips that can, and has, become habit-forming. I add the little-known scientific note that Sir Alexander Fleming grew and cultivated his first batch of penicillin in this section of my scalp.

So I knew this was the season for inventory of my pillbox. Each year, before entering the fray, I go through the array of its medications, substituting new miracle pills for old miracle pills that have lost some of their miracle, and blowing out the dust of old capsules that have lost some of their dust.

It's amazing the number of pills that can be crowded into a watch-pocket-size pillbox, along with helpful first-aid memoranda. These latter include the phone numbers, private and office, of doctors scattered around Manhattan who are familiar with my television syndromes. Their accessibility is of crucial import to the TV writer who may suddenly get it up to here at any conference, rehearsal, taping date, or just on a casual meeting with an actor.

These phone numbers are necessary because there is nothing that will further a writer's anxiety more than phoning his doctor and being told by some dispassionate service-girl that she may be hearing from the doctor any day. In one such crisis I once whispered hoarsely to the girl: "OK, if he calls tell him services are Monday. No flowers."

So the pillbox contains a neatly typed list of the doctors' schedules, their office hours, hospital visits, bridge nights, nights at the theater and, in one case, the name of a young doctor who has contracted to call me every hour, since he refuses to give me a number where he can be reached nights.

This schedule is the floor of my pillbox. Over it is spread a magnificent display of pills of breathtaking brilliance and in living color. I hope. I know them each, not by their clinical names, but by their color, their potency and their side reactions.

Their prescription names have long been forgotten. There is, for instance, the small cab pill, which I take when riding in a small taxi. There is the overcrowded nightclub pill that relieves tension in a crowded nightclub, the RIP pill that is taken when a funeral passes me on the street, the Shindig pill, which I gulp when watching a television program.

And many others, each of which is guaranteed by many prominent physicians to work like a charm. And a few of them work like medicine. In addition to the pills are a neatly folded tongue depressor, a miniature thermometer, which registers up to 68.2 Fahrenheit, and finally, woven of finely spun Japanese silk, is a tiny butterfly net. Over all this medical mishmash, in case of a collapse on the street, is a little card, typed in capital letters and in red, which reads: DONT CROWD. GIVE ME ROOM.

This is standard writers' equipment for television shows produced in New York City. As for the pillbox, when the show travels to smaller towns that are not *au courant* with the latest miracle drugs—forget it.

In preparing for the road I detach the medicine cabinet from the bathroom wall, pack it in a suitcase along with a heating pad, an ice pack, a can of ouchless Band-Aids, a tonsillectomy bag, rubbing alcohol, a collapsible bedboard, a stethoscope, a non-allergic pillow, a bottle of suntan oil, a raincoat, a pair of rubbers, eyeglass tissues, a set of pink hair curlers (I don't remember—they've been in there for some years—I hesitate to throw them out), and a witty suicide note. —Goodman Ace.

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Ridiculous!

The La Scala Opera Company can't perform Puccini's "La Boheme" in 350 cities in two days.

OH YES IT CAN! (Thanks to the magic of Herbert Von Karajan and Franco Zeffirelli.)

Together, they've put an actual performance of the opera on film. Mr. Von Karajan was the artistic director and conductor; Mr. Zeffirelli designed and directed the production. The results are extraordinary—sounds and sights unlike anything ever heard or seen before in a motion picture theatre. A fantastic sense of immediacy and "being there." Five minutes into the show, man, and you're in Milan at Teatro alla Scala!

Wherever you live check your newspaper for a theatre near you. The dates: October 20 and 21. Tickets will be sold in advance as there will be only four performances (two matinees and two in the evenings). And they're all in Technicolor® from Warner Bros.

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Christmas cards for today from The Museum of Modern Art

These cards celebrate the holiday season through the art of our own time. This year, some new cards reproduce favorite works in the Museum Collection, while others have been specially commissioned from contemporary artists including Anuszkiewicz, Goodyear, Indiana, Neal, Warhol, Wells, Wen-Ying, and Youngerman. They range from a whimsical Calder drawing of Skating Animals (10¢) to a cardboard construction by Mon Levinson (issued in a limited edition at $1.00, and actually as much a Christmas gift as a Christmas card). The Museum's Christmas brochure describes and illustrates the cards; also includes information on other Museum publications and a special Christmas gift membership form. The 25¢ price can be deducted from any order amounting to over $5.00.

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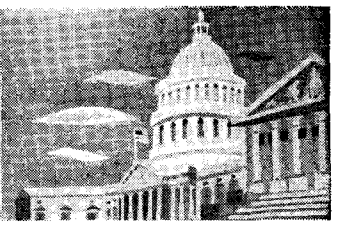
State of Affairs



Europe's Schizophrenia

LONDON.

ADMITTEDLY the holiday season, a time when Europeans shut their minds to any thoughts of politics and business, is only just over. I am nevertheless surprised how little talk there is about the war in Vietnam. It is a subject that comes up rarely in conversation and, if it is raised, is discussed with great detachment. Things are a little different in London because the British have their own interests in Southeast Asia, but in the Continental capitals Vietnam is seen exclusively as an American war. Most people would like to see it brought to the conference table, but not, they make clear, under conditions that would make the United States appear as having given in to the North Vietnamese.

What really worries the Europeans is General de Gaulle. He is the talk of Europe; its most profound and puzzling problem.

They are fairly certain that his emphasis on nationalism is wrong and retrogressive, yet they seem powerless to impose their own will. They are profoundly concerned about the future of NATO without France, but they don't know what to do about it. Only his notion that Europe should be more independent of the United States makes sense to a few; yet again they don't feel that de Gaulle is going about it the right way. Of their own ideas there are none.

The most confused are the Germans. They had desired, from feelings of guilt, a reconciliation with the French but they now find that such a gap has developed between their own and General de Gaulle's outlook that there is little left of the new Franco-German alliance. Yet they would much prefer not to have to antagonize the French. In their own minds they are quite clear that France cannot offer them security, that it continues to depend on the United States, but they are reluctant to take steps that would aggravate their problems with Paris.

The Germans are also of two minds about what used to be referred to as the *détente* between Washington and Moscow. It still holds, for some, the only hope for eventual reunification of the two Germanys and they would therefore like to see the Vietnamese war brought to an end; yet at the same time they fear —and this is frequently expressed by the very same people—that such a rapprochement between the United States and the Soviet Union would in the end lead the two powers to decide the ultimate fate of Europe over the heads of Europeans. And it is these misgivings which then lead them to wonder whether General de Gaulle is not right after all in insisting on his own independent nuclear force, and whether perhaps Western Europe should have its own sovereign nuclear deterrent.

The American proposal for a treaty to prevent the further spread of nuclear weapons for this reason aroused some, including Dr. Adenauer, because they saw in it an attempt to deprive everybody except the United States, the Soviet Union, China, and France of nuclear weapons. Equally, there are many Germans who feel that it would be wrong for them to take any initiative in the regions of nuclear rearmament or to oppose nonproliferation, and they were critical of Foreign Minister Schroeder when he demanded an equal voice for Germany in nuclear decisions.

Not much is expected from Britain's Labor Government in the way of a clear and new direction in Europe. The assumption is that any new course will depend on the outcome of the contest between General de Gaulle and President Johnson and on whether a compromise between the views and aims of the two is possible. If such a compromise is not within reach the future will depend on the extent to which Washington will want to take the initiative in Europe and to what extent NATO will have to be revamped. Privately there are a good many policy makers in London, and even in Washington, who agree that NATO could do with fewer troops on German soil, but neither capital wants to upset the Germans by reducing its forces and thereby playing into General de Gaulle's hands.

What divides the Europeans is that they don't know where they are going—or what their role should be. They are torn between wanting to be more independent of the United States and making certain that the U.S. remains deeply committed in Europe.

Europe is in a schizophrenic mood: the Continent simply does not know where it is going or, for that matter, where it should go.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthropology, Archeology

THE QUEST FOR SUMER. By Leonard Cottrell. Putnam. $4.95.

VOICES FROM THE CLAY: The Development of Assyro-Babylonian Literature. By Silvestro Fiore. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $7.95.

WAYWARD SERVANTS: The Two Worlds of the African Pygmies. By Colin M. Turnbull. Natural History Press. $7.95.

Art, Art History

BAROQUE AND ROCOCO SILKS. By Peter Thornton. Taplinger. $30.

A HANDBOOK OF CHINESE ART. By Margaret Medley. Horizon. $5.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON. By Marco Valsecchi. Appleton-Century. $8.95.

THE ORTHODOX BAPTISTERY OF RAVENNA. By Spiro K. Kostof. Yale Univ. Press. $15.

PICASSO'S WORLD OF CHILDREN. By Helen Kay. Doubleday. $22.50 to Dec. 25; $25 thereafter.

STAINED GLASS: An Architectural Art. By Robert Sowers. Universe Books. $12.50.

ZADKINE. By Ionel Jianou. New York Graphic Society. $12.50.

Business, Economics

FISCAL POLICY FOR ECONOMIC GROWTH IN LATIN AMERICA. Prepared by the Organization of American States. Johns Hopkins. $12.

FOREIGN ENTERPRISE IN NIGERIA. By Paul O. Proehl. Univ. of North Carolina Press. $7.50.

MODERN CAPITAL THEORY. By Donald Dewey. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.50.

THE STATE AND ECONOMIC ENTERPRISE IN JAPAN: Essays in the Political Economy of Growth. Edited by William W. Lockwood. Princeton Univ. Press. $12.50.

Crime, Suspense

CEASE UPON THE MIDNIGHT. By Simon Troy. Macmillan. $3.95.

COUNTERPOL IN PARIS. By John Boland. Walker. $3.50.

THE DEADLY SILENCE. By Renée Buse. Doubleday. $4.95.

I HIDE, WE SEEK. By Richard Martin Stern. Scribners. $4.50.

POWER PLAY. By The Gordons. Doubleday. $4.95.

Current Affairs

THE HUNGRY PLANET. By Georg Borgstrom. Macmillan. $7.95.

LABOR AND POLITICS IN PERU: The System on Political Bargaining. By James L. Payne. Yale Univ. Press. $6.75.

Fiction

ACROSS THE COMMON. By Elizabeth Berridge. Coward-McCann. $3.95.

A CASUAL COMPANY. By Claude Koch. Chilton. $4.95.

ELECTRA. By Gladys Schmitt. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

FAIRY TALES OF THE ORIENT. Edited by Pearl S. Buck. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

THE HAWK ALONE. By Jack Bennett. Little, Brown. $4.75.

THE HAWKS OF NOON. By John C. Champion. McKay. $4.95.

THE HENRY JAMES READER. Edited by Leon Edel. Scribners. $7.50.

LOST EMPIRES. By J. B. Priestley. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.95.

LOVE ON A DARK STREET. By Irwin Shaw. Delacorte. $4.95.

THE MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE THE PRINCE OF WALES. By Frederick Manfred. Trident. $3.95.

THE MIGHTY DISTANCE. By Georgia McKinley. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

MODERN JEWISH STORIES. Edited by Gerda Charles. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

THE YOUNG VISITORS. By John Wain. Viking. $4.50.

History

AFFAIRS AT STATE. By Henry Serrano Villard. Crowell. $5.95.

THE AGE OF VOLTAIRE. By Will and Ariel Durant. Simon & Schuster. $12.

AND THE CROOKED SHALL BE MADE STRAIGHT: The Eichmann Trial, the Jewish Catastrophe and Hannah Arendt's Narrative. By Jacob Robinson. Macmillan. $6.95.

EARLY HISTORY OF ENGLISH POOR RELIEF. By E. M. Leonard. Barnes & Noble. $9.

THE MACARTHUR CONTROVERSY AND AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. Revised and expanded edition. By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Richard Rovere. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.75.

NEGRO MECCA: A History of the Negro in New York City, 1865-1920. By Seth M. Scheiner. NYU Press. $6.50.

THE ORIGINS OF MODERN EUROPE: A History of the Great Continent from Empire to the Industrial Revolution. By James L. White. Horizon. $6.95.

THE SECRET OF SARAJEVO. By Hertha Pauli. Appleton-Century. $5.95.

Literary Criticism

EXISTENTIALISM AND ALIENATION IN AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Sidney Finkelstein. International. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.25.

THE LITERARY REPUTATION OF HEMINGWAY IN EUROPE. Edited by Roger Asselineau. NYU Press. $5.

THE NEGRO NOVEL IN AMERICA. Revised edition. By Robert A. Bone. Yale. $6.50.

READER'S GUIDE TO THE 19TH CENTURY BRITISH NOVEL. By Frederick R. Karl. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $2.25.

Miscellany

THE ANNUAL REGISTER: World Events in 1964. Edited by Sir Ivison Macadam with Muriel Grindrod. St. Martin's. $25.

THE COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHER. By Andreas Feininger. Prentice-Hall. $8.95.

THE FASHIONABLE SAVAGES. By John Fairchild. Doubleday. $4.95.

(*Continued on page 77*)

Commentary*

higher education (cont'd)

* **GRAYSON KIRK, President of Columbia University says:** "Commentary provides a means whereby the general reader will find stimulation – and, fortunately, provocation as well – through articles relating to foreign affairs, the arts, literature, Jewish culture, sociology, and in short, the whole range of questions concerning the nature and direction of our society."

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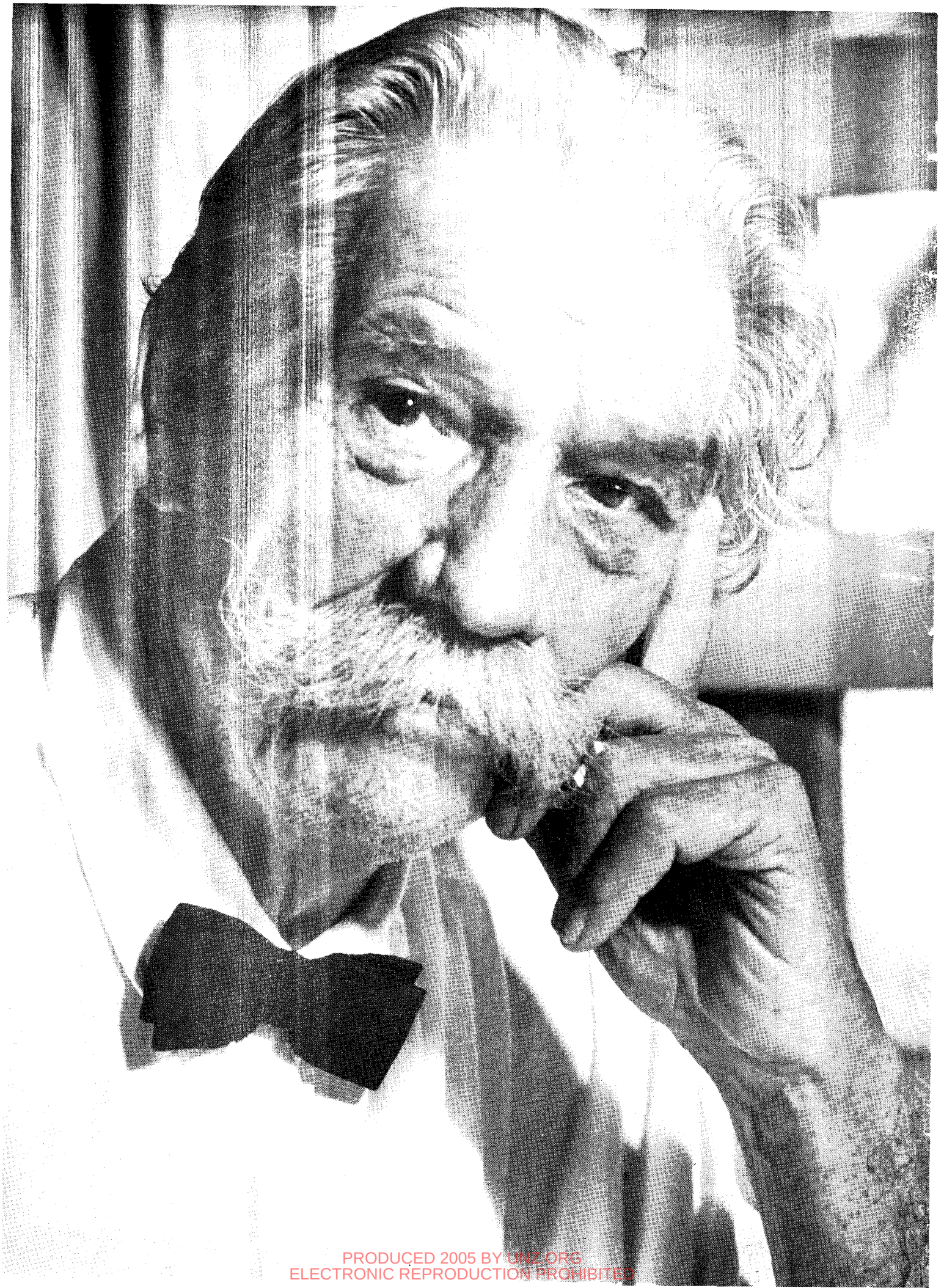

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Saturday Review
September 25, 1965

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

His Life, His Work, His Thought

The life and thought of Albert Schweitzer, who died on September 4, 1965, is explored in this special memorial issue. From Erica Anderson, who since 1950 has made nineteen trips to the hospital at Lambaréné, comes a portrait of Schweitzer in Africa, specially adapted from her forthcoming book "The Schweitzer Album." Jaroslav Pelikan, professor of ecclesiastical history at Yale University, contributes a study of Schweitzer's theology as it merged with and influenced his life. Rosalyn Tureck, celebrated concert artist and a Bach specialist, writes about Schweitzer as musician and musicologist. Emory Ross, president of the Albert Schweitzer Fellowship in New York City, recalls Schweitzer's visit to the United States in 1949. Clara Urquhart, a long-time friend of Schweitzer who contributed the photographs for "Albert Schweitzer of Lambaréné," by Norman Cousins, and also a number of photos in this issue (including the cover), writes on her impressions of him. Finally, an editorial appreciation appears on page 30.

—THE EDITORS.

THE AFRICAN YEARS

By ERICA ANDERSON

TO ALBERT SCHWEITZER all life was one: every creature depends on others, and all are entitled to respect and care. *Thou shalt not kill* is the commandment to men, bidding them sacrifice no living plant or animal needlessly, and even under compulsion of absolute necessity, when duty compels such sacrifice, to respond with sorrow.

He carried his philosophy into the life of his hospital, where animals were accorded a place of safety and lived in peace with each other. A bee that had invaded the dining room would be caught gently—not killed—and released outside. When a column of ants invaded a visitor's room, he asked her to move into another until they had crossed through and gone their way. "Don't be cruel to them," he said. He urged workers to watch as they dug to avoid harming insects, nor would he permit the wood of building posts to be treated with chemicals that could endanger insect life. Instead he counted on the toughness of the timber to be its own protection: "I use wood that is termite-proof. If they still dare to nibble on it, they will have to go to a dentist.

NO bird or animal in the hospital village—hen or pig or sheep—was killed for food. Fish and crocodile meat brought by fishermen were occasionally served at table, but Schweitzer himself in recent years had given up eating either meat or fish, even the liver dumplings he used to relish and enjoy. "I can't eat anything that was alive," he said. When a man questioned him on his philosophy and said that God made fish and fowl for people to eat, he answered, "Not at all. Only when a creature can't exist without feeding on other animals may it be fed so. When natives bring pelicans whose wings are clipped and they can't fish for themselves, I feed them fish, but always with a feeling of sadness and guilt." To visitors who asked what to do with a young antelope they had purchased from a hunter who had killed its mother, he said, "Unsweetened milk, air, sun, shade, and love for the antelope—but what did you do to the hunter?"

Plants, too, were under his protection, and even the sight of cut flowers brought him pain. He asked a staff member one day to tell a visitor who picked a bouquet for a nurse's birthday to do so no more. "Tell him if you can in a subtle way, that flowers are not to be broken. Reverence for life is practiced here." He would change the location of a new building to save one tree.

All living creatures were included in his philosophy, all races and conditions of men—black and white, rich and poor, healthy and sick. An injured patient arrived in a boat one day. "Refuse him, Doctor," urged a hospital attendant. "He was here before and stole the very drugs he was healed with and sold them in the village. A thief he is and has no claim on us again."

"What would the Lord Jesus have answered when someone came to Him in pain?" Schweitzer asked. "Quick, waste no time. Get him to the operating room."

SCHWEITZER reproached himself for every act on his part of seeming failure to respect the needs of life. He tells, for example, how shortly after the end of World War II he performed a concert of chamber music in Barcelona. When the oboe players performed clumsily, his companions made fun of them and he did not object. But later he discovered

—*Gaby (Pix).*

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that the men were really great artists. They had played badly because, after years of starvation, they had just finished their first good meal, and in their eagerness had eaten too much to be able to control their breathing properly. Schweitzer never forgave himself for judging them harshly.

It is because of this profound respect for all life that he fought against the development, testing, and use of nuclear arms. "What would Jesus have answered if questioned about the atomic bomb?" he asked a group of ministers. "*O, Ihr Klein gläubigen!*" ("Oh, ye of little faith!") He urged them to speak out against nuclear warfare, and deplored the reluctance of the churches to take such a lead. "*Atom-waffen sind nicht nur eine Sünde; sie sind auch eine Schande.*" ("Atomic weapons are not only a sin; they are also a desecration.")

The idea of reverence for life will spread from one person to another, he believed, not by mass meetings or radio or television: "One must speak to the heart of the individual; only then does one feel the power of the idea."

In Schweitzer's small blue notebooks, carried in his hip pocket, the evidence of the varied activities of the days accumulated. Here is the record of the cycle of days, the elemental life of the hospital village, reflecting the diverse yet orderly pattern of nature's ways. Here is a note about the birth of a child or a baby antelope, the arrival of rice, the sketch for a building in the leper village, the death of a patient. Life is not random but predictable in its rituals, not broken but continuous, a permanent reality. Both the variety and the steady monotony of nature were reflected in Schweitzer's own rhythms.

Birth is the beginning and a time for celebration. Many women who, in the years before, gave birth attended only by old women of the village come now to the hospital for delivery. Earlier, many women and children died in the process of birth. The old women advised the young not to see a doctor, telling them it would bring bad luck. Schweitzer countered the suggestion by a simple tactic. He gave every baby born at the hospital a little bonnet and dress. The parents were full of pleasure that a new baby should receive such a gift. A doctor now means good luck.

Whenever a new member of the hospital staff arrived in Lambaréné, a large bronze bell was rung. It rang again when one departed, for the cycle of life has its endings as well as its beginnings, and for every greeting and meeting there is a farewell. And for every farewell there comes a new beginning. "Time is my enemy," Schweitzer said, aware of the advance of age and the work still to be done. But he was too busy to brood over time gone: "When I see girls who were born here coming back to the hospital to have babies of their own, that is the only time I know I am growing old."

Just as there were rituals at the hospital for birth, so, too, there was the ritual of farewell. On the last evening a special song of farewell, "Au Revoir," was sung by leper children, and the next morning Schweitzer and the staff would go down to the landing to see the visitors or staff off.

Some of the farewells were not goodbye, for many friends returned. But some were lasting; death, too, is part of the continuity and rhythm of life. Outside the window of Schweitzer's room, under a palm tree in the tall grass, stand two crosses that represent such farewells. One marks the grave of Helene Schweitzer, his wife, who died in 1957 in Zurich after many years of struggle against illness. The other is that of Mlle. Emma Hausknecht, his loyal associate for thirty years, who died in 1956 in Strasbourg. Their ashes were brought home to Lambaréné where the center of their life had been.

When asked about the possibility of life after death, Schweitzer replied: "No one knows. But as long as someone is kept alive in the heart, he is alive." For those who grieve, he said in a letter to a friend, "There is nothing for us to do but to seek the consolation of grieving with those who grieve, to devote ourselves to helping them in their misfortune, and to make them realize that the love which God has put in the hearts of men is a living reality."

A hospital is dedicated to the preservation of life and the prevention of pain, but not every life can be saved and not all pain can be avoided. As Schweitzer watched autumn leaves drift slowly to earth in Günsbach, he mused: "People should be allowed to die that way—naturally, easily, without pain." And when his favorite pelican died, he said: "He didn't have to suffer. *Scheiden ohne Leiden*—to part without suffering—is always beautiful." For life even in death may have beauty, a harmonious place in the nature of things. Life renews itself everywhere.

First Realization: One day on the way home from school I had a wrestle with George Nitschelm—he is now underground—who was bigger than I, and was supposed to be stronger, but I got him down. While he was lying under me, he jerked out, "Yes, if I got broth to eat twice a week, as you do, I should be as strong as you are!" I staggered home overcome by this finish to our play. George Nitschelm had, with cruel plainness, declared what I had already been obliged to feel on other occasions: the village boys did not accept me. . . .

—*From "Memoirs of Childhood and Youth" (1924).*

Schweitzer was a renowned Biblical scholar who studied and meditated upon the life of Jesus as few have ever done. But the Bible's profoundest lesson seemed to him a simple one: that "he who would find his life must lose it," and he who would follow as a disciple must become a servant of men.

In obedience to the command to serve, he created a hospital village and a leper village in French Equatorial Africa. He became a doctor of medicine to relieve men's suffering; he became a builder as well, for in order to heal in the jungle a hospital had to be constructed where none was. The strong, expressive hands that had brought beauty from the greatest organs of Europe and wisdom from his pen, now used with skill the hoe and pruning shears; the tools of building—the level, the hammer, and the saw; and the instruments of surgery—the scalpel and needle.

From the first operations in a whitewashed chicken coop in 1913 to the village hospital of seventy-two buildings a half-century later, more than 100,000 patients have passed through the clinic. Today it houses 500 patients and their relatives at a time, and the number treated grows each year. Word of the hospital community has spread throughout the Gabon. Many come now for modern medical care who had depended in the past on fetishes and superstition.

Doctors and nurses from many countries serve on the staff, with the assistance of several dozen Gabonese. The young doctors perform the surgery for which *le grand Docteur* no longer trusted his hands after his seventieth birthday, as his eyesight grew less sharp.

This is a community where life is lived simply, where the plumbing is elementary and electricity is available only for the X-ray machine and the lights of the operating room. The atmosphere is more that of a cheerful African village than of a hospital. Gabonese in colorful dress roam the streets, women nurse their babies among the animals whose home this also is. Schweitzer insisted that automobiles not be driven into the compound. Nailing up a no-parking sign just outside the plantation, he threatened, only partly in jest, "I will strew nails around if people don't obey!"

For Schweitzer work was necessary to the preservation of life itself. Usefulness was the test of value; that which sustains life is good. "Beauty is nothing; usefulness is everything," he said when a friend apologized to him for mending a lampshade with Scotch tape. He preferred fruit trees to flowers or ornamental trees —because they are useful—and was immensely proud of the orchard of more

(*Continued on page* 48)

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THEOLOGIAN AND THINKER

By JAROSLAV PELIKAN

"I WENT to Africa in obedience to Jesus," Albert Schweitzer wrote to a friend in 1931. Yet Schweitzer will be remembered in the history of Christian theology as the scholar who rejected the effort to modernize Jesus and who put the teachings of Jesus back into the framework of the thoroughgoing eschatology of the first century. During the more than sixty years since Schweitzer's first publications on the life of Jesus, students of the New Testament have come to agree with him that the Sermon on the Mount is not intended to serve as a summary of the timeless truths of human experience or of common sense about the good life (as, for example, the Analects of Confucius seem to be), but as an interim ethic for a waiting community of his faithful disciples. The disciples expected Jesus the Messiah to return soon, bringing with him the kingdom of God. That is what Jesus expected, too. The expectation was mistaken, and therefore the interim ethic of the messianic community is irrelevant.

With this historical thesis Schweitzer declared his independence of the Christian dogma of the God-man Christ Jesus, and also severed the nerve of nineteen centuries of Christian morality. The emancipated theology of modern Protestantism had repudiated the dogma before Schweitzer, of course, but it had done so in the name of "the historical Jesus" and of his message of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Schweitzer's professor, Adolf von Harnack of Berlin, delivered a series of public lectures in the winter semester of the academic year 1899-1900 entitled "What Is Christianity?" (*Das Wesen des Christentums*). Harnack's summary of the essence of Christianity was: "The Gospel, as Jesus proclaimed it, has to do with the Father only and not with the Son." Therefore the Gospel of Jesus is a universal message whose valid core can be extracted from the language and imagery of the first century as the kernel is extracted from a nut.

Although Schweitzer left Berlin a few months before Harnack's lectures, his research into the Gospels had already begun to lead him toward radically different conclusions. Even while Harnack was probing for the irreducible minimum or *Wesen* of Christianity, Schweitzer was investigating the significance of the Last Supper in the career of Jesus. Rejecting both the orthodox Catholic doctrine of "sacramental repetition" and the liberal Protestant idea of "symbolic representation," he put the Last Supper into the context of the expectation Jesus had of returning as the triumphant Messiah. This view of the Last Supper was developed in Schweitzer's monograph of 1901 on *The Problem of the Last Supper* and in an accompanying volume entitled *The Secret of the Messiahship and the Suffering: A Sketch of the Life of Jesus*. (Both these books, as well as the 600-page *Kant* of 1899, came out long before the author's thirtieth birthday.) A third study, or pair of studies, in which Schweitzer intended to trace the evolution of the Lord's Supper and of baptism in early Christianity, has never been published.

Instead of proceeding to that third study, Schweitzer turned to the work on which his standing as a New Testament scholar chiefly rests, *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, which appeared in 1906. The outline of *The Quest* is deceptively simple: a series of chapters dealing with the principal attempts at the construction of a biography of Jesus during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Each biography is analyzed and criticized both as an interpretation of the biblical data and as a theological construction. Thus Ernest Renan "professes to depict the Christ of the Fourth Gospel, though he does not believe in

At the Ogoué River near his hospital—The challenge was absolute.

—SR photo by N.C.

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the authenticity or the miracles of that Gospel. . . . The historian finds it hard to forgive him . . . for offering in place of a solution the highly colored phrases of the novelist." And so it goes on, from one *Life of Jesus* to the next. The enemies of Jesus often emerge as more honest historians than his professed disciples and defenders. Running through all of Schweitzer's "History of Research into the Life of Jesus" (as he called it in German) is his conviction that neither the enemies of Christianity nor the believers have been able to come to terms with the consistently futuristic character of the eschatology of Jesus: he expected the consummation of world history in his own era, and shared the naïvely literalistic picture of this consummation that was characteristic of late Jewish apocalypticism. The suffering and death of Jesus are the result not of a plot by his enemies nor of a cosmic plan of God for the redemption of the human race, but of his resolution to suffer for others to bring about the coming of the kingdom of God.

The impact of Schweitzer's *Quest* was almost immediate both on the Continent and in Great Britain; an English translation appeared in 1910. Others before him had contended for the centrality of eschatology in the teachings of Jesus, notably Johannes Weiss about a decade earlier. But it fell to Schweitzer to set the case for this centrality into opposition with the principal trends of modern biblical interpretation, and to make the case stick. From his work some have drawn the conclusion that it is impossible to write a biography of Jesus, others that the search for an "essence of Christianity" within and behind the eschatological message of Jesus should not be abandoned but made more sophisticated, often with the help of some kind of existentialism. But all biblical scholars, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, are in Schweitzer's debt. His efforts to follow the same method in a study of *Paul and His Interpreters* (1911) and of *The Mysticism of Paul the Apostle* (1930) are, by common consent, less convincing; and his monograph of 1913 on *The Psychiatric Study of Jesus* is largely a further development of his earlier thesis. But the major achievement stands: "Jesus's purpose is to set in motion the eschatological development of history, to let loose the final woes, the confusion and strife, from which shall issue the Parousia [the Second Coming], and so to introduce the supra-mundane phase of the eschatological drama."

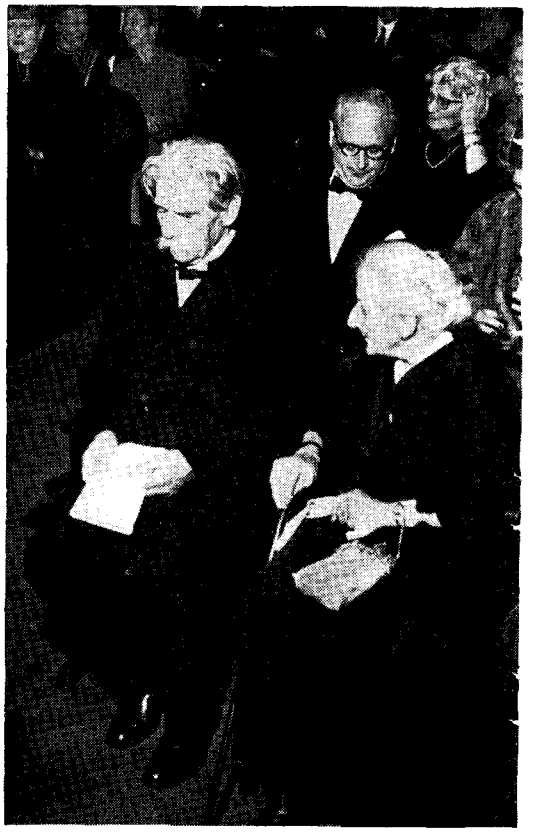
Nevertheless, "I went to Africa in obedience to Jesus"! How could the catastrophic miscalculation of a Palestinian rabbi in the first century motivate so dramatic an about-face in the twentieth? With the psychological dimensions of this question I will not presume to deal; they belong to the mystery of one of the most simple and yet complex persons of our time. But the question also has a theological dimension. How can so Christian and even orthodox a conclusion as Schweitzer's life be drawn from so radical and even heretical a premise as Schweitzer's theology? Schweitzer's answer to this anomaly helps one to understand more than his own career. To put it a little epigrammatically, the message of Jesus is relevant because it is so irrelevant. If the Gospel of divine forgiveness and human love had been presented as a set of copybook maxims, it would address us today with as much (and as little) urgency as the Book of Proverbs, with which no one would dispute but to which it is difficult to respond in existential commitment. But because the accompaniment of the message of Jesus is the apocalyptic thunder of the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven, it addresses us with an inescapable imperative and demands our decision. Just as the account of creation in Genesis has been able to communicate the majesty of God the Creator within every cosmology from Ptolemy to Einstein precisely because it is not a blow-by-blow account of the origin of the cosmos but a dramatic dialogue transcending all world views, so the apocalyptic setting of the Sermon on the Mount and of the call to discipleship, "Follow me!" grounds the summons of Jesus in the absolute character of God and of his demands upon us. We may answer No to the summons, but answer we must.

The Nobel Prize address of November 4, 1954, and later statements show that Schweitzer, like the rest of us, began to find that the apocalyptic language of the Bible is entirely too relevant today. As he wrote in 1955, "Through the immeasurably destructive power which has been placed in man's hands by the discoveries of science, and the utter ruin which can be caused thereby, mankind is forced to the conclusion that nothing remains but to long for the realization, somehow or other, of the kingdom of God on earth." But Dr. Schweitzer would not relapse into a passive or a merely futuristic ethic even in the face of the modern apocalypse, for that is not what "the spirit of Jesus" meant to him. The spirit of Jesus, shed abroad in the human heart, would bring about the true kingdom of God among men. The call to heed the spirit of Jesus and to let it rule was the eternal challenge in the Gospel, and that challenge was absolute. It did not become less insistent when the apocalyptic of the first century lost its validity, or more insistent when the twentieth century reverted to apocalyptic. In obedience to that absolute call of service lay the meaning and promise of life for Albert Schweitzer; in it lay also the disclosure of the mystery of Jesus:

"He comes to us as One unknown, without a name, as of old, by the lakeside, he came to those men who knew him not. He speaks to us the same word: 'Follow thou me!' and sets us to the tasks which he has to fulfil for our time. He commands. And to those who obey him, whether they be wise or simple, he will reveal himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which they shall pass through in his fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience who he is."

On Civilization: Through ethical acceptance of the world and of life, we reach a power of reflection which enables us to distinguish between what is essential in civilization and what is not. The stupid arrogance of thinking ourselves civilized loses its power over us. We venture to face the truth that with so much progress in knowledge and power true civilization has become not easier but harder. . . . We know that we all have to struggle with circumstances to preserve our humanity, and that we must be anxiously concerned to turn once more toward hope of victory. . . .

—From "Out of My Life and Thought" (1933).



—Billedsentralen (Pix).

Schweitzer and his wife at Nobel Prize ceremony.

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IN MUSIC, A NEW APPROACH

—Black Star.

"The first buildings at this hospital were paid for by Johann Sebastian Bach."

By ROSALYN TURECK

THE DEATH of Albert Schweitzer has brought an era to an end. Schweitzer was one of the first heralds of the modern renaissance of Bach that began at the inception of the twentieth century. The quality of his particular insight into Bach's music was revelatory. Emerging from his own strength of mind and depth of being, revelation was to him a recurring phenomenon. The grief for the loss of such a man in our present culture is matched only by the sadness of recognizing that his death has taken from the world a rare figure where the music of Bach was concerned. He believed that Bach's music could be played well only if one felt it as always sublime. Today musicians are more musicologically and technically minded. How many performers would be free and unafraid to experience and perform Bach with Schweitzer's aim? The question answers itself.

I met Albert Schweitzer for the first time in London in 1955. At the end of our meeting he gave me a photograph of himself seated at the organ. I learned later that this was one of his favorite photographs and had been taken forty years earlier. By that time Schweitzer had already written his famous two-volume work on Bach, entitled in the first French edition, published in 1905, *Jean-Sebastian Bach, le Musicien-Poète.*

Brahms once said that the two greatest events of the nineteenth century were the formation of the German Republic and the creation of the Bach-Gesellschaft edition. I extend the historical parallel by saying the two greatest events in the modern Bach renaissance at the turn of the twentieth century were the completion of the Bach-Gesellschaft edition (fifty years in the making) and the publication of Schweitzer's Bach volumes. The importance of this work is due not so much to Schweitzer's research, considerable though this was, as to his insight into the relationship between Bach's music and his text. Spitta far surpassed Schweitzer in research, but as a result of this one perception Schweitzer gave scholarship a fresh approach. At the same time the implications of this perception pointed out a radically different musical situation. This was the necessity for acknowledging a broader involvement of the composer than had been generally supposed. The modern performer also became implicated in this discovery.

The recognition of the musical relationship to the word was bound to come, but Schweitzer was the first to make the definitive statement and to elaborate it in full. Naturally, his work created a great stir in the music world, for definitive statements often appear too soon. Inevitably a large faction in the field is not ready for it. In Schweitzer's case, a great number of musicians and scholars refused to believe that Bach was so involved with the spirit of the word in linking his music to the pictorial situation. The main objections to Schweitzer's premise arose from his shattering of established notions about Bach's "objectivity" and remote intellectuality.

Charles Marie Widor relates in his preface to the German edition of 1908 how Schweitzer enlightened him in an area of style that heretofore had confused him. And Ernest Newman, the eminent translator of the English edition published in 1911, said in his preface, "Its convincing demonstration of the pictorial bent of Bach's mind must necessarily lead to a reconsideration, not only of the older view of Bach as a mainly 'abstract musician,' but of the esthetics of music in general."

The general view of Bach in the nineteenth century had suffered from three diverse schools of thought: one being Bach as finger exercise, another regarding his music as dry intellectualism, and the third expanding irrepressibly—and in many cases irresponsibly—into a copy of the full-blown idiom of the late nineteenth-century romantic and virtuoso styles.

Schweitzer's own mind reflects the nineteenth century, but his brilliant insight into the deep relationship of word and music takes the best from this period and transcends it. Research through several decades since Schweitzer has revealed the validity of his thesis. In the light of recent research we have found that fashioning the music to the text was the general practice of baroque composers and that Bach was following a way of composing rather than creating it.

Schweitzer brought a brilliant light into the conceptual sphere of Bach and a new view of his style. The substance of his ideas, however, was shackled by a theory that Schweitzer created from them. For example, he regards the musical figures that depict precise pictorial situations or moods in the choral works as being typical patterns and, in addition, applies the same connotation to similar figures in purely instrumental music. Schweitzer's intent was to prove that there are specific formulae for musical figures and that they convey a parallel significance of mood when met in an instrumental work. He says:

> Bach has a dual expression for grief. To depict lamentation of a noble kind,

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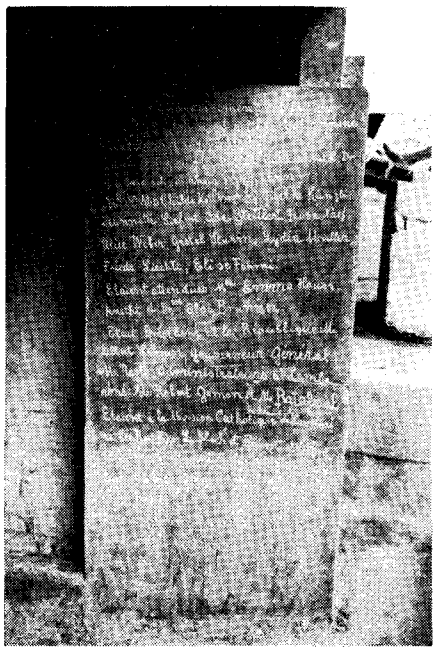
he employs a sequence of notes tied in pairs; torturing grief is represented by a chromatic motive of five or six notes. . . . For joy, again, Bach had two formulae of expression.

The explanation of the "formulae" are then elaborated. These are but two instances of many examples constituting about one-third of his second volume.

While it is true that striking representational figures appear in the choral works that often create a dramatic frame of reference, it is highly questionable that these are employed as formulae in choral music or when transferred to the instrumental works. It would be very convenient for both composer and performer were this true, but art is not created so neatly or so mechanically. Thus the theory cannot be followed. The principle of formulae as expressed in this theory emanates from the mechanistic attitudes of the nineteenth century, these forming the other side of the coin of individualistic romanticism. The twentieth century has greater flexibility and fantasy; it emphasizes the unpredictability of creative thought rather than its orderliness, whether it be in science or in art.

Schweitzer's greatness as a performer consisted in his poetic vision. We have no records of his playing at the beginning of the century, but in recent times his performance was greatly limited by inadequate instrumental technique. This is understandable since for over half a century he did not work as a performer does at his instrument.

Although Schweitzer played regularly on his organ at Lambaréné, his other work and interests prevented him from devoting himself to music with the single-minded concentration and intensive labor that great instrumental art demands from a performer. Therefore Schweitzer's performances were open to criticism and were often severely criticized by musicians, performers, and musicologists. Although I agree with the general criticism, I must urge the importance of not condemning the whole. For Schweitzer played with the spiritual vision of an artist and of the man he was. Instrumental techniques and musical style form the whole of most performers' achievements. To stop here in listening to Schweitzer is to miss the distinguishing factor in his playing—the spiritual vision. I believe it is important to acknowledge this vision.



Plaque, carved by Schweitzer, at hospital in Lambaréné.

Schweitzer on Bach: In the last resort . . . Bach's real religion was not orthodox Lutheranism, but mysticism. In his innermost essence he belongs to the history of German mysticism. This robust man, who seems to be in the thick of life with his family and his work, and whose mouth seems to express something like comfortable joy in life, was inwardly dead to the world. His whole thought was transfigured by a wonderful, serene longing for death. . . .

Wagner conceives nature through his emotions; Bach—in this respect like Berlioz—through his imagination. Bach is not satisfied until he is sure that the hearer actually sees the dust of the whirlwind, the clouds scudding across the sky, the falling leaves. . . . When his poets came to the end of their tether, all they had to do was to bring nature on the scene; they could be sure of satisfying him in this way. That is the explanation of the fact that the secular cantatas are veritable nature poems. . . .

—From "J. S. Bach" (1905).

As a teacher of Bach performance, his strength lay in his profound perception of structure. By this I do not mean his emphasis on the pictorial musical figure but rather his detailed understanding of a musical score. But his applications to performance were limited by two factors: 1) a substantial residue of unconscious romantic orientation, and 2) a limited experience in testing and thinking through the whole solution that is required by the totality of a performance.

Schweitzer's performances were unquestionably focused toward a truer Bach style than had been the aim of most twentieth-century performers. But many of the performing recommendations in his volumes arise from romantic sources and a confined experience. Perhaps it is too much to expect that one person can achieve a total breakthrough from the era in which he was born and create a total artistic idiom as well.

No one is more sympathetic to the task of a total solution in Bach performance than I am, for I know the labor and depth of absorption that is demanded. Therefore, when I witness attempts to break down Schweitzer's musical accomplishments, I am impelled to defend him. Having known and experienced the totality of the task of discovering the immense problems and solutions in Bach performance, I will argue with his mistakes, but I urge the full acknowledgement of his achievements.

The effect of Schweitzer's book was extensively felt. It has long been regarded as a major contribution in overthrowing the pedantic approach that viewed Bach's music as severe and intellectual. It also broke down, at the other extreme, the romantic sentimentality with which Bach performance was infused. Schweitzer's writing emphasized a fresh view and in certain aspects a break from past tradition.

SINCE the Twenties and Thirties, musicological research has grown into a highly specialized and diversified historical study. The mass of information and its availability reaches far beyond the possibilities available at the turn of the century. At the same time certain performers have contributed a great deal of thought and experience to the subject. Therefore Schweitzer's modern influence has subsided. But I pay tribute to his original contribution as a major breakthrough from pedantry and sentimentality. His work offered the first steps of development toward the understanding of Bach's true style and the art of playing this great music. It created a dawning realization for many musicians and students of the meaning of Bach's musical structures and it introduced insistence on adherence to the original score.

At the time of its writing, Schweitzer's work was revolutionary. Although it no longer tells us anything new in research and workable performing applications, it stands today as a monument upholding imagination and perception in scholarship. His work expresses, also, the amalgamation of an artistic experience with thoughtfulness and research rather than blank reporting of historical findings or self-exhibitionist performances (whether they be shy or aggressive) built on the tenuous foundations of "taste" or "intuition."

Today the time has come for a new revelation that emerges from a still wider foundation of research and experience in performance. Schweitzer would be the first to welcome it. Just as he felt reverence for all life, I am sure he would feel reverence for a new vision engendered through unremitting scholarship and spontaneous identification with Bach.

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SCHWEITZER IN AMERICA

By EMORY ROSS

IN 1949, Robert Hutchins persuaded Albert Schweitzer to come to America. Many had tried previously, with no success. But the Goethe bicentennial commemoration that Hutchins and his colleagues were planning at Aspen, Colorado, won his consent. He and his wife came by ship, and my wife and I went to meet them when they docked.

Sixty-five men and women of the American and world press, radio, and television were also there, pencils and cameras poised. The first thing Schweitzer did was to bow deeply and say in French, "Ladies and gentlemen, in my youth I was a stupid young man. I learned German and French, Latin, Greek, Hebrew—but no English. In my next incarnation, English shall be my first language." Tumultuous applause! Everyone wanted stories, impressions, opinions. Schweitzer was factual. He was willing to speak a bit about Goethe, or about the functioning and need of the hospital at Lambaréné. He was willing to play the organ or piano, to sit or stand for pictures. But he declined to talk of European politics, of Africa's multiple problems. "I only know a bit about Gabon," he would say.

At breakfast time on the morning after their arrival the Schweitzers came across the street from their hotel to our house, where they were to eat most of their meals. Mrs. Schweitzer was carrying a huge basket of cut flowers.

"Albert can't bear to see flowers cut, you know," she said, "so I brought these over here."

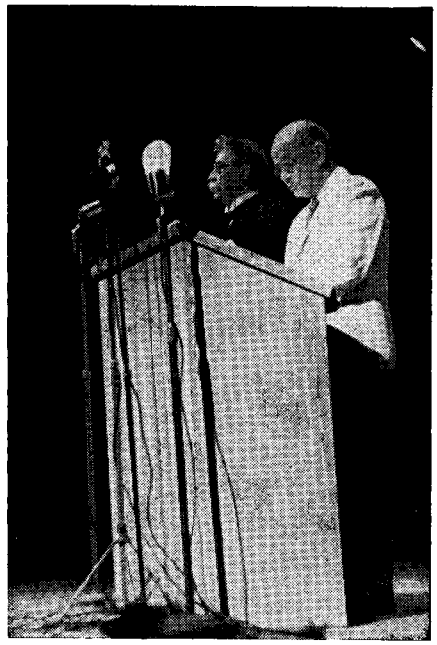
In the days ahead, cut flowers poured into our house for our distinguished guests. Finally my wife asked the doctor, "What shall I do with all these flowers that are coming for you?"

"Put them in vases with nice cool water," he said. "I don't like to see flowers hurt, but we mustn't hurt the people who sent them, either. Put them out where they will see I appreciate them."

The days before starting for Aspen were busy ones for the doctor as we got the final translations of his speech under way. Then came the train trip to Colorado, on which I accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Schweitzer. We were in roomettes, and the porter and Dr. Schweitzer had great fun together as he tried all the gadgets never seen at Lambaréné. Finally we settled down, Mrs. Schweitzer in a bedroom and Schweitzer and I in roomettes opposite each other, both of us working on his speech and its translation into English. I was roused out of deep concentration by rollicking laughter across the aisle and looked up to see two young women standing in the opposite doorway. After a burst of laughter and much fun the girls left and Schweitzer came across to me, chuckling.

"Do you know what those girls wanted? They stopped at my door and asked, 'Would you be good enough to autograph our books, Dr. Einstein?' I took the books and signed them: 'With best wishes, Albert Einstein, by his friend, Albert Schweitzer.'"

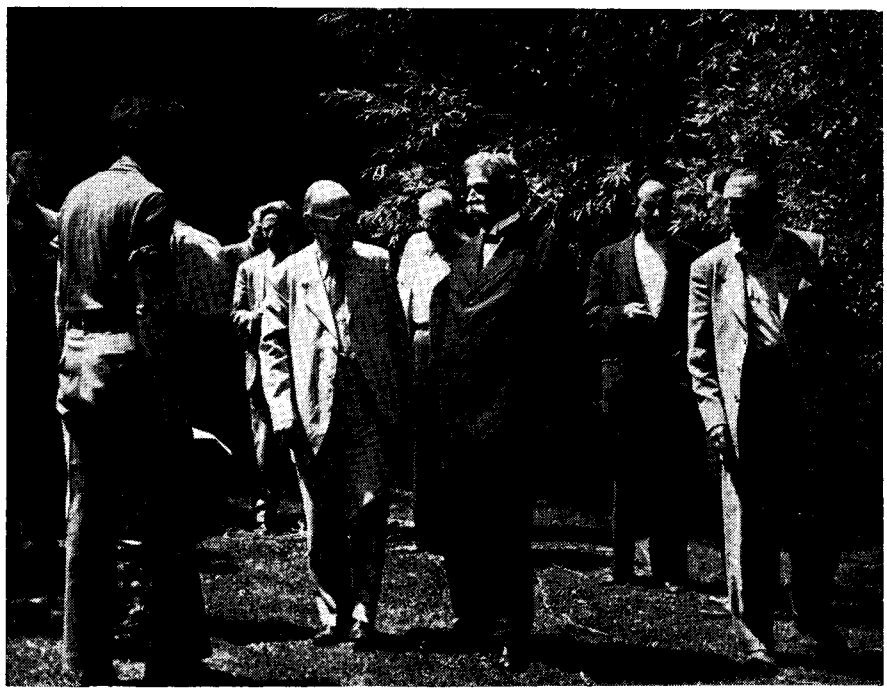
Aspen days were hectic—not only with speeches but with private conversations, which everybody sought and which the doctor gave freely. One evening while we were at dinner an eager individual came to speak with him about his philosophy, pulling a chair up alongside the table. Patiently Dr. Schweitzer tried to enlighten the young seeker, letting his dinner go untouched. At last, after repeated explanations, Schweitzer, with that special twinkle that always indicated mirth, said, "Look, my philosophy is reverence for life. I am a life," and with that he glanced down at his cold dinner plate. The youth burst into laughter. "That's a good one," he said. "That makes me understand your philosophy."



Schweitzer preparing to speak at Aspen.

One morning later, the early-rising Schweitzer met his hostess on the stairway as she was coming from some preparations for breakfast, still in her long, lovely, flowing housecoat. Embarrassed, she apologized for her attire and said she was going up to get dressed. In telling this story Schweitzer always laughed and said, "And soon she came down in her short summer slacks and shirt."

Schweitzer's warmth and deep feeling for human friendship expressed itself often in the plans for his visit to the United States and during his days here.



—Ross Madden (Black Star).

At the Goethe Festival—dinner went untouched.

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He wrote from Europe that he would like to have a series of "at homes" each afternoon from 2 to 7 P.M. while in New York so that friends could come to visit him. Delighted, we wrote him a warm welcome but suggested that 2 to 7 P.M. would be a long stretch for him in August in New York. He wrote back saying: "All right, let's compromise and make it 2 to 6:30."

Visitors not only came but stayed, some occasionally even joining the family at a simple supper later. Among them were doctors, organists, organ builders, professors, editors, psychiatrists, motion picture makers, musicians, preachers, students, scientists, old-time European friends—the humble and the great. To each Dr. Schweitzer and his wife gave themselves fully, freely. With one young woman who begged to go to Lambaréné to work, he counseled with appreciation and understanding and finally said: "Suppose, now, we agree this way: that I will work in my forest land in Lambaréné and you will work in your jungle here, and we will keep each other in mind and heart in the days ahead."

Never did Schweitzer eat anything for dessert except an apple. He loved apples. Evenings after dinner, while we were still having dessert, he would sometimes ask to be excused and go to the piano in a nearby room to relax with his beloved music. This was a great treat for us. One evening as several younger members of our family stood in the hall watching him as he played, he sensed their presence, looked up smiling, and said: "You think I play only somber music, don't you? Listen now. I'm going to play the music of the first dance I ever danced with Helene." With that he went into a gay waltz, to the utter joy of all of us.

These were days to be remembered. The penetration of his spirit into the lives of those, young and old, with whom he came in touch, both personally and through his writings and his work, is one of the amazing things about the man. William Larimer Mellon, Jr., had read a magazine story about Schweitzer and had determined to be a doctor. He flew up for a short weekend from medical school in New Orleans to come face to face with this man who had changed his whole life. That changed life has changed the lives of thousands of people in Haiti, where Dr. Mellon's Albert Schweitzer Hospital ministers to the suffering, always in the spirit of reverence for life. Hospitals in Peru and in North Carolina, clinics in Brazil, orphanages, schools, colleges in countries around the world bear his name and extend his philosophy. The "fellowship of those who bear the mark of pain" is a fellowship of human understanding and love, a fellowship personified in the man, friend of all men, Albert Schweitzer.

BEHIND THE LEGEND

By CLARA URQUHART

I HAVE KNOWN no other being who asked less than Albert Schweitzer did. I have known no other being who gave to others so great a sense of security (and yet he asked me once whether I had ever met anyone who really felt secure). I have known no other being with so absolute a sense of responsibility. This accounted in part for his paternalism—a paternalism in no way reserved for "his" Africans at Lambaréné, but equally applied to his own (often eminent) white contemporaries. In the measure that his motivation was understood, it was accepted either willingly or less so.

It will be good for a world that sorely needs to recognize goodness and greatness when the true picture of this man emerges from the web of publicity that plagued the last years of his life.

I feel that it is wrong for me to be writing this appreciation knowing that I am limited by time and by length. Perforce it must be superficial and it is not fitting that one who was never superficial should be commemorated thus. I recall being with him at Günsbach when he was asked to write a brief essay on Goethe. He had already published books on Goethe, won the Goethe Prize, and given the Goethe Memorial Address, so I thought he would dedicate a few hours to the essay. Not Schweitzer: he took the best part of ten days to complete it.

By the time the world became aware of Schweitzer, he had been sweating it out unknown and unsung in the tropics for more than three decades (and those who fly in now forget what a venture such an undertaking was half a century back). Schweitzer was always a precursor. He brought rudimentary relief and assistance to an "underdeveloped country" long before this became a popular and often opportunistic pursuit. His *The Quest of the Historical Jesus* was a revolutionary work, and Dietrich Bonhoeffer echoes much of Schweitzer's thought in works written several decades later.

BY the time he was discovered by press and radio he was of an age when the normal life span has ended and exhausted by a life that had embraced the activities of ten average lives. When I met him twenty years ago he was warm and often gay and outgoing. But always there was the undercurrent of sadness because, as he said, there was so much unexplained suffering in the world and because he had been born into a decadent phase of civilization. He was a man unspoiled by big-city life and unaware of many of the synthetic values currently in fashion.

I recall the arrival of some men from a European radio station who asked whether they might record an interview. Schweitzer, who was preoccupied with the writing of his Nobel address, felt unable to oblige but, shouting for once to his wife to "put more water in the soup," he invited them to stay to lunch. I noticed them dragging endless coils from their recording van into the dining room and alerted Dr. Schweitzer to this—only to be reproved for not having sufficient trust in people. Needless to say, the following day much of the lunchtime conversation was duly broadcast.

Gradually I watched him change, and he appeared to me like some Titan being surrounded and held by Lilliputians. It would have been easy for him to free himself by pushing them ruthlessly aside, but for this he was too good a man, and

A Life Resolved: On October 13th, 1905, a Friday, I dropped into a letter box in the Avenue de la Grand Armée in Paris, letters to my parents and to some of my most intimate acquaintances, telling them that at the beginning of the winter term I should enter myself as a medical student in order to go later on to Equatorial Africa as a doctor. . . . The plan which I meant now to put into execution had been in my mind for a long time, having been conceived so long ago as my student days. It struck me as incomprehensible that I should be allowed to lead such a happy life, while I saw so many people around me wrestling with care and suffering. . . . I settled with myself . . . that I would consider myself justified in living till I was thirty for science and art, in order to devote myself from that time forward to the direct service of humanity. . . .

—From "Out of My Life and Thought" (1933).

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so he maintained a kindly, patient approach, which the small, mean people sometimes took to show that he liked all the ballyhoo.

But all the time he lived his own inner life. Once, when I told him about the Zen Buddhist Suzuki's absenting himself from a gathering to go into another room to meditate, he said: "It is better to be able to withdraw while surrounded by people and noise." How often I watched him do just that at mealtimes in Lambaréné, where often forty lively people shared the table with him. I have been privileged to question him at length on many short- and long-term issues. Toward the end of his life I noticed that his great intellect was no longer as elastic as it had once been. In all other respects it was unimpaired.

AT that time he reminded me of some painter at grips with an image he needed to get onto the canvas. There was so much of the artist in Schweitzer, as a reading of his *J. S. Bach* or any other of his works makes clear. And in all things he was a perfectionist. But it was the way he lived his life that inspired me most. We all dream beautiful dreams, but how many of us manage to put them into practice?

I recall one example of the way he lived his life from the time I was living at Günsbach and he had just returned from a long and tiring stay in the tropics. I went off to bed at about eleven o'clock, leaving him at work in his study. Close to midnight he called up and asked if I wanted to go for a walk with him. I threw on a dress, and we set off. I noticed he had his doctor's bag. Our destination was a small cottage where an old, retired railwayman needed an injection. That same night, shortly before 4 A.M., he was off again. I asked him jokingly the next morning at breakfast, "Where were you floating around so late?" He replied, "The poor man must have injections every four hours." (At that time there was no resident doctor at Günsbach.)

Schweitzer often told me that there was only one reason for doing good—the doing of it, and this lack of any calculating was typical of him. I remember an example of close to twenty years ago. Schweitzer had arranged for me to go to Lambaréné for a long stay. It had entailed much work for him. On arrival I found a cable that made me decide to go off again as soon as there was transport. I wrote and apologized. He replied, "You and I are friends; friends never owe one another explanations. They are always there when needed."

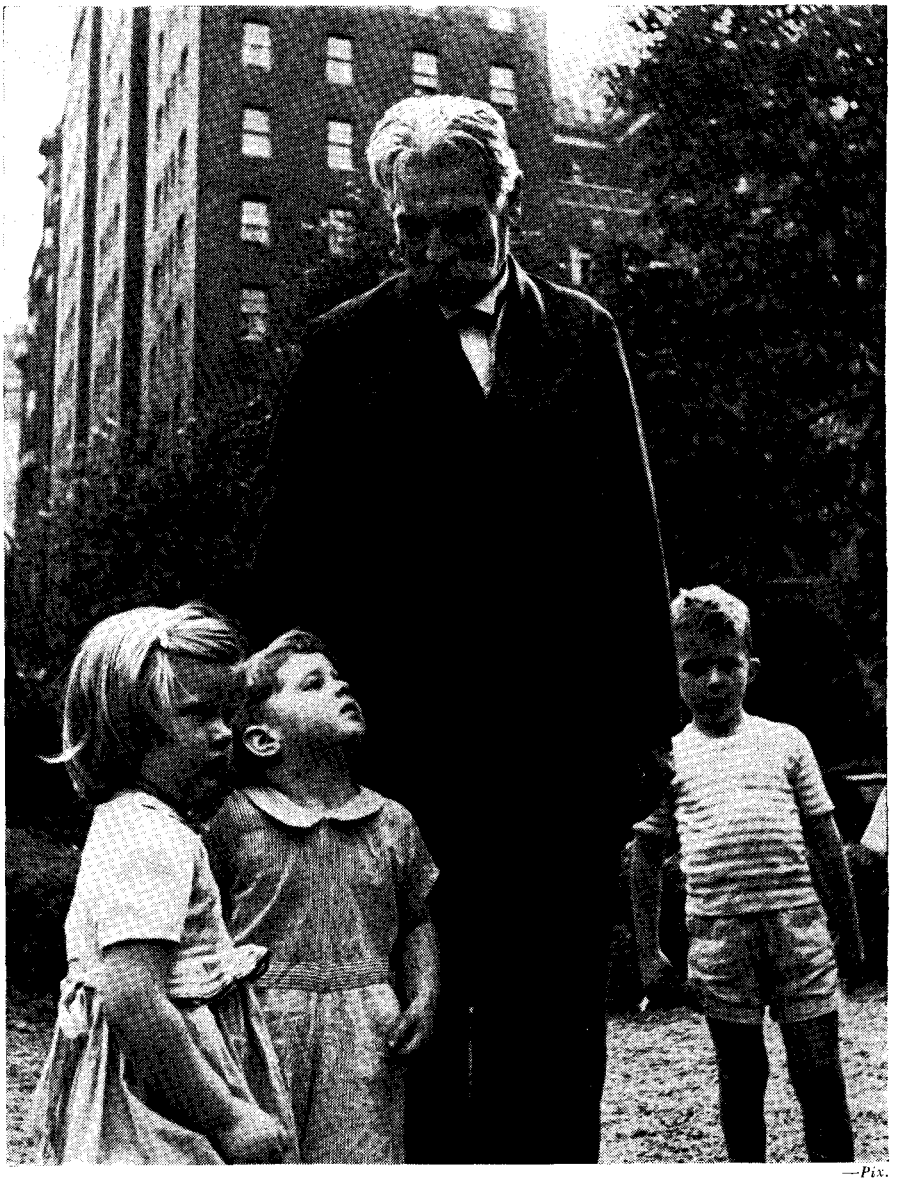
There was much physical beauty about Schweitzer: his unforgettable eyes that looked at one so full of compassion or humor and sometimes looked so deeply beyond one; his hands that remained supple and young and lovely till the end. His wit and sense of fun rounded what might otherwise have been a too serious personality. Like all life, he was a paradox. Over the last few years he was quietly and methodically writing "finis" to his life. At the same time he would say, "I will have to replant all those fruit trees in 1968."

He defined himself as a benevolent dictator. He was also a deeply humble man, always conscious of the imperfection of all that is human. He was simple in his ways and needs, and complex in his being. He did not believe it was possible to "understand" another, nor did he wish to. He "saw" others, without observing or analyzing them. And always there was *Ehrfurcht*, so inadequately translated as "reverence." It needs two English words: "respect" and "awe"—respect for the other person and his will to live, and awe at his unknowableness and that of the universe.

He inspired much reverence. When he went to Oslo in 1955 to receive the Nobel Peace Prize and bowed to the King, the latter said, "It is I who should bow to you." Rabbi Leo Baeck said that Schweitzer's creation was his own personality. It is left to those of us who loved him or were inspired by his example to build him a living memorial by endeavoring to live our lives in his spirit.

In thought and personality Schweitzer was close to Goethe, and it therefore seems fitting to quote Goethe's words to Eckerman:

> One should believe in immortality. He has a right to this belief. It corresponds with the wants of his nature. And he may believe in the premises of religion. But if the philosopher tries to deduce the immortality of the soul from a legend, that is very weak and inefficient. To me the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity. If I work on incessantly till my death nature is bound to give me another form of existence when the present one can no longer sustain my spirit.



—*Pix.*

Schweitzer and admirers in New York's Gramercy Park.

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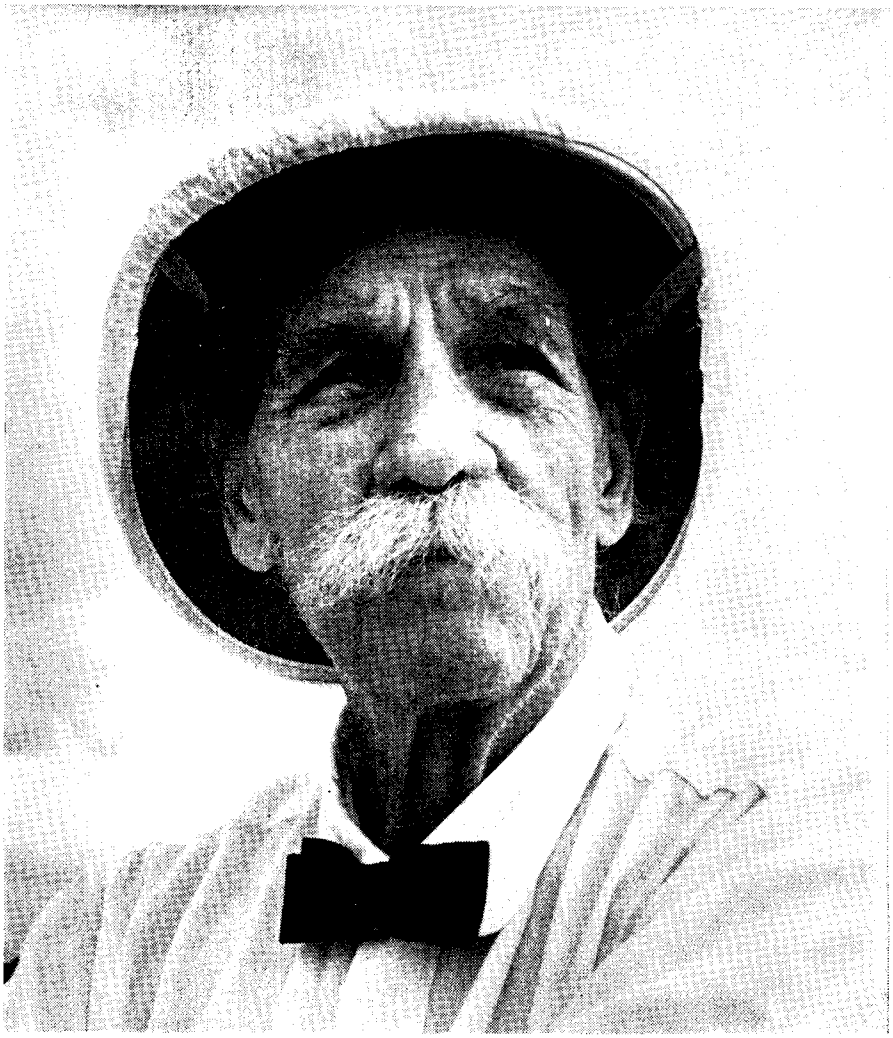
Schweitzer And Lambaréné

Photographs by Erica Anderson



Patients lined up in the compound outside the clinic at the Schweitzer Hospital.

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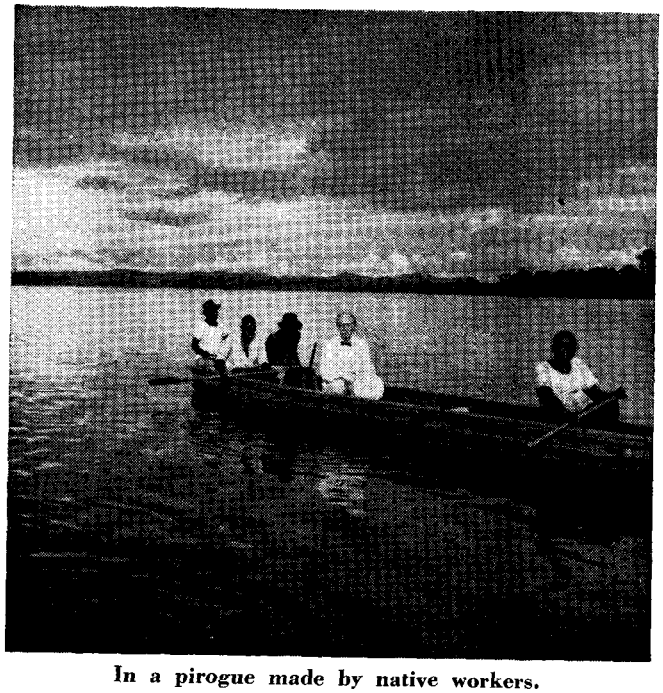
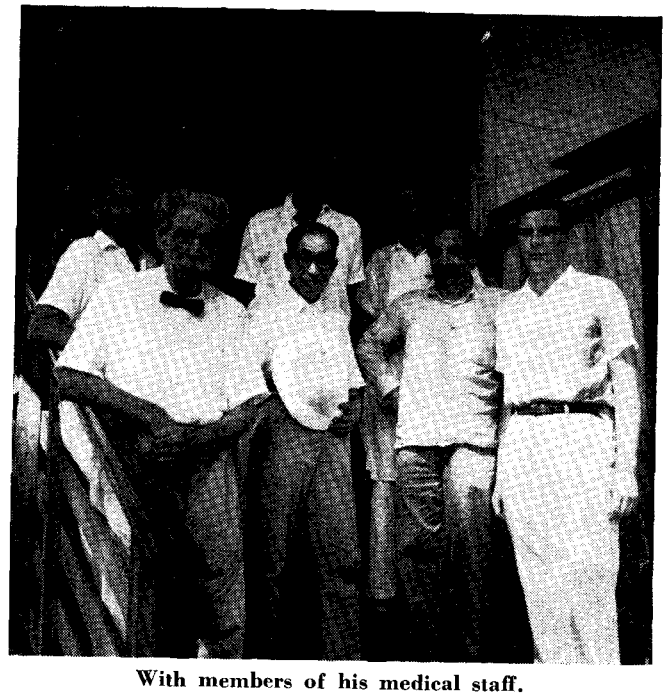
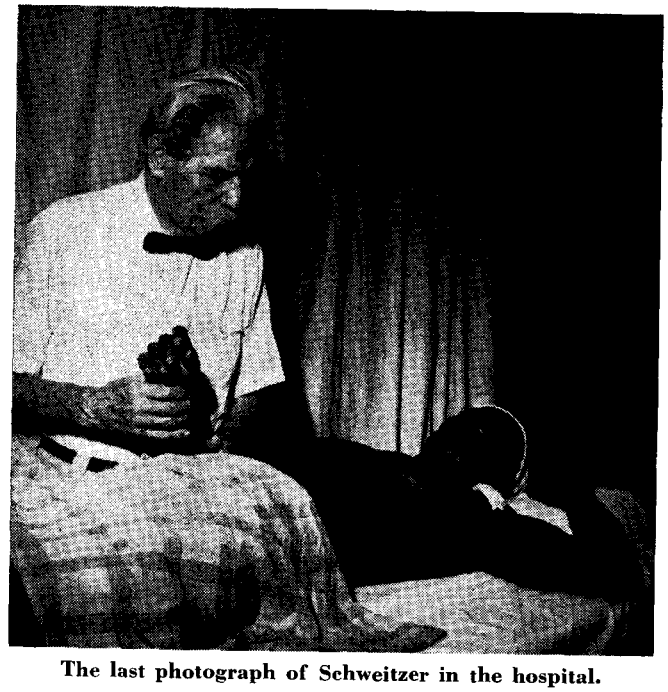


In a pirogue made by native workers.



With members of his medical staff.

In the street outside the 600-bed hospital.

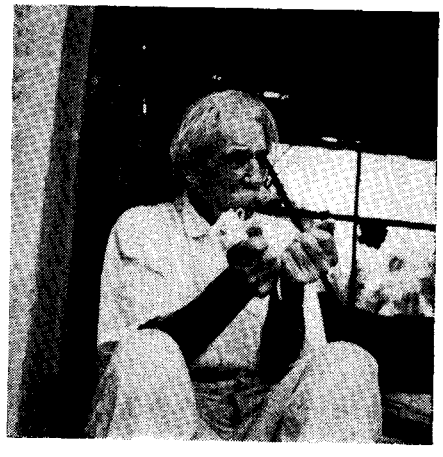


The last photograph of Schweitzer in the hospital.

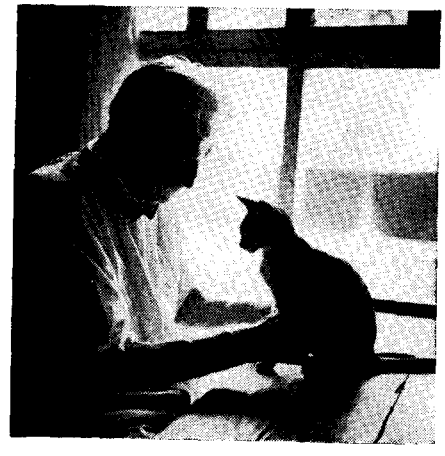
—*Photographs © Erica Anderson.*

Schweitzer at ninety.

Schweitzer in conversation.



With Balthasar, born on his desk.



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What Matters About Schweitzer

THE COMPOUND at the Schweitzer Hospital in Lambaréné is a narrow rectangular affair grooved into the gritty hillside and flanked by the clinic and dispensary, both of them topped by deep red corrugated-tin roofing. On Saturday evening, September 4, the compound slowly began to fill up with people. Not on the busiest days of the hospital, when long lines of people waited to be treated, nor even at Christmas services or Easter Sunday, had the compound held so many people.

No call had been sent out. No one had said that this was the place to come to at just this time, but a loneliness was settling over Lambaréné. For the great doctor had been ill in his small room for more than a week and the word had gone out that his life was slowly receding. And everyone seemed to know somehow that the end was very near.

They came to the compound by torchlight. They came by canoe up or down the Ogoué River, or on foot from Lambaréné and the small villages, taking the road or the jungle paths. The sick ones got up from their slab beds in the wooden huts that served as wards. Patients came from the leper colony over the hill. And the doctors and nurses on the hospital staff left their quarters to join the Africans in the compound.

Some of the Africans began to sing hymns, in French, softly. More and more voices picked up the hymns and soon each person was joined to the other by the blending of human sound. Then, after the singing, individual Africans or members of the staff spoke as they felt. By what they said, the Africans proved that Albert Schweitzer was not as detached from them as some of his critics had contended. "We have heard that some Europeans say he has done us no good," one of them said. "How do they know? They have never come here to see us. The grand doctor, he came here and stayed for most of his life and gave us all he had to give, and that was a great deal."

An African patient stood up to say he understood that in Europe and America some people charged that the hospital was unclean and not very scientific. "But this is the hospital we come to when we are not well," he said. "There are other hospitals, but this one we know. We have known it for a long time. Our fathers came here when they were ill. It is for us."

Nurses and doctors joined in the witness. They told why they had left their own countries to work without pay in a jungle equatorial hospital. There was nothing self-serving about them as they spoke of their purpose. They had come to Lambaréné because they hoped their offer of help might be accepted. They also spoke of what it was that Schweitzer meant to them. And everyone knew without anyone's having to say it that the work of the hospital would go on. This was what the commitment to Albert Schweitzer was all about.

The meeting in the compound ended and the people began to disperse. Then, at 11:30 P.M., the door to the doctor's quarters opened and Rhena Eckert came out and said that her father had just died.

Two weeks earlier, Albert Schweitzer had called in his daughter and handed her a letter. In it, he was making known for the first time his wishes about how the hospital was to be run after his death. The letter said he wanted his daughter to be general head of the hospital and he named the doctors who were to be in charge of the medical services. Those who have been close to the hospital in the past few years can quickly recognize the good sense of the doctor's last request. Rhena joined her father at the hospital a few years ago after her own children became fully grown. She quickly established herself as a competent, conscientious, knowledgeable associate to her father.

SO the Schweitzer Hospital at Lambaréné will go on. But this will not resolve all the questions about Albert Schweitzer's life and work—questions that have been raised for half a century. The people who have raised the questions will no doubt continue to do so. They will contend that the hospital was the creature of extraordinary publicity, and that the doctor was arbitrary and autocratic, especially toward the Africans. Or they will bypass the hospital altogether and say it is a shame he squandered his talents in the jungle. They will say that his theology, however impressive it may have been a half-century ago, lacks sophistication today. Or that his philosophy has borrowed too heavily from Hegel. Or that his reputation as Bach authority or organist or organ builder draws on the public's capacity for being impressed by extraordinary versatility.

But none of these questions is relevant or vital. For they all miss the main point about Schweitzer. The main point has nothing to do with the sanitation at Lambaréné or Schweitzer's alleged autocratic attitudes, whether toward blacks or whites. Nor has the real point anything to do with the level of sophistication of his theology or philosophy, or his rank as musician or organ technician. There are solid grounds for according him high honor and distinction in all these professions and undertakings; but again, this is not really the central and overriding fact about Schweitzer.

The main point about Schweitzer is that he helped make it possible for twentieth-century man to unblock his moral vision. There is a tendency in a relativistic age for man to pursue all sides of a question as an end in itself, finding relief and even refuge in the difficulty of defining good and evil. The result is a clogging of the moral sense, a certain feeling of self-consciousness or even discomfort when questions with

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ethical content are raised. Schweitzer furnished the nourishing evidence that nothing is more natural in life than a moral response, which exists independently of precise definition, its use leading not to exhaustion but to new energy.

The greatness of Schweitzer—indeed the essence of Schweitzer—was the man as symbol. More important than what he did for others was what others have done because of him and the power of his example. At least a half-dozen hospitals in impoverished, remote areas have been established because of him. Wherever the Schweitzer story was known, lives were changed. A manufacturer in the American Midwest read about Schweitzer, sold his farm-implement manufacturing company, and used the money to build a string of medical clinics in the Cameroons. A Japanese professor raised money in Schweitzer's name and started an orphanage. A young German medical-school graduate, with no means or resources save a fund of inspiration, went to South America and started a hospital. Tom Dooley and his hospital in Laos are now well on the way to becoming an American legend. A beautiful, talented young Dutch girl learned about Schweitzer and selected a medical career. Six years later she was chief surgeon at the Schweitzer hospital in Lambaréné. She left several years ago to found a hospital of her own, in Southern France, carrying on in the Schweitzer tradition.

And there is also the story of Larimer and Gwen Mellon and the work they are doing in Schweitzer's name in Haiti.

At the age of thirty-seven, Larimer Mellon was making a career out of being a rich man's son. Just bearing the Mellon name was something of a full-time job. When he read about Schweitzer, the effect was explosive; it blasted him out of one life and into a totally different one. He returned to college to complete his undergraduate education, sitting in classes alongside students half his age. Then he enrolled in medical school.

At forty-four, he received his medical diploma. With his wife, Gwen, he decided to found a hospital dedicated to Schweitzer. They selected Haiti not solely because of the high disease rate and the illiteracy of the people but because it was part of North America—very close to the most prosperous nation in the world. Some seventy miles north of Port-au-Prince, in Haiti, Larimer and Gwen Mellon selected the site of what was to become the Albert Schweitzer Hospital of Haiti.

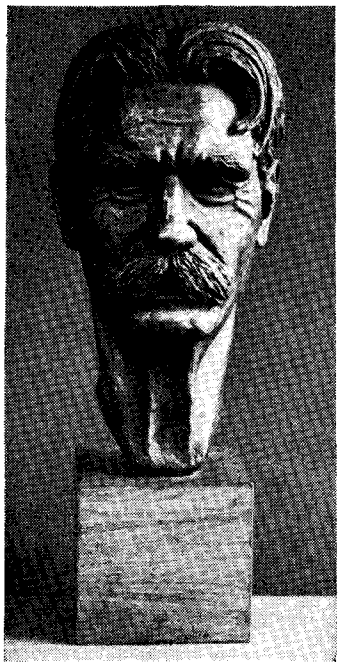
Then there is the case of a young American named Fergus Pope. Less than a decade ago, he was traveling through Africa on a motorcycle safari. Out of curiosity, he stopped at the Schweitzer Hospital. That visit changed the entire course of his life. He returned to school, completed his undergraduate requirements, something he had not previously intended to do, worked his way through medical school in London, served his internship in a New Jersey hospital, and returned to Lambaréné less than a year ago as a fully accredited physician to make good his promise to himself. In the meantime he had married and become the father of three children. He brought his entire family with him to the Schweitzer Hospital. Dr. Schweitzer was overjoyed at the presence of the children at the hospital. The entire staff, in fact, was caught up in the adventure of a young American family on the hospital grounds.

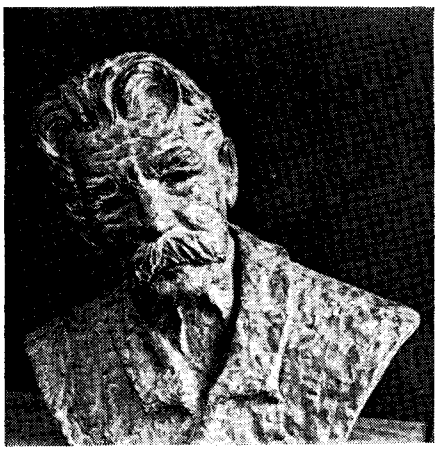
What was it about Schweitzer that caused Larimer and Gwen Mellon, Ruth and Fergus Pope, and all the others, to set their lives on a new course? It was the enduring proof Schweitzer furnished that we need not torment ourselves about the nature of human purpose. The scholar, he once wrote, must not live for science alone, nor the businessman for his business, nor the artist for his art. If affirmation for life is genuine, it will "demand from all that they should sacrifice a portion of their own lives for others."

Thus, Schweitzer's main achievement was a simple one. He was willing to make the ultimate sacrifice for a moral principle. Like Gandhi, the power of his appeal was in renunciation. And because he was able to feel a supreme identification with other human beings he exerted a greater force than armed men on the march. It is unimportant whether we call Schweitzer a great religious figure or a great moral figure or a great philosopher. It suffices that his words and works are known and that he is loved and has influence because he enabled men to discover mercy in themselves. Early in his life he was accused of being an escapist. He was criticized for seeming to patronize the people he had chosen to serve. Yet the proof of his genuineness and his integrity is to be found in the response he awakened in people. He reached countless millions who never saw him but who were able to identify themselves with him because of the invisible and splendid fact of his own identification with them.

We live at a time when people seem afraid to be themselves, when they seem to prefer a hard, shiny exterior to the genuineness of deeply felt emotion. Sophistication is prized and sentiment is dreaded. It is made to appear that one of the worst blights on a reputation is to be called a do-gooder. The literature of the day is remarkably devoid of themes on the natural goodness or even the potential goodness of man, seeing no dramatic power in the most powerful fact of the human mixture. The values of the time lean to a phony toughness, casual violence, cheap emotion; yet we are shocked when youngsters confess to have tortured and killed because they enjoyed it and because they thought it was the thing to do.

It mattered not to Schweitzer or to history that he would be dismissed by some as a do-gooder or as a sentimental fool who frittered his life away on Africans who couldn't read or write. Schweitzer brought the kind of spirit to Africa that the dark man hardly knew existed in the white man. Before Schweitzer, white skin meant beatings and gunpoint rule and the imposition of slavery on human flesh. If Schweitzer had





—*SR Photos by N.C.*

Two heads of Schweitzer: Left, bust by Leo Cherne, American sculptor and economist, was completed in 1956. The bust at right (1957) is by Dr. Jack Penn, South African surgeon who served at the Schweitzer Hospital in Lambaréné.

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done nothing else in his life than to accept the pain of these people as his own, he would have achieved eminence. And his place in history will rest on something more substantial than an argument over an unswept floor in a hospital ward in the heart of Africa. It will rest on the spotless nature of his vision and the clean sweep of his nobility.

The tragedy of life is not in the hurt to a man's name or even in the fact of death itself. The tragedy of life is in what dies inside a man while he lives—the death of genuine feeling, the death of inspired response, the death of the awareness that makes it possible to feel the pain or the glory of other men in oneself. Schweitzer's aim was not to dazzle an age but to awaken it, to make it comprehend that moral splendor is part of the gift of life, and that each man has unlimited strength to feel human oneness and to act upon it. He proved that although a man may have no jurisdiction over the fact of his existence, he can hold supreme command over the meaning of existence for him. Thus, no man need fear death; he need fear only that he may die without having known his greatest power—the power of his free will to give his life for others.

The individual in today's world feels cut off from the large forces or movements that determine his future. This leads to fatalism and default. Schweitzer demonstrated that one man can make a difference. He had no specific prescription or formula for the individual. All he hoped for was that the individual would be able to peel off the layers of hardened artificialities that separate him from his real self. Man's resources do not exist outside him. His responses must come from within. A thinking and feeling man is not a helpless man. The sense of paralysis proceeds not so much out of the mammoth size of the problem but out of the puniness of purpose.

It may be said that only a Schweitzer had the knowledge and personal power to answer satisfactorily the question: "What can one man do?" Certainly we can't all be Schweitzers. But what should concern us is not what it takes to be a Schweitzer but what it takes to be a man. Nature has not been equally lavish with her endowments, but each man has his own potential in terms of achievement and service. The awareness of that potential is the discovery of purpose; the fulfilment of that potential is the discovery of strength.

For Albert Schweitzer, the assertion of this potential was not directed to charity but to justice. Also, moral reparations. "We are burdened with a great debt. We are not free to confer benefits on these people, or not confer them, as we please. It is our duty. Anything we give them is not benevolence but atonement. That is the foundation from which all deliberations about 'works of mercy' must begin."

As for the right time to act? The time, inevitably, is now. It can only be now. "Truth has no special time of its own," he said. When circumstances seem least propitious, that is the correct time.

Much of the ache and the brooding unhappiness in modern man is the result of his difficulty in using himself fully. He performs compartmentalized tasks in a compartmentalized world. He is reined in—physically, socially, spiritually. Only rarely does he have a sense of fulfilling himself through total contact with a total challenge. He finds it difficult to make real connection even with those who are near him. But there are vast urges of conscience, natural purpose, and goodness inside him demanding air and release. And he has his own potential, the regions of which are far broader than he can even guess at—a potential that keeps nagging at him to be fully used.

Albert Schweitzer was fully grown, fully developed, fully used. Did this make him happy? The question is irrelevant. He was less concerned with happiness than with purpose. What is it that has to be done? What is the best way of doing it? How does a man go about developing an inner awareness of important needs outside himself? How does he attach himself to those needs? Is he able to recognize the moral summons within him? To the extent that the individual is unconcerned about these questions, or lives apart from them, he is unfulfilled and only partly alive.

ONE night in 1957 at the hospital in Lambaréné, long after most of the oil lamps had been turned out, I walked down toward the river. It was a sticky night and I couldn't sleep. As I passed the compound near Dr. Schweitzer's quarters, I could hear the rapid piano movement of a Bach toccata. The doctor was playing on the upright piano next to his bedside.

I approached the doctor's bungalow and stood for perhaps five minutes outside the latticed window, through which I could see his silhouette in the dimly lit room. The piano had an organ footboard attachment so that he could keep his feet in playing condition. While he played the Toccata his feet moved over the footboard with speed and certainty. His powerful hands were in total control of the piano as he met Bach's demands for complete definition of each note—each with its own weight and value, yet all of them laced intimately together to create an ordered whole.

I had a stronger sense of listening to a great console than if I had been in the world's largest cathedral. The yearning for an ordered beauty; the search for a creative abandonment—yet an abandonment inside a disciplined artistry; the desire to recreate a meaningful past; the need for outpouring and release, catharsis—all these things inside Albert Schweitzer spoke in his playing. And when he was through, he sat with his hands resting lightly on the keys, his great head bent forward as though to catch any echoes.

He was now freed of the pressures and tensions of the hospital, with its forms to fill out in triplicate; freed of the mounds of unanswered mail; freed of the heat and the saturating moisture of the Equator. Johann Sebastian Bach had made it possible for Albert Schweitzer to come to Lambaréné in the first place; it was Schweitzer's books on Bach that provided royalties to support the hospital in the early years. Now Bach was restoring him to a world of creative and ordered splendor.

The doctor knew in some way that I was standing outside, listening to him play, for when he finished the toccata he called out to me by name and asked me to come in. For one half-hour or so, we chatted in the thin light of the oil lamp near the piano. He was speaking personally now—about his hopes mostly. First, he would like to see his hospital in complete running order. Second, he would like to be able to train others to run the hospital after he was gone. Third, he would like to have just a little time—to work quietly and finish his two books. One was his major theological work, *The Kingdom of God*. The other was his final volume on *The Philosophy of Civilization*.

He did not wish these longings of his to give the impression he was unhappy in his work. Now and then something would happen that would give him a sense of fulfilment and deep reward. Only a few days earlier, for example, he had received a letter from a professorial colleague in France about an examination paper turned in by a nineteen-year-old boy. One of the questions on the examination was worded: "How would you define the best hope for the culture of Europe?" The boy had written: "It is not in any part of Europe. It is in a small African village and it belongs to a man in his eighties."

Dr. Schweitzer looked up from the letter. "At times like this, when the hospital has gone to sleep and everything is at peace, it makes me proud that a young man would think as he does, whether what he thinks is true or not. But in the morning, when the sun is up and the cries from the hospital are sounded, I do not think of such fancy ideas. I have all I can do to sit still while reality stares me in the face. And sometimes, if I am lucky, I can stare back." —N.C.

Portions of the foregoing appreciation were drawn from the editor's previous writings about Albert Schweitzer in these pages.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Rebuilding Cam Ne

ANY CIVILIZED PERSON would be shocked and touched, as I was, by the report in N.C.'s September 4 editorial on the sad fate of the village of Cam Ne in South Vietnam. . . . I am pleased to enclose a small contribution toward the restoration of this village so wantonly destroyed.

ROBERT W. COPE.

Schwenksville, Pa.

ENCLOSED IS MY contribution to the fund you are establishing for the rebuilding of Cam Ne.

It is my feeling that I am but one among thousands who are deeply disturbed by the policy implications of our government's conduct of both its military and informational programs in Vietnam. And I trust that this feeling of mine will be borne out by a widespread response to your project designed to undo, to some extent, the damage that our self-respect has suffered.

Thank you for this opportunity to register my sentiments in a matter of prime national importance. And may your project encounter a sympathetic hearing in every quarter.

HOWARD FRENCH.

Carbondale, Ill.

IN OUR DESPAIR over the brutality and dehumanization of man as witnessed in the Vietnam conflict, we appreciate your positive action to relieve a little of the suffering through your Cam Ne Fund. We hope many *SR* readers will respond to your invitation to light a small candle of hope where there is so much darkness.

Enclosed please find our small contribution toward that end.

MRS. F. K. ELLINGWOOD.

Webster, N.Y.

THANK YOU FOR your very creative as well as disturbing editorial. . . . I fear that under the guise of military necessity we are led into increasingly un-American lapses from values we profess.

The enclosed token is given in the spirit of your effort to manifest to the citizens of Cam Ne our respect for their dignity and our hope for a future of common brotherhood.

ANDREW R. TOWL.

Lexington, Mass.

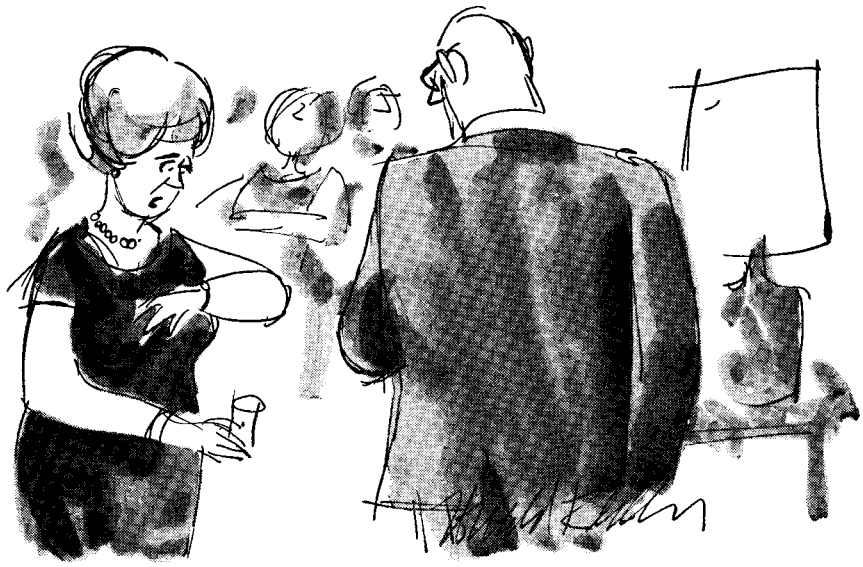
FOR MANY YEARS I have taken great pleasure in *SR*, and now I find that my pleasure is mixed with a real sense of pride and appreciation.

The excellent editorial on Cam Ne brought a realization of how badly we need guidance and direction in protesting such brutal action. The most effective protest, surely, is an active effort to rebuild the village. Thank you for your responsible leadership in this project.

The shame caused by the ugly, inhuman Cam Ne incident is mitigated somewhat by your giving us an opportunity to do something about it.

MAXINE M. RINNE.

Fort Wayne, Ind.



"Oh dear, my anti-wrinkle cream runs out in five minutes."

THANK YOU FOR giving us the opportunity at least to apologize.

ROSEMARY E. HARTIGAN.

New York, N.Y.

THANK YOU FOR making it possible for us to help.

Christopher G. Raible,
Minister, Unitarian Church West.

Milwaukee, Wis.

IT'S TOO BAD the Marines can burn them down much faster than we can rebuild, and that we taxpayers must pay for the burning whether we like it or not.

D. SCOTT.

Philadelphia, Pa.

FROM THE BOTTOM of our hearts, we thank you for making the Cam Ne situation public. The utter horror of knowing that by our ignorance we have given consent to this kind of barbarism has made this family totally sick. . . . It is enough to make me feel now that my family—including my children—is as guilty as any German of the Hitler period was of "ignorance" of the situation of 6,000,000 Jews. As was so aptly put in the editorial, whether it is five homes, 500, or 5,000, is not the question; one home destroyed in such manner makes us just as guilty. . . .

MRS. G. F. KENNER.

Natchitoches, La.

PLEASE ACCEPT our small contribution to the people of Cam Ne. It is occasions like this that make us wish we were wealthy.

ROBERT AND PATRICIA GURALNIK.

Mountainville, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Letters and checks in response to the plan to help rebuild Cam Ne were still arriving at *SR* as this issue went to press. The editors acknowledge with thanks the contributions—a total of $10,488.16—that had been received from the following readers as of September 13: Mrs. W. B. Thorp, Palo Alto, Calif.; Mrs. Bernice T. Fitzgerald, Sunset Beach, Calif.; Mrs. Marguerite McLaughlin, Hammond, Ind.; Mrs. Frank S. Bangs, Wichita, Kan.; John A. Kordak, Woodbridge, Conn.; Armin T. Wright, San Jose, Calif.; Irving F. Laucks, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Zilpha Colee, Rock Island, Ill.; Mrs. Edith H. Smith, Stanford, Calif.; Dr. James O. Bond, Tampa, Fla.; Mrs. J. W. McBain, Palo Alto, Calif.; M. Gertrude Reiman, Milwaukee, Wis.; Florence L. Ketcham, Minooka, Ill.; Gerald Friedman, Berkeley, Calif.; Charles Carter, Covina, Calif.; Mrs. Sarah B. Carter, Covina, Calif.; John L. Fournier, Kansas City, Mo.; The Rev. and Mrs. S. J. Lawson, Gardena, Calif.; Mrs. Mary A. Crawford, Hiram, O.; Robert S. Inlow, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Virginia Steiner, Baltic, O.; C. Ralph Stocking, Davis, Calif.; Nicholas Orlovsky, New York, N.Y.; Virginia C. Brainard, Kansas City, Mo.; Gordon Shaffer, Whitestone, N.Y.; C. Maurice, New York, N.Y.; Mrs. George H. Wales, Jr., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Samuel Arms, Portland, Ore.; Marie B. Robinson, Denver, Col.; Mrs. Ethan M. Clark, Le Roy, N.Y.; Nell A. Unger, Zenith, Wash.; Edward A. Lynch, Wynnewood, Pa.; Mrs. Henry W. Scheibner, Stonington, Conn.; Jane Erickson, Lake Oswego, Ore.; Donald E. Holmes, Fullerton, Calif.; Alexander Ropchan, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Donald M. Reno, Champaign, Ill.; Mrs. M. Kathryn Smith, Los Angeles, Calif.; Katharine Torrey, Newfane, Vt.; the Schaeffer Foundation, New York, N.Y.; Ralph Rumsey, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. Margaret K. Gilpatric, New York, N.Y.; Mrs. Frances Gayle Harmon, Shepherd, Tex.; Lucile Asher, Topeka, Kan.; Mrs. Robert H. Cory, Jr., Scarsdale, N.Y.; Mrs. Eleanor S. Brainerd, Dover, Mass.; James Ruzicka, Cicero, Ill.; Mrs. H. H. Mist, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. Fred B. Wheeler, Wheaton, Ill.; Mrs. Alice W. Marshall, Denver, Col.; Constance Vulliamy, Parkville, Mo.; Robert Kindley, Bend, Ore.; Mrs. Theodore E. Schulz, Aptos, Calif.; Grover

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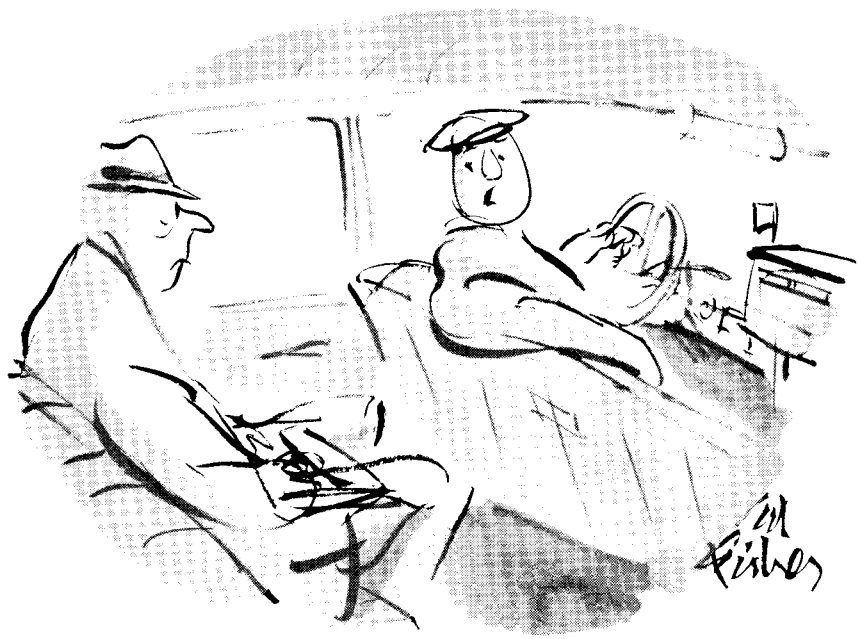
(*Continued on page* 48)



"Frankly, Mac, the little sketch of your home life and fantasy life you've just given me suggests a deep-seated neurosis beyond the ordinary cab-driver's powers of advice, and I suggest you see a specialist."

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LITERARY HORIZONS

A Tradition of Storytelling

IN AN interview that appeared in *Paris Review*, Katherine Anne Porter said, "We've always had great letter writers, readers, great storytellers in our family. I've listened all my life to articulate people. They were all great storytellers, and every story had shape and meaning and point." Flannery O'Connor often remarked that the habit of telling stories persisted in the South and was an important part of the inheritance of any Southern writer. Be that as it may—and not all of our good storytellers have come from the South, though several of them have—Miss Porter did somehow learn to write short stories of the highest order.

In *Collected Stories* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95) we have all the stories that appeared in *Flowering Judas*, *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*, and *The Leaning Tower*, together with four stories not previously published in book form. Her first story written for publication, "María Concepción," is here, and it is one of the best, written with a firmness that she often equaled but never surpassed. She says that Carl Van Doren, who accepted the story for the *Century Magazine* in 1923, said to her, "I believe you are a writer!" She quickly proved that he was right.

She wrote several other stories about Mexico, including "Flowering Judas" and "Hacienda." She had gone to Mexico about 1920 to study the renascence of Mexican art, and not only the art but the whole life of the people had stirred her imagination. No doubt she would have become a writer if she had never crossed the Rio Grande, but Mexico did inspire her earliest and some of her best stories.

The collection called *Flowering Judas*, containing the Mexican stories and several others, appeared in 1930. Nine years later Miss Porter published *Pale Horse, Pale Rider*, which was made up of three short novels. (She objects, perhaps unreasonably, to both "novelette" and "novella.") In the first of these, "Old Mortality," she draws on family and personal material, setting forth the legend of Aunt Amy as reconstructed by a girl named Miranda, to be identified with the author. If Mexico was her first important theme, the strength of family ties was her second.

The title story, in which Miranda is the central character, has its climax in an extraordinarily vivid account of her nearly fatal illness during the flu epidemic of 1918. The third story, "Noon Wine," unlike its two companions, is a sternly objective study of farmers in Texas at the turn of the century. The volume showed that Miss Porter was as much a master of what Henry James called "the blessed *nouvelle*" as she was of the short story.

At this time, about 1940, it was announced that Miss Porter was working on a study of Jonathan Edwards and was also writing her first novel, tentatively called "No Safe Harbor." The biography was not finished, but the novel appeared in 1962 as *Ship of Fools*. Meanwhile a third collection of shorter fiction, *The Leaning Tower*, had been published in 1944. This included several excellent sketches of the life of her family in Texas, under the general name of "The Old Order." The title story, describing the experiences and impressions of a young American in Germany in 1931, was in some ways a new departure for the author and perhaps looked forward to *Ship of Fools*. A story that was not included in the original edition of *The Leaning Tower*, "Holiday," seems to me one of her best.

Discussing *The Leaning Tower*, Edmund Wilson wrote: "To the reviewer, Miss Porter is baffling because one cannot take hold of her work in any of the ordinary ways. She makes none of the melodramatic or ironic points that are the stock in trade of ordinary short story writers; she falls into none of the usual patterns and she does not show anyone's influence. She does not exploit her personality either inside or outside her work, and her writing itself makes a surface so smooth that the critic has little opportunity to point out peculiarities of color or weave. If he is tempted to say that the effect is pale, he is prevented by the realization that Miss Porter writes English of a purity and precision almost unique in contemporary fiction."

It is indeed difficult to define the exact quality of Miss Porter's stories and short novels. She has none of the wild inventiveness so startling in some of Faulkner's tales, nor does she build so surely to a climax as Hemingway did. She cannot create an atmosphere with Eudora Welty's richness and beauty, and one does not have the sense of experiencing an almost overwhelming revelation as one does with the best stories of Bernard Malamud and Flannery O'Connor. And yet one has the feeling, with almost

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every story, that it is absolutely right.

In her brief preface Miss Porter speaks of one of her stories: " 'Holiday' represents one of my prolonged struggles, not with questions of form or style, but my own moral and emotional collision with a human situation I was too young to cope with at the time it occurred; yet the story haunted me for years and I made three separate versions, with a certain spot in all three where the thing went off track. So I put it away and it disappeared also, and I forgot it. It rose from one of my boxes of paper, after a quarter of a century, and I sat down in great excitement to read all three versions. I saw at once that the first was the right one, and as for the vexing question which had stopped me short long ago, it had in the course of living settled itself so slowly and deeply and secretly I wondered why I had ever been distressed by it. I changed one short paragraph and a line or two at the end and it was done."

She knew when the story wasn't right, although she didn't know why, and she knew when it was right. By and large, by her own acccount, she has not had problems of revision. "My stories," she has said, "are written in one draft, and if short enough, at one sitting." She has also said, "I started 'Flowering Judas' at seven P.M. and at one-thirty I was standing on a snowy windy corner putting it in the mailbox." Obviously the story was right in her mind, or nearly right, before she sat down to put it on paper, and when she had written it out, it was close to perfection. With very few exceptions, the stories in this volume are first-rate, and I believe that it is on them, rather than on *Ship of Fools*, that her reputation will rest. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1155

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1155 will be found in the next issue.

E NUUP YXUIFXOSSOI MY E JOIYUK VBU BEY E NUUP LOLUIF EKP BUJOY UXBOI JOUJSO BEZOK'X.

M. Y. DUQQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1154

He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Katherine Anne Porter—"all woman."

The Author: She is seventy-five years old and a truly beautiful woman. From her crown of white hair ("I've been on borrowed time since 1918, when I nearly died in the plague; that was when my hair turned white.") to her lovely legs Katherine Anne Porter is intensely alive.

We were seated at a six-foot circle of Vermont marble Miss Porter had had cut for her dining-room table in the twelve-room house she had leased just outside Washington, D.C., a year ago last June. "I think they describe this house as Jacobean," she said. "I call it 1905 American Stratford-on-Avon.

"I live like a hermit here. I'm not going anywhere, not traveling any more. I have an income now, thank God. I'm getting $1,000 on October 6 for yapping at the Library of Congress. This year I have refused $17,000 worth of speaking engagements—and I have lived on as little as $1,500 a year! It's just not worth it. I might die of it, and I have the utmost partiality for living."

She is a joy to listen to, a pleasure to watch, as she rattles on with a Southern softness to her speech, a touch of the Bankhead huskiness to her laughter. To underline an idea, she will slide her arm along the tabletop, lean toward you, and capture you in her eyes, which shade somewhere between amber and blue. She smiles, she laughs, she slurs a soft "honey" at you—she is all woman. And there are the little moments when, suddenly, her eyes are seeing something beyond the silver-gray silk walls of the dining room, a something that *was* that touches her face with a bygone sadness. And then, just as suddenly, she is back without telling you where she has been.

"I don't live in my art like a fish in water. I have an intensely private life. My relationships with family and friends are most important to me. I could have written fifty books during the time I've spent writing to family and friends. People have told me that they have sold letters of mine or willed them to universities. I'm farmed out all over the place. Those people who have sold me have forgotten that they also wrote to me. Well, I'm a magpie. I'm not going to let one of the letters I have out of my hands until I'm dead and gone."

Is she at work at the moment? "I have a medieval mystery in mind. And a book of occasional writings; I have twenty-five or thirty things to add to it. And there is my study of Cotton Mather and Salem witchcraft. I started it in 1928. I have added no fictions of my own. It's historical. Every bloody line—forgive me—is documented. I did eleven out of the twenty chapters in five months, working around the clock in Bermuda. Nobody knew me then. I wish it was that way now."

She arose to take me on a tour of her home. "I've lived for so long out of one suitcase. I decided that if I had to live under a roof, like others, I would not have anything that wasn't good. Well, everything here is original. It looks fine and expensive, and it is. The only folly is that." She pointed to a silver-based vase of glass etched with leaves and grapes. "It's nouveau art. I found it in Georgetown at the Child Jesus Thrift Shop. I couldn't resist that!"

In her home are the treasures that during the past forty years Katherine Anne Porter has discovered and loved: an eighteenth-century Waterford crystal chandelier in the dining room, an amber-colored Lalique chandelier in the living room, a cupboard from Avila dating back to 1600, a bell jar containing a wire tree of hand-painted eggs presented to her on birthdays and holidays by a favorite nephew, a walnut trestle table that dates back to 1450 and belonged to a Fiesole monastery, Madame de Pompadour's dressing table, which she has in her bedroom. Katherine Anne Porter has created a showplace that is not for show.

"I am just the happiest person in the world," she said. "All the physical appetites have subsided a little, the mental and emotional have sharpened.

"I'm a tough person. If I weren't I wouldn't be here. I have no fear of death, no horror of it. I've been too near it. Twice in the past year I've been given the rites for the dying—once in Guadalajara, once in Dallas—but I've held on. I remember saying to the doctor in Dallas, 'Why didn't you let me go?' He looked at me slightly shocked. 'We can't do that sort of thing in hospitals,' he said. I told him, 'Well, the next time I'll stay at home!' " —HASKEL FRANKEL.

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Literary Mine in the Gold Country

San Francisco.

YOU HAVE your correspondent's word for it, solemnly rendered with left hand on Holy Writ and right hand in air, that he landed in this magical city with every intention of passing up that renowned magic and getting right down to work. He came here to embark on a solid, thorough essay on The Literary Life in California—one of those pieces, of which you must have read too many in your time, that wind up with a clutch of trends, portents, and all the other related standard equipment of a licensed haruspex, book division.

Somehow, though, the plan went astray. I don't know that I can explain, but I'll try.

Who, your correspondent inquired upon arriving here (the left hand then grasping notebook, the right hand a pencil), could currently be regarded as California's most significant literary figure? He was informed that Ken Kesey, on the basis of two novels, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Sometimes a Great Notion,* might be said to occupy this niche. But only a day or so later a column by the San Francisco *Chronicle*'s admirable literary critic, William Hogan, quoted Mr. Kesey to the effect that Mr. Kesey no longer is a writer. "Rather than write," Mr. Hogan reported, Mr. Kesey "will ride buses, study the inside of jails, see what goes on." Probably, Mr. Hogan suggested, Mr. Kesey "will continue to write, and in his own way."

Unhappily, your correspondent lacked the time to wait around and see if Mr. Kesey really will. Anyhow, what kind of literary movement is led by a writer who decides not to write?—and he a writer who had just been introduced by a reverent professor at the San Francisco State Summer English Institute for Teachers as "the greatest novelist in America today."

Possibly there was another literary leader in the vicinity? Somebody from the old beatnik colony in North Beach? Over in Berkeley, as his contribution to a protest against jail sentences imposed on free-speech demonstrators at the University of California, Allen Ginsberg was howling a poem, though he called it a lullaby, addressed to the judge. Mr. Ginsberg wore a full beard, black pants, a red shirt. But Mr. Ginsberg is scarcely news any more. Your correspondent's hopes for the solid, thorough essay were drooping when Tom Wolfe came to town on matters not unconnected with the publication of his *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby.*

Here, it immediately transpired, was what promised to be the literary event of the year. Herb Caen, the *Chronicle* columnist, went to work on it at once in a portrait that began:

> He sits there hunched over his frozen daiquiri and banana fritters at Trader Vic's, his brow pale and noble, long blond hair swept in a sort of pageboy over the right ear. His suit is gleaming white, nipped in at the waist, then flaring out. Edwardian, as it were. With REAL buttonholes on the sleeves, the kind you can actually unBUTTON so you can turn back the cuffs when you're doing the dishes, or building a master martini over a wet sink. White shoes, blue shirt, wild silk tie, blue hankie flowing out of the breast pocket. Camp, man . . . yes! . . . HIGH Camp! You can't get any higher than that without a Sherpa to show you the way. Nosebleeds, eardrums bursting, the whole high bit.

He's a wicked one, that Caen. Like a great and dreaded predecessor of his, Ambrose Bierce of the old San Francisco *Examiner,* he leaves them for dead in the middle of the ring when he walks away at the end of a round or a column. So does another *Chronicle* columnist, Charles McCabe, with whose prose your correspondent was not hitherto acquainted. The picture of Mr. McCabe that accompanies his column portrays him as a no-nonsense character under a derby set squarely on his head. He obviously fears nothing and nobody. What New York paper, I wondered, would allow a columnist to say, as Mr. McCabe did, that an eminent churchman was a publicity hound who, along with his press agent, would do well to shut up for awhile?

Indeed, it suddenly occurred to me that the best writing to come to my attention in and around San Francisco is being done in the newspapers, in particular the stylish *Chronicle* with its Hogan, McCabe, Caen, *et al.* It occurred to me also that, for all my brave notions about the Literary Scene, I really was less interested in today's so-called California writers than in their elders and betters of other eras.

Once you start evoking their memory they are all around you: in San Francisco and up and down the Mother Lode country and in the Napa Valley. This city is wonderful for sundry reasons, but not least for the affectionate respect it pays to writers who, fleetingly or otherwise, lived here, enjoyed themselves, and gave joy to others.

Thus, in Portsmouth Plaza a granite shaft reminds Robert Louis Stevenson's admirers that he dreamed enduring, romantic dreams in this place. On the Post Street side of the Bohemian Club characters out of Bret Harte's stories parade in bronze relief. A memorial bench on Russian Hill recalls George Sterling, poet. Over in Oakland, on whose waterfront Jack London spent his brawling, alcoholic youth, is Jack London Square. A visitor could spend a month here, walking in the footsteps of the departed great and not retracing a step.

Presently this visitor was outward bound, on a sort of literary prowl through the Gold Country. Out of one story or another there came to him, as he rode along a trail once trod by the Argonauts, an old, haunting phrase: "It had been raining in the valley of the Sacramento"—the opening line of Bret Harte's "How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar." Now one who had heard that story read on Christmas Eves long past was actually there. You will, I trust, pardon the naïve pleasure this gave me. The Stanislaus River that keeps turning up in the Harte stories kept turning up along the road south from Tahoe. That sturdy little mining town, Murphys, and its ancient, charming hotel are still there, and justly prospering. Upon request you may examine the hotel register's guest list and note the eminent folk who have preceded you here, including Henry Ward Beecher, who misspelled his last name. On, then, to Calaveras County, where a town's economy—Angels Camp—can be grateful to the short story that made the reputation of a young man from Hannibal, Mo.

It's all pretty obvious and commercial, and you have to wonder what Mark Twain would think if he could see now what his celebrated jumping frog hath wrought: nothing less than an annual three-day jubilee at something called Frogtown, where 600 frogs jump, and 30,000 visitors gape, and dine at a restaurant called, as God is my judge, the Frogeteria. Mark would mutter, I suppose; but still he might not be too unhappy about that statue of him in the town park at Angels Camp, with its suitable inscription. It isn't every ex-newspaperman who winds up on a pedestal in such pleasant surroundings.

About the good taste with which his

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native state has honored Jack London there can be no question whatever. The most interesting news from California's literary front could be the fact that Jack London, who died in 1916, may be still the most popular of California writers, and very much a living presence there, thanks to the Jack London State Historic Park to which 100,000 pilgrims come yearly.

Under the expert guidance of the *Chronicle*'s Mr. Hogan, your correspondent approached the London Park in faultless style. What better preparation for a call at the sometime ranch of the author of *John Barleycorn* than an inspection of the pioneering Charles Krug Winery in the Napa Valley? The inquiring tourist is offered not only invaluable information—*viz.*, "the pulp of red wine grapes being white, the color is extracted from the skins during the first few hours of fermentation"— but is invited to sample the results. It is inspiriting. So is an hour at Mike and Louise Paskow's Off the Square Arts in Sonoma, surely one of the most extraordinary art and book shops in all the land. Mr. Paskow sells only books that he himself has enjoyed. His gallery features local painters and sculptors, among them being the proprietor. It would be a cultural asset in any town at all.

Then, in half an hour or so, there was the Valley of the Moon. There, London exulted in *John Barleycorn*, "I found my paradise"—and there, too, he found much anguish, and his death, about the circumstances of which the official Park brochure is unnecessarily misleading. The house in which the London memorabilia are stored was built after his death, but somehow he seems to occupy it now, with his manuscripts, letters, desk, dictating machine, books, editions of his works in many languages, pictures of the vibrant, reckless, out-giving man he was, sailor, miner, fighter, Socialist, and, always, storyteller. A reader could do far worse, a visitor thought to himself, than to go back soon to the autobiographical *Martin Eden*.

Meanwhile, with a look over his shoulder at that original idea of a piece about more recent Californians, your correspondent went down to the Big Sur, widely known as the fiefdom of Henry Miller. Mr. Miller, perhaps, could be induced to talk off a couple of thousand words of wisdom for his devotees among SR readers. Alas, Mr. Miller, who is now up to here in the profits of his once-banned books, is currently living it up in the fleshpots of Southern California. Your correspondent likes to travel, but he wasn't going down there for any reason whatever, not even to ask Henry how it feels to have been a tree that grew in Brooklyn and wound up in the eucalyptus country.

—JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

Life Was Always Worth the Living

***Letters from Jack London,** edited by King Hendricks and Irving Shepard (Odyssey. 512 pp. $10), makes available for the first time an extensive selection from the enormous correspondence of this controversial popular writer whose work has been generally neglected by modern critics. Earle Labor, chairman of humanities at Adrian College, is editor of a forthcoming collection of Jack London's Northland fiction.*

By EARLE LABOR

IF SCHOLARLY interest is an accurate gauge of literary significance, Jack London should probably be listed among the faded ranks of such writers as Rex Beach, Richard Harding Davis, and Robert Service. Members of today's literary in-group remember him only dimly as a blood-and-guts figure who wrote some wonderful stories about the supermen and superdogs of the Far North—stuff that we properly laid aside, on coming of age, along with Richard Halliburton's books and our merit-badge sashes.

But, among a wider audience, there is little sign that London is fading. *Paperbound Books in Print* includes a dozen Jack London titles; the Macmillan Company continues to sell a half dozen of his works in hardbound editions; Bodley Head is now issuing for British readers a uniform series that places London alongside authors like Ford Madox Ford and Scott Fitzgerald; and two major (if out-group) biographies, one American and one Russian, have appeared in the last year. The long-delayed publication of his personal correspondence must therefore be regarded as an important literary event.

Professor Vil Bykov, the Russian biographer, has attributed London's popular durability to the "incomparable atmosphere of heroism and inspired struggle, [the] deep belief in man's abilities in the face of overwhelming odds, [the] optimistic tone [and] life-asserting force" of his fiction. These same qualities are apparent in his personal letters. His agonizing, lonely struggle to master the delicate instruments of literary craftsmanship, with little formal education and without the help of tutor or patron, was nothing less than heroic and inspired. That he achieved spectacular success against such odds is an indication of his courage and talent; it is likewise a reminder that for his generation the American Dream was a viable reality, not merely a formalized myth. London's letters not only provide insights into the personality of a writer; they also disclose what we have lost in growing up.

Jack London: "I have been true."

The editors have exercised discretion in selecting 400 letters from the mountain of London's correspondence. The man and the writer are allowed to speak for themselves, resolving the many seeming contradictions that have puzzled biographers and intellectual historians. London was a crusading Socialist with enough common sense to perceive inequalities among races as well as individuals; he professed himself a materialistic monist, but was sensitive enough to believe in the soul; he was generous to the point of bankruptcy, but refused to be short-changed by his publishers; he was a sentimental friend and lover, but a vicious fighter when he suspected that he had been used unfairly; he detested the physical coward, but loved the underdog.

Mythically speaking, London incarnated the American Adam as self-made man. In the winter of 1898—his family and friends pressing him to get a steady, respectable job, while editors were rejecting his manuscripts faster than he could pawn his bike and typewriter for postage stamps—he wrote to Mabel Applegarth, his first great love: "I don't care if the whole present, all I possess, were swept away from me—I will build a new present; if I am left naked and hungry to-morrow—before I give in I

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will go naked and hungry; if I were a woman I would prostitute myself to all men but that I would succeed—in short, I will."

Philosophically, he was a humanist: as he explained to his close friend Cloudesley Johns, "My one great weakness is the study of human nature. Knowing no God, I have made of man my worship: and surely I have learned how vile he can be. But this only strengthens my regard, because it enhances the mighty heights he can bring himself to tread. How small he is, and how great he is!"

Artistically, London was a professional craftsman; in another early letter to Johns, who was also learning the trade, he lectured, "Atmosphere stands always for the elimination of the artist, that is to say, the atmosphere is the artist . . . Don't narrate—paint! draw! build! —CREATE! . . . Put in life, and movement —and for God's sake no creaking. Damn you! Forget you! And then the world will remember you."

Personally, London reveals himself as a gambler of unusual honesty and grit. Arguing in 1907 with his publisher, George P. Brett, who was reluctant to print a volume of London's hoboing adventures because they were too frankly shocking, he wrote: "In *The Road*, and in all my work, in all that I have said and written and done, I have been true . . . I have always insisted that the cardinal literature virtue is sincerity, and I have striven to live up to this belief . . . I look back on my life and draw one great generalization: IT WAS MY REFUSAL TO TAKE CAUTIOUS ADVICE THAT MADE ME."

And, veteran gambler that he was, he could play a losing hand with poker-faced gallantry. Shortly before his death in 1916, fighting against physical as well as financial ruin, he could write to a fan who was disturbed by the pessimistic overtones of *The Little Lady of the Big House*:

> I assure you . . . that after having come through all the game of life . . . I am firmly and solemnly convinced that the game is worth the candle. I have had a very fortunate life, I have been luckier than many hundreds of millions of men in my generation have been lucky, and, while I have suffered much, I have lived much, seen much, and felt much that has been denied to the average man. Yes, indeed, the game is worth the candle.

It is perhaps only fitting that Jack London's candle burned with something of a holocaustal light: after all, he had achieved the stature of myth-hero for his generation. Moreover, his sacrifice conceivably helped to prepare the way for such vigorous successors as Hemingway, Wolfe, and Faulkner.

Two Ways to One World

In My Time, *by Robert Strausz-Hupé (Norton. 284 pp. $5), "an eclectic autobiography," comments on a spectrum of topics, from art and literature to the future of mankind, which, the author predicts, will find itself in a universal world order. John M. Allison, former American Ambassador to Japan, Indonesia, and Czechoslovakia, is associated with the University of Hawaii in Honolulu.*

By JOHN M. ALLISON

ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPE, director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute at the University of Pennsylvania, first achieved prominence in America by publishing, about the time of Pearl Harbor, a best-seller explaining the science of geopolitics, which he claimed was the intellectual basis of Hitler's struggle for space and power. More recently he has been in the forefront of those who warn there can be no compromise between freedom and the tyranny of Communism and that if the Free World is to survive it must understand the meaning of "protracted conflict" as do the Communists.

The present book, which the author calls "an eclectic autobiography," tells of his birth in Vienna and his early life in Austria and Germany after World War I, his coming to America and the people he met, and the experiences he had along the way. It is a wide-ranging memoir full of provocative comment and *obiter dicta* on, among many other topics, art, literature, the causes of World War II, the role of the English gentleman in the development of Western democracy, the disease of ugliness in Western civilization, the desire of the modern Western intellectual to survive rather than fight for his beliefs, the true meaning of the fall of China to the Communists, disarmament, and the contributions to history of such men as Oswald Spengler, Ortega y Gasset, James Forrestal, Dean Acheson, and Franklin Roosevelt.

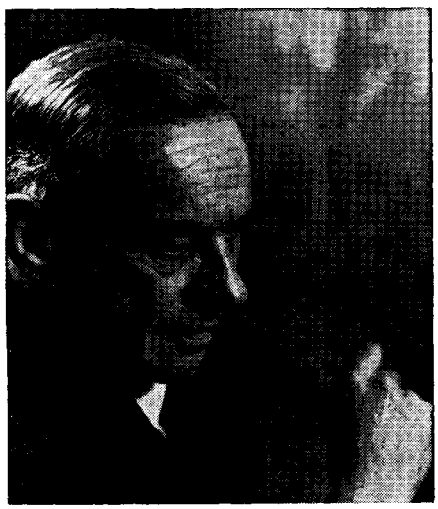
An eclectic autobiographer, by definition, has the right to pick and choose what he will tell us, and it is interesting to see what Strausz-Hupé omits. Although he has lived some forty years in this country and is, I presume, an American citizen, there is nothing about his naturalization. It also seems strange that a man who since the Second World War has been so intimately concerned with foreign policy in his writing and teaching makes no mention of John Foster Dulles. But one should not complain. This engrossing book contains enough and more to start many an argument and to stimulate serious reflection about the present state of the world and what can and should be done about it.

It is perhaps significant that this leader of the "hard-boiled" or realistic school of thinking about foreign policy should tell us that the first book he ever read for pleasure, rather than because he thought he should, was a biography of Napoleon. "Among the greatest doers of history," he writes, "all of whom wasted lives and treasure to make it, he stands least in need of apology."

The author's account of what he calls "the spoliation" of the middle class in Central Europe by governmental inflationary policy after World War I and the consequent rise of Nazism and Fascism makes grim but provocative reading. The success of these "isms" is attributed in part to their insight into man's need for status and their willingness to provide it with a badge, a uniform, or a title. "As men fear that they are losing, or have, in fact, lost their identity to the machine, the factory, and the megalopolis, they seek to re-establish it by the badge and privilege of rank."

This is still true, and it is not ignored by the Communists in spite of their claim to a system glorifying universal equality.

Probably the most interesting sections of this book are those giving the author's



—*Philippe Halsman.*

Robert Strausz-Hupé—"scientific and technological intellect is *the* weapon."

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views on disarmament, the significance of the Chinese Communist victory, and the future of the world society. In Strausz-Hupé's opinion, present disarmament efforts are a "farce." He believes scientific and technological intellect is *the* weapon. "Disarmament would have to begin by an international agreement to subject, in all countries, a quota of scientists and technologists to surgical prophylaxis, preferably lobotomy." He also points out that it is the will to use weapons, not their quantity or destructiveness, "that tips the balance of peace and war. . . ." The author contends that in a straight arms race the West will always outdo the Communists, and because their leaders know this they will never cease in their efforts to limit or put a stop to the West's military growth.

Since Strausz-Hupé maintains that the civil war in China was a war between the United States and the Soviet Union, each backing its proxy, it is not surprising that he believes the fall of China to the Communists was a great American defeat. He implies that the commitment of two American divisions at the right time in Manchuria could have saved that vital area for the Nationalists, and he obviously agrees with Admiral Cooke, who held that while Chiang Kai-shek had many faults he was more likely to keep faith with the United States than Mao, and that if it was worthwhile fighting a war to keep Japan from dominating Asia it was certainly worth as much effort to stop the Communists.

There are many who would dispute these views but they are consistent with the author's conviction that when the revolution in which the world is now involved finally ends, it will result in a universal world order, and that everything we do now helps to determine whether it will be based on tyranny or freedom. He sees no possible compromise.

Whether based on democracy or Communism, apparently this universal world order would be most unlikely to fall by internal revolution, for "it will hold the monopoly of military power." The author goes on to say that this universal state, which he envisions coming in about fifty years, will be armed with "all the devices for destruction and population control which science and technology can supply" and will therefore "maintain for a long time, if not forever, the political institutions with which it was endowed at its birth."

In the first part of his book Strausz-Hupé talks of the "horrible simplifiers" about whom the German scholar Jakob Burckhardt had warned his contemporaries. Is it possible that Robert Strausz-Hupé himself has unconsciously fallen into the ranks of the modern "horrible simplifiers"?

A Congressman on the Move

—*Katrina Thomas.*

John V. Lindsay—"a new force."

John V. Lindsay and the Silk Stocking Story, *by Casper Citron (Fleet. 129 pp. $4.50), and* ***Lindsay: A Man for Tomorrow,*** *by Daniel E. Button (Random House. 239 pp. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95), attempt to evaluate a politician who, a scant seven years since his initial campaign, is considered by some a Presidential possibility. L. L. L. Golden, a regular Saturday Review contributor, keeps a close watch on political activity.*

By L. L. L. GOLDEN

NEW YORK CITY is so overwhelming that its Congressmen often get lost. The vast majority of even the most sophisticated New Yorkers would have a hard time naming six of their nineteen members of the House of Representatives. Yet one Congressman, John V. Lindsay, after only seven years in politics, has become a national figure of sorts, with two books about him published the same day.

What manner of man is this Republican who in the last Presidential campaign so violently attacked Barry Goldwater, and who, experienced politicians think, has a real chance of becoming mayor of a city where a Democratic registration is better than three to one over that of the GOP? The outward John Lindsay is easy to describe. He is forty-three years old, tall handsome, blond, with the kind of personality that appeals to today's voters. He has a bright and devoted wife, a large, attractive family; he went to Yale, has a good war record, is a lawyer. He is a strong advocate of civil rights, civil liberties, and foreign aid; he has determined views on urban affairs, housing, Congressional reform. He votes in Congress and speaks as an individual rather than a party man. One of the pet hates of the *National Review,* he has the endorsement and active support of the Liberal Party in the current mayoralty campaign.

The outward Lindsay is in both books for all to read, although Citron's lays heavier stress on the Seventeenth or Silk Stocking Congressional District than it does on the Congressman. But in neither book does the inner Lindsay come through.

Casper Citron is a radio broadcaster who conducts a nightly interview program, *Viewpoint.* Twice he was a Democratic primary candidate for Congress from the Eighteenth District, part of which is now in Lindsay's Seventeenth. Mr. Citron is enamored of the Silk Stocking District with its banks, insurance companies, colleges, theaters, art galleries, United Nations, its very rich and very poor. A district where there are more Democrats than Republicans, the Seventeenth, as Mr. Citron demonstrates, has had interesting Representatives, among them the advertising man Bruce Barton and Lindsay's conservative predecessor, Frederic R. Coudert—who is now doing his best to defeat his successor. In Lindsay, Citron concludes, the Silk Stocking District has "produced a potential President of the United States of America."

Daniel Button, a newspaperman who for the past five years has been the editor of the *Times Union,* in Albany, spends more time on Representative Lindsay and the details of his campaigns and voting positions in Congress than does Mr. Citron. *Lindsay: A Man for Tomorrow* is the better book; more carefully done, it does not dissipate itself on prolonged chitchat concerning the Congressman's district. Yet it too suffers from a lack of depth in dealing with the character of its subject.

(*Continued on page* 45)

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Protest March on Purgatory

No Heaven for Gunga Din, *by Ali Mirdrekvandi Gunga Din, edited by John Hemming, (Dutton. 128 pp. $3.50), written by a Persian peasant who worked as a servant for British and American troops in Iran during World War II, tells what happens to a group of army officers and their batman in the after-life. Emile Capouya is a literary critic and essayist.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

"ONE OF the publishing sensations of 1965 will be an extraordinary little book called *No Heaven for Gunga Din.*" Those are the words of a British journalist, quoted on the back of the dustjacket. I have no doubt that he is right. The American publisher is clearly of the same opinion, and he has produced a physically handsome book—excellent three-piece binding, and a jacket illustration that is an amusing pastiche of Persian miniature. To comment on the book is necessarily to contribute to its becoming a publishing sensation of 1965. So I mean to be very clear, in expiation, about what that success will be founded on.

The author's personal history is presented in two charming prefatory notes. He was a Persian peasant who took service with the British and American troops in Iran during the Second World War, performing the menial housekeeping functions that the soldiers of rich nations need not perform for themselves when they are stationed in poor countries. Ali Mirdrekvandi had taught himself to read Persian, and during his service with the foreigners he developed a passion for the English language. From the dictionary and the Bible, and with very generous tutoring by the editor of the present volume, he acquired a stock of English, flavored with happy errors and his own quite original literary personality. He wrote a story of some hundreds of thousands of words, now apparently lost. He also wrote the short fable we are concerned with here, a tale of the wanderings in the after-life of a group of British and American officers attended by their batman-extraordinary, Gunga Din—for some discerning American had christened the Persian peasant after Kipling's little Indian hero. You remember: "The uniform 'e wore /Was nothin' much before, /An' rather less than arf o' that behind. . . ."

That described the author's dress well enough, and the allusion to his cheerful serviceableness was equally appropriate; Ali Mirdrekvandi accepted the name himself.

In the tale the officers roam through the hereafter, "with General Burke their Commander in their front and Gunga Din their servant in their behind." They would like to be admitted to Heaven, but the celestial M.P. on guard duty will not admit them unless they can produce Freedom Passes. Those invaluable chits are issued only at the Judgement Field, and the officers are not anxious to be judged. They bivouac on the outskirts of Heaven for some years before making up their minds to try their luck.

THE Judge condemns the officers and their servant to varying terms in Hell, but the Holy Agency, a court-appointed defense counsel, gets the sentences reduced to fourteen minutes in Purgatory —all but Gunga Din's, whose transgressions on earth had been a servant's transgressions, and unforgivable. In desperation, he tries to pass himself off as Kipling's Gunga Din, but the fraud is detected and he is sent to Hell. The officers, on the other hand—after being parboiled for the appointed fourteen minutes in Purgatory—ascend to Heaven and join the other Children of Man residing there. But they are visited with dreams of the unfortunate Gunga Din in Hell, and they resolve to pay him a visit and see how he is getting on.They find him in such a deplorable state that they are revolted by divine justice, and they instigate an uprising.

> When they had taken these decisions, they began to walk together throughout Heaven, proclaiming with a loud voice, "Be destroyed Hell! Be destroyed Purgatory! Be destroyed the Judge!" And so they shouted with loud voices as they marched through Heaven. And all the Heavenly creatures began to look at the Children of Man as they marched. And the angels looked with them. And some of the angels said with a loud voice, "The Children of Man seem to have become crazy this morning!" And the Children of Man were very hard angry when they heard the words that came out of the angels' mouths. And they attacked the angels and beat them and there was almost a pell-mell fight between them. But Adam stood forth and prevented them. He prevented his children from fighting and his children ceased from their attack. And Messenger-Gabriel came to Adam and he said unto him, "Hell-Fire has gone out for ever. Never will it attack the Hellishes any more. The Hellishes are turned to their natural colours and they are not black. Now Hell looks like an earthly prison and all the Hellishes live like prisoners on Earth."

Ali Mirdrekvandi—"ooh's and ah's."

So far so good, but this is scarcely more than tokenism, and the Children of Man are bent upon genuine integration. They undertake further protests.

> "I will talk to Messenger-Gabriel about that," said Adam, "and I will let you know about it next week."
>
> And the Children of Man were a little comforted when they heard the words that came out from Adam's mouth. And they left him and went to their Heavenly houses.
>
> I am sorry that I have not yet got any more news about the decisions of Adam's children, so I have made an end of the story.

Charming and touching. As the story is generally, except for the long middle section, where what the eighteenth century called the machinery of the tale grows very quaint and cumbersome, and the narration a bore relieved by malapropisms. Most of the humor is verbal, and most of the verbal humor is unconscious. At first it is all pleasant enough, but little by little the reader realizes that he is laughing as much at the author's ignorance as at his talent; that delightful feeling is condescension.

MR. Gavin Maxwell, who has written splendidly of shark-fishing, Giuliano the bandit, Arab tribesmen, and otters, is also quoted on the book's jacket: "If this does not become a classic, we all deserve the fate of Gunga Din." No. This may become a best-seller, but it cannot become a classic. There are no classics in pidgin-English because a classic is not something we can regard with affectionate contempt. There have been a number of books written in invented dialects—say, *Uncle Remus*, or *The Education of*

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*H*Y*M*A*N* K*A*P*L*A*N**, or Milt Gross's *Nize Baby*—and some of them have been popular for a long time. They are not classics, even though in each of these cases the authors were conscious artists who understood fully the linguistic effects they achieved. Since the authors condescended to their subjects, and invited their readers to do the same, their works are not sufficiently serious as comedies. *No Heaven for Gunga Din*, which blunders into its felicities, does not permit us to take its comedy seriously either.

BUT what am I saying? Mr. Sterling North, also quoted on the jacket, is quoted to this effect: "Here we have a Persian as poetic as Omar writing a fable and morality play as profound as *Pilgrim's Progress*. If this isn't a classic, I have never read one." *Pilgrim's Progress*, only? Not the *Divine Comedy*? Not the Book of Job? It appears that Mr. North does find it possible to take seriously this pleasant trifle. And Sir Maurice Bowra, that most distinguished classical scholar: "A unique work of genius." Now, how Mr. North's account may stand I cannot say, but on the evidence of Sir Maurice's published works, *he* has certainly read a classic or two. One is tempted to put to him a Reed Whittemore question: Are you joshing? And Mr. Peter Sellers: "Possibly the sweetest, most delicately funny book I have ever come across . . . absolute heaven to read." Well, it would be unjust to expect a clever actor to be clever about anything else; experience is against it.

But what is it in the book that provokes all this Olympian laughter? I think I know. It has merits that none of the distinguished persons quoted has troubled to allude to. Look at it this way. No matter how well known the author of this book may become, he will never be a distinguished person. He is Gunga Din, the Person Sitting in Darkness. He shows a commendable desire to learn our sophisticated tongue, and though he makes an occasional wry joke, he polishes the officers' boots with a will, and he sincerely detests Communism. (That seems to be true of both the author and his eponymous hero.) I do not think that the distinguished commentators are very much touched by the genuine pathos of a starveling native for whom our language was the key to an intellectual treasure denied him by a history of serfdom.

No, what provokes the ooh's and ah's is the sense of relief, descending on us like a benediction, when we realize that Gunga Din does not, for the moment, contemplate arming himself with an M-14 Belgian, captured or stolen from the troops of our political clients; he is not about to institute land-reform, initiate literacy campaigns, and in general force us to drop napalm on him. On the contrary, he looks for justice solely in the after-life, and he is agreeably uncertain as to his deserts even there.

The peoples of the East, inscrutably content with little, padding about noiselessly in the discharge of their appointed tasks, appropriately respectful, and gifted with a harmless sense of humor, are alive in this book as they are not alive anywhere else these days. Yes, *No Heaven for Gunga Din* is going to be very successful. If only we could put it into the hands of the Cuban peasantry or the Vietcong, now that they have taught themselves to read.

—*Russell Munson.*

Maureen Howard—"resources of language and charm."

No Sin to Be Alone

***Bridgeport Bus,** by Maureen Howard (Harcourt, Brace & World. 309 pp. $4.95), portrays a Connecticut spinster's revolt against her meager existence. Daniel Stern is the author of "Who Shall Live, Who Shall Die."*

By DANIEL STERN

IT IS written in Ecclesiastes: "Of making many books there is no end . . ." God knows we in America suffer from a plethora of books. It's part of the American Dream. After all, we're all as good as anyone else, aren't we? So, who is he (or, more often, she) to write a book? I'll do the same. The result: all too often, disaster.

The pleasant exception is a book like *Bridgeport Bus*. In telling her story of a marvelously witty and intelligent spinster, Mary Agnes Keely, Maureen Howard has brought into play resources of language and charm that are a rare pleasure. This is not to emphasize the abstract virtues at the expense of the more concrete, traditional ones, such as character. Consider, for instance, Mary Agnes herself. Lonely, condemned by circumstances (family, economic, and psychological) to living with her widowed pain-in-the-neck of a mother, she could have been a whining pain-in-the-neck of a heroine with all justice on her side.

Instead we have a woman who is warm, wry, full of ironic and passionate quotes from the French symbolists—a most atypical literary spinster. When she makes her abortive break for freedom in the form of a sojourn in the big city (she has grown up in a miserable industrial town in Connecticut), she commands the intelligent, unsentimental sympathy of any intelligent, unsentimental reader. The same is true of her moving and sharply reported affair with Stanley Sarnicki, a somewhat inarticulate art director who lives with his mother in Brooklyn.

And then there is the story of the woman Mary Agnes rooms with in New York, Lydia Savaard, and her mad ex-husband, Henry.

But the literal events are not important. The fascination of *Bridgeport Bus* is that it is the story of one human imagination. That such a diverse and sensitized imagination should exist in the captive body of an Irish Catholic spinster in fruitless rebellion against the paucity of experience to which she appears to be condemned is merely the cream of the irony. And, in arriving at the concluding insight that "it was no great sin to be, at last, alone," the reader has been rewarded for his attention in a thousand subtle but tangible ways.

Thus, in language, imagination, character, and meaning the book excels. What then is left? The answer is form. I regret that Miss Howard chose so to structure the book that whole sections are given over to Mary Agnes's lost cousin, Sherry, actress and suicide. Sherry's persistent presence is never fully integrated into the tale, and the resulting imbalance is a serious flaw in what is otherwise so fine a book. One hopes that next time Miss Howard will come to better terms with structure. If she does, there is little she cannot do.

Still, in the desert of contemporary fiction, *Bridgeport Bus* is to be highly recommended.

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On Making the Worst of Things

—Daniel Baumbach.

Jonathan Baumbach—"irony."

A Man to Conjure With, *by Jonathan Baumbach (Random House. 272 pp. $4.95), concerns a feckless misfit's bumblings as he tries to live up to his past and build on a shaky present. Samuel I. Bellman of California State Polytechnic College (Pomona), who writes frequently on contemporary fiction, is working on a biography of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.*

By SAMUEL I. BELLMAN

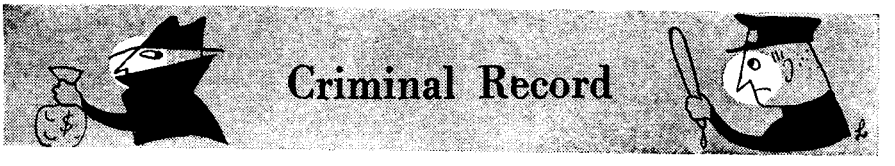
"HE HAD enough trouble keeping in touch with the past without having to revise his commitment to the present," Jonathan Baumbach says of his anti-hero Peter Becker, who, even when he is most effective and resolute (which is seldom), can't win for losing. And so the title is an added irony, for despite Baumbach's belief in poor Becker, who wouldn't mind remarrying his ex-wife (after almost fourteen years of separation), he is really not much of a man, let alone a man to conjure with.

Baumbach's story has certain overfamiliar features. For one thing, there is the weak, fatuous, unheroic agonist that the modern novel seems unable to get away from ("the hero in stasis," as one critic put it). For another, there is the background of marital discord, which adds a special dimension to the anti-hero's basic ineptitude. Herbert Gold in the 1950s helped make this genre fashionable, as did Saul Bellow (*Seize the Day*). The marital-discord-and-static-hero tendency is reflected in John Cheever's two Wapshot chronicles, in such excellent comic novels as Thomas Berger's *Reinhart in Love*, Saul Bellow's *Herzog*, and Wilfrid Sheed's *Square's Progress*, as well as in many lesser works of recent years.

The point here is that Baumbach is using a well-worn path. But there is a special quality in his novel that does set it apart. It is not style, certainly, for the writing is quite pedestrian (compared, for example, with the style of Berger, Sheed, or another chronicler of "static heroism," Bruce Jay Friedman). *A Man to Conjure With* has the character of a weird Freudian nightmare that involves no stage effects or supernaturalism whatever.

Becker, an immature, good-for-nothing in his twenties, takes his girl friend Lois away from her lover and drifts into an incompatible marriage with her. Lois becomes pregnant, but, since they feel they can't cope with a child, she has an abortion. Soon the marriage, such as it is, breaks up; love and hate were too intertwined, there was no question of fidelity, and so on. Curtain. Now, fourteen years later, here is Becker again calling on Lois, who is presently unmarried, but—as before—going quite steady.

In the interim Becker has gone out West and remarried. His wife has died, but he has a young son, Phil, now living with his grandparents. Becker and Lois become friends, she gets him a job where she works, and he considers remarrying her; but he does have his young mistress, so . . . Then thirteen-year-old Phil comes for a visit. Now there's only one woman for Becker: Lois. Preparing to take Phil to meet her, Becker has an odd recollection (the book is filled with dreams, recollections, and dislocations) of all his near and dear ones in "a family reunion. . . . It was almost, the sum of it, too much for him to bear." And, as with Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep*, there is a traumatic, apocalyptic ending that justifies the entire story. "We are born into this nightmare [world]," Baumbach wrote in his recent volume of criticism, *The Landscape of Nightmare*, "and we do our best . . . to make the worst of it."



The Spy Without a Country. *By H. K. Ronblom. Translated from the Swedish by Joan Bulman. Coward-McCann.* $4.50. The villain in this real-life drama is the Swedish career officer Swig Wennerström, Air Force colonel turned double agent. For five years he was air attaché in Washington; in 1964 he was condemned to hard labor for life and fined more kronor than he owned. A penetrating portrait.

A Caribbean Mystery. *By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead.* $4.50. Miss Marple, elderly English amateur sleuth, takes her knitting to a Windward (or is it a Leeward?) Island and solves a murder. Smooth as silk.

Squire of Death. *By Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $3.95. New York advocate, homing from Coast, finds note in wife's hand which arouses his suspicion of dirty work; murder of unloved millionaire ties in. Cops and an assistant D. A. carry the ball, and carry it well.

The File on Devlin. *By Catherine Gaskin. Doubleday.* $4.50. Disappearance of Irish-born Nobel Peace Prizer starts report he has defected; undercover agent in love with great man's daughter carries investigation to grim Swiss chateau, where climax is reached. Not just another spy yarn, but a sensitive, full-statured novel.

Olura. *By Geoffrey Household. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* $5.95. Corpse is revealed in bathroom window of English heiress politicking in Spain; authority on Basque languages tries to solve puzzle; everybody gets in a jam, of course. Highly involved, suspenseful only in spots, but scenery and minor characters are excellent.

The Powder Barrel. *By William Haggard. Ives Washburn.* $3.95. Lone-wolf operator in Mideast oil principality threatens equilibrium of applecart; calm (but not too calm) British minds seek solution. Usual admirable production for this author.

The Last Known Address. *By Joseph Harrington. Lippincott.* $3.50. Demoted New York cop gets assignment to round up key witness in *cosa nostra*-type case; probationary policewoman has bright

(*Continued on page 47*)

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

What happened at Berkeley a year ago this month is still reverberating. The chaos in California raised basic questions that reach far beyond the borders of that beleaguered campus. Three new paperbacks examine these complex problems. In his introduction to Hal Draper's *Berkeley: The New Student Revolt* (Evergreen, 95¢), undergraduate Mario Savio protests "factory-like mass miseducation," while in *Revolution at Berkeley* (Dell, 95¢), edited by Michael V. Miller and Susan Gilmore, former University of California President Clark Kerr leads the rebuttal. *The Berkeley Student Revolt,* edited by U.C. professors Seymour Martin Lipset and Sheldon S. Wolin (Anchor, $1.95), contains both factual and interpretive accounts. It's hard to recall that scarcely a decade ago American youth was being accused of apathy. . . This is the time when that seasonal madness called professional football recommences. During the critical hours of the Gemini flight thousands of telephone calls poured into TV studios protesting the cancellation of an exhibition game. For these gritty fans *1965 Official Pro Football Almanac,* edited by Bill Wise (Gold Medal, 60¢), is a useful lexicon. . . A distinguished if unlikely trio have combined to produce *An Anthology of Mexican Poetry* (Indiana, $1.95): writer Octavio Paz edited the book, classicist C. M. Bowra wrote the preface, and the translator is that creator of theatrical absurdities, Samuel Beckett.

—Rollene W. Saal.

Fiction

A Soviet literary gathering seems to resemble a somewhat idealized Greenwich Village get-together: the mood is tender, wine is abundant, and poets rise to read their newest works. At least, that's how it's described by Patricia Blake, co-editor with Max Hayward of *Half-Way to the Moon* (Anchor, $1.25), an anthology of new Russian writing. Evgeni Evtushenko is represented, as are Viktor Nekrasov, Yuri Kazakov, and the young Pasternak disciple Andrei Voznesensky, whose poem "Foggy Weather" is typically lyrical ("The air is gray-white as a pigeon feather./ Police bob up like corks on a fishing net./Foggy weather. What century is it? What era? I forget.") Mikhail Zoshchenko, who died in 1958, is one of the best-known modern Russian satirists. *Nervous People* (Vintage Russian Library, $1.95), edited and newly translated for this edition by Hugh McLean and Maria Gordon, offers a good sampling of the keen wit with which he appraised the world around him. Gogol's humor was of a gentler, more melancholy variety; *The Overcoat and Other Tales of Good and Evil* (Norton, $1.45) is a collection of stories about the "little man." Two of the most popular postwar German novelists are Hans Hellmut Kirst and Heinrich Böll. Kirst, author of the Gunner Asch novels, wrote *The Seventh Day* (Pyramid, 75¢) as a grim reminder of the futility of war; Böll's *Billiards at Half-Past Nine* (Signet, 75¢), through the adventures and eventual defeat of a middle-class family, once again reviews Germany's rise and fall.

The historical novels of Mary Renault are unique in their field, authoritative and rich in details that ring true. *The King Must Die* (Vintage, $1.95) recreates the legend of Theseus and the Minotaur, utilizing recent knowledge of Minoan culture. Also noted: Henry de Montherlant's chillingly ironic early novel *The Bachelors* (Penguin, 95¢), about a pair of French aristocrats who retreat into an eccentric dream world; Doris Lessing's *The Habit of Loving* (Ballantine, 60¢), short stories concerned mostly with the ever-changing, always enigmatic male-female relationship; Warren Miller's *The Siege of Harlem* (Crest, 60¢), an account of the day that Negro ghetto "seceded" from New York; Stella Gibbons's *Cold Comfort Farm* (Delta, $1.65), a small-scale spoof of the Victorian mind and manners; three additions to the Scribner Library, *The Hemingway Reader, The Fitzgerald Reader, The Ring Lardner Reader,* edited respectively by Charles Poore, Arthur Mizener, and Maxwell Geismar ($2.95 each). Even those who categorically denounce all abridgments may find these useful.

Italy

The country of the year, to judge by the new paperbacks, must surely be Italy. A recent and surprising hardcover best-seller was Luigi Barzini's *The Italians* (Bantam, 95¢). The author adores Italy ("her past is glorious, her achievements are dazzling, her traditions noble, her fame awe-inspiring, and her charm irresistible"); but what really compels him and, ultimately, the reader is his awareness of the *cose all'italiana,* those traits that are to him typically Italian. If to Barzini his countrymen are "fundamentally bitter, disenchanted, melancholic," they are also politically volatile end enigmatic. In *Italy* (Spectrum, $1.95), Massimo Salvadori's addition to Prentice-Hall's Modern Nations in Historical Perspective series, the noted scholar comments on the country's progression from monarchy to Fascist state to the present-day republic. The conflicts of the past century—the Risorgimento, its dissension and ultimate unity, the bold leadership of men like Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour—are recreated in A. J. Whyte's *The Evolution of Modern Italy* (Norton, $1.65), which traces the checkered political road to Fascism. Mussolini himself said, "Fascism is Mussolini . . . what would Fascism be, if I had not been?" *Mussolini's Italy,* by Herbert Finer (Universal, $2.95), "a classic study of the non-Communist, one-party state," was written in 1935, and is fascinating in its meticulous examination of Il Duce's climb to power. A few pages bring its final and agonizing conclusion.

Also noted: Josef Vincent Lombardo's *Michelangelo: The Pietà and Other Masterpieces* (Pocket Books, $1.95), an account of the artist's life and works, many details from which are reproduced.

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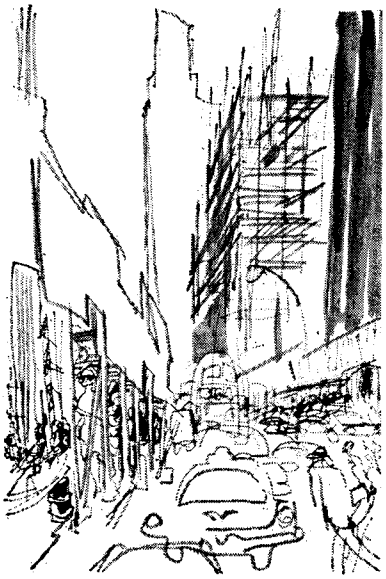
Foreign Affairs

From the mild-mannered tourist to our State Department, the U.S. is concerned with its overseas image. *The Representation of the United States Abroad* (Praeger, $1.95), edited by Colgate University President Vincent M. Barrett, Jr., contains articles by leaders of transoceanic agencies, cultural, military, philanthropic, and economic. In I. Robert Sinai's *The Challenge of Modernization* (Norton, $1.55) the emphasis is on the impact of the West upon emerging nations. Mr. Sinai takes a dour view of newly independent nations who choose to shun "Western ways." "If they want to remain within the orbit of civilized life," he concludes, "then all will have to create an Asian or African or South American version of Western civilization." A more hopeful picture is presented in *Political Change in Latin America* (Stanford University Press, $2.95), John J. Johnson's study of five countries—Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, and Uruguay—where substantial progress has been made in all aspects of life through the development of a strong "middle segment" in the population.

Two new Harper paperbacks view diplomacy with the objectivity that historical perspective makes possible.

Felix Gilbert's *The Beginning of American Foreign Policy* ($1.25) shows what a long way we've come since the eighteenth century, when foreign relations consisted almost entirely of buying and selling to nations abroad. William L. Neumann's *America Encounters Japan* ($1.95) is an account of our wheelings and dealings in the Orient. Beginning with that day in 1853 when Commodore Perry's ships arrived in Tokyo harbor ("Terrified families gathered their household goods and fled to the hills as news spread of a foreign invader."), Neumann reviews a long century of more misunderstandings, concluding with the MacArthur Occupation period.

New York is "frowning, tight-lipped, short-tempered, the most nervous city in America," writes Richard J. Whalen in *A City Destroying Itself* (Morrow, 95¢), aptly subtitled "An Angry View of New York." For all his spleen, however, Mr. Whelan, author of the best-selling biography of Joseph P. Kennedy, *The Founding Father*, is carrying on a lover's quarrel. In New York's filth and noise, traffic congestion and air pollution, he sees magnified the torment of other smaller cities across the nation. The drawings by Felix Topolski capture the breathless urbanity of Gotham.



Lindsay

Continued from page 40

In Button's book will be found details of Mr. Lindsay's fight for amelioration of the restrictive McCarran Act; his struggle to prevent the expanded coverage of the Sedition Act; his leadership of a House group, while President Kennedy was alive, to enact a strong civil rights bill—all of which add up to the kind of independence that can make a politician or bury him.

An example of the sort of friends John Lindsay makes and what they will do for him is the preface by Bennett Cerf, publisher of Random House, for Daniel Button's book. Writes Mr. Cerf: "No one I know has fought harder against the arbitrariness of government than John Lindsay.... [He] is one of the strongest voices in Congress against invasion of free speech and the rights guaranteed by the First Amendment, which is the basic protection of authors and creative people in general."

As do a few other politicians, Mr. Lindsay, a steady worker, writes book reviews and magazine articles. He is also a theater buff. But his real future depends on his political skill, and so far he has shown that he has a great deal of it. In successive campaigns—from the primary that he won against the choice of his party's county committee, through three Congressional elections—he has become increasingly adept at reading the voters' minds and meeting their wishes. He has made enemies but they are the kind that do him more good than harm in New York City. And he has the working press heavily in his corner.

Every successful politician has many acquaintances, fewer friends, and a smaller number of confidants. Congressman Lindsay has fewer political intimates than most. In fact, they are pretty rare. The man with whom he opens up more than with any other is a young New York lawyer, thirty-two-year-old Robert Price. Price, who has been with Lindsay since the first primary, has been responsible for organizing his campaigns—all of them. The importance of a capable organizer is never underestimated by winning politicians and, in Bob Price, John Lindsay has an unique bird. A strategist, a man who can tell the difference between real politics and what passes for political savvy, Price has been an intimate part of every major Lindsay decision in the Congressman's career. Quite correctly, both books underline Price's contribution to Lindsay's victories.

This campaign is the first for both Lindsay and Price beyond the boundaries of a single Congressional district. The methods they used to roll up ever bigger majorities in the Seventeenth Dis-

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trict will have to be adjusted to the inbred voters of Staten Island, Queens and, above all, Brooklyn and the Bronx, who are often vastly different from Manhattan voters. To many of them Lindsay is little more than a name in the papers, if that. But if Price can organize the whole city as effectively as he has one district in three earlier Congressional campaigns, the reputation he has been quietly gaining as an organizer will catapult him into the ranks of the very few who know how to marshal diverse forces into successful results on election night.

What is John Lindsay's future? He is at present the underdog, for the voting percentages are against him. Should he win, it will be one of the really big upsets in decades, and the road ahead

will depend on the job he can do as mayor of New York. Should he lose, then his way up will depend on how close the race is and what Governor Rockefeller and Senator Javits do.

But whichever way the voters move, there is no doubt that John Lindsay is a new force, cut to suit today's voters, and young enough to have a long, fruitful political career.

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LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Ingenious Hypothesis

THEODOR H. GASTER, in his review of *The Dead Sea Scrolls: A New Historical Approach*, by Cecil Roth [*SR*, Sept. 4], analyzed very illuminatingly some basic faults of the book. I should like to add that these same faults appear, unfortunately, all too frequently in recent literature. The fact that the study of antiquities in our time is no longer a humanity but a science has not always been realized. . . . The difference between a humanity and a science is, briefly, that the former depends on a man's ideas, whereas the latter deals with realities and facts established by observation and experiment.

When the reviewer states that Cecil Roth based his "ingenious hypothesis" on "too many uncertainties" this means that the scientific investigation of the subject has not yet been fully accomplished. We find, unfortunately, such manner of writing not only in the case of the Scrolls, but likewise in discussions of the Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha, of remains of ancient synagogues, of the Jewish coins, etc. Too much is being written on these subjects that cannot stand up to truly scientific approach, but the shaky theories are nevertheless repeated over and over again, simply because —no one knows better. . . .

WOLF WIRGIN.

Bronxville, N.Y.

Guilt of the Father

IN "The Social Problem of Sexual Assault" [*SR*, Aug. 7] the reviewer, Anna M. Kross, and the editors both seemed impressed with Clinton T. Duffy's remark, "No child should be asked to start life with a rapist for a father and a weakling for a mother.". . . Is the denial of the right to be born in these cases a new kind of prejudice which transfers the guilt of the father to an unborn fetus? . . .

PATRICK J. GILLESPIE.

Toledo, O.

THERE MAY BE a more rational approach to those sentimentalists who flaunt their pseudomoralism at Anna Kross's review on sex crimes. Let them visit the back wards of ten large institutions and then issue a statement on what a gift life is, just *physiological existence*, for unwanted, unendowed children in a world too busy to know they exist. In mammoth-size public institutions with too-few, too-low-paid staff, there are children daily violating themselves physically and mentally.

Are those letter writers willing to pay more taxes to humanize these places? Are they willing to visit nonambulatory, smelly children once a week with some message from the outside world, where life is worthwhile? . . .

Put up or shut up, until every child, whether the first or the tenth in a family, is wanted and arrives via voluntary union, not rape.

ISABEL P. ROBINAULT, Ph.D.

N.Y., N.Y.

REGARDING the incidence of violence in conjunction with sex crimes, may I suggest that Paul K. Hartley [LETTERS TO THE BOOK REVIEW EDITOR, Aug. 28] forsake his texts at least long enough to read his local newspaper. I could cite cases without number in his own community of victims of sexual crimes who have been brutally beaten, even killed. . . .

Judge Kross needs no defense. But as one of the scores of admirers of all that she has accomplished toward an enlightened penology, I resent the terms in which her critic has phrased his disagreement.

ROSALIE S. ASHER.

Sacramento, Calif.

Hospitalized Without Trial

IN HIS LETTER discussing Valeriy Yakovlevich Tarsis, the author of *Ward 7* [*SR*, Sept. 4], Elliott Graham states that Tarsis was particularly anxious to have his book published "because although the Soviet government claims that there are no political prisoners in the Soviet Union, the practice of putting inconvenient citizens into lunatic asylums seems to have become fairly widespread and is all the more shocking because this can be done without putting them on trial and because the term of their detention is indefinite." I fail to see the reason for Mr. Graham's "shock" since the reasons for hospitalizing mentally "ill" people (inconvenience to society) and the methods of doing so (without trial and for indefinite term) are generally the same throughout most of the United States. . . . An increasing number of professional people and other responsible citizens, influenced in part by Dr. Thomas S. Szasz, have been concerning themselves with this issue. . . .

ALAN H. ROBERTS.

Denver, Colo.

KNOPF PUBLISHED *The Bluebottle* by Tarsis in September 1963. We used his real name, not the pseudonym that the English publisher had used. Mr. Graham's phrase "*The Bluebottle* appeared in England in 1962 and since then in several foreign countries" might be taken to mean that the book was never published in this country.

HARDING LEMAY,
Assistant to Mr. Knopf.

New York, N.Y.

A Quarter to de Kruif

I AM THE EXECUTOR of the will of Sinclair Lewis and was his lawyer for the thirty years prior to his death in 1951. . . . [Concerning *Arrowsmith*, *SR*, Aug. 21 and Sept. 11] the collaboration contract, which I drew, provides that 25 per cent of all royalties and

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other income goes to de Kruif. This provision has been scrupulously respected throughout the twenty-eight years of the original copyright and has been continued in force by Michael Lewis, Mr. Lewis's son and owner of the renewal period for an additional twenty-eight years.

MELVILLE CANE.

New York, N.Y.

The Hero Was Ugly

THERE ARE TWO minor sources of irritation which I encounter with increasing frequency. . . .

One is the designation—in upper-case initial letters—of the efforts to produce the atomic bomb as the Manhattan Project. This undertaking was never, and is not now correctly designated by any other term than Manhattan *District*. The latter word was deliberately used as one small additional measure of security, since it is misleading.

The other is the misuse of the term "The Ugly American." In *SR* Aug. 14 I read a review by John Allison of *The Ugly Russian*, by Victor Lasky. Both these gentlemen should know that the "ugly American" in the book of the same name is the *hero* of the book; he is contrasted with the ineffectualness and un-understanding of several of the Americans about him. . . . I am astonished that neither Mr. Lasky nor Mr. Allison know this . . . Mr. Lasky's use of the title "The Ugly Russian" compounds the mistake.

THEODORE SMITH.

Santa Fe, N.M.

Fortunes of Flim-Flam

MY RECENT COMIC NOVEL *The Ballad of the Flim-Flam Man* was thoroughly clawed by the "Kirkus Circus" [*SR*, Aug. 28], the nastiest review it received. Fortunately, other receptions were a mite more favorable. "Fresh, funny, original" (Orville Prescott), "a comic masterpiece" (my mother). Shortly after the *Flim-Flam Man* was out, a Broadway producer had bid for it, 20th Century-Fox had bought it, a number of reprint houses were after it, and a chapter had been chosen for a new anthology. (No, that *doesn't* necessarily mean that the novel is any good.) I mention this merely to prove that a Kirkus panning is not always fatal. . . .

GUY OWEN.

Raleigh, N.C.

Virtuoso of the Macabre

MOURNING SHIRLEY JACKSON, I write to generate a kindred sorrow in the readers of *Saturday Review*. She was a virtuoso, perhaps the last, of the macabre. She drew choked laughter from readers of *We Have Always Lived in the Castle*, unrelenting fear from readers of "The Lottery." Her stories abstained from the rococo trappings of her predecessors. A spare, almost bloodless prose carried her narrative. Not at the implausible doings of improbable others, but at the darknesses in his own image did the reader shudder.

Shirley Jackson was unique, the sole custodian and perhaps the culmination of a 300-year tradition. As her work should not pass unread, so her death should not pass unsorrowed.

LAWRENCE ROSENWALD,
Student, New Trier High School.

Glencoe, Ill.

Criminal Record

Continued from page 43

ideas. Straightforward doorbell-ringing job is sound attention-gripper.

Appleby Intervenes: Three Tales from Scotland Yard. *By Michael Innes. Dodd, Mead.* $4.95. This admirable omnibus recites the accomplishments of probably the most learned ornament of the CID. The novels herein assembled are *One-Man Show, A Comedy of Terrors,* and *The Secret Vanguard.*

Ellery Queen's 20th Anniversary Annual. *Edited by Ellery Queen. Random House.* $4.95. Twenty short stories from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine,* some on the pleasantly longish side, make up the latest issue of this well-established anthology.

Police Blotter. *By Robert L. Pike. Crime Club.* $3.50. Cop gone wrong is one of an assortment of cases handled by Lt. Clancy of New York's 52nd Precinct. Good example of crime packaging.

A Few Days in Madrid. *By Audrey and William Roos. Scribners.* $4.50. New York legal secretary, picked to escort twelve-year-old boy to Spain, finds herself enmeshed in espionage web and assassination plot. A warm and lively novel, not too serious, not too flippant.

The Case of the Grand Alliance. *By Christopher Bush. Macmillan.* $3.95. Murder, blackmail, a gem heist, and a lethal window drop figure in this latest adventure of London peeper Ludovic Travers. Comfortable as an old shoe.

Owl's Watch. *Edited by George Brandon Saul. Crest-Fawcett. Paperback,* 60¢. These nineteen horror-suspense yarns, selected by a scholar who is himself a teller of tales, include many good names not too frequently found in anthologies: Oliver Onions, Lennox Robinson, Conrad Aiken, John Collier, Dermot O'Byrne, and Mr. Saul himself.

The Dark Side of Love. *By Cornell Woolrich. Walker.* $3.50. These eight "tales of love and death" are located in Paris, southern France, New York, San Francisco, and general USA; they are concerned with all sorts and conditions of men and women and are the work, of course, of a master pro.

The Plotters. *By Richard Hardwick. Crime Club.* $3.50. Young Southern tycoon's rosy outlook on life is darkened by blackmailer's demand; untopped waterwear worn; ironic terminal twist.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Schweitzer

Continued from page 20

than a thousand trees he had planted on the hospital grounds: papaya, guava, oranges, grapefruit, mangoes, breadfruit, *pommes de Cythere.*

There is frugality at the hospital, a habit necessary in a jungle where all things taken for granted elsewhere—paper, string, and the like—must be imported. The backs of old letters and envelopes are reused; string is hoarded to bind notebooks, packages, and manuscripts; luggage tags are transformed into identification tags for the patients. Schweitzer's habits of economy were learned as a child when his grandmother admonished him to save even the stems and cores of apples—the one for the woodbin, the other into the trough with the pigfeed.

Work is not only necessary but satisfying and fulfilling, Schweitzer believed. Even visitors were encouraged to work. In his copy of Homer's *Odyssey,* Schweitzer underlined a passage that says guests should be asked to work, for thereby they become part of the household. Work introduces the stranger to the community, and in participating he becomes a friend. "This is the contribution of four students who came to visit," Schweitzer would say, pointing to a new section of road. One young student of philosophy who came to ask questions remained to break stones for the foundation of a building. Schweitzer told him: "If you choose philosophy for your road, you will find it a stony one. You have to have a strong back, and this is the best way to get one. This is the beginning." Afterward, in the evening, he talked to him about philosophy.

Work, to Schweitzer, was a responsibility to life itself. "Responsibility is a great thing. To shoulder responsibility, not to shirk it. Politically, economically, in so many respects, people in our time don't seem to face their duties. If we learned early in life not to avoid responsibility, the world would look brighter."

Friendship is a sharing of hope and anxiety and aspiration. For Schweitzer it was, even more, an expression of that reverence for life which acknowledges the sacredness of the individual personality. For him, it was the direct personal encounter that was most real, and he saw in the confrontation of persons a practical philosophy. So important to him was the directness of encounter that he was uneasy with the telephone and telegraph because they seemed to him a barrier separating man from man: "I cannot speak to someone I cannot see."

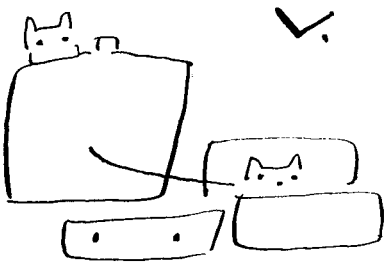
In conversation and even while lecturing he appeared to concentrate upon one person in the group—a focusing of thought, not an exclusion of others. When one young man, hurt because Schweitzer looked elsewhere, said, "You never look at me," he answered: "But it isn't that I realize at whom I am looking. I am concentrating on trying to say as clearly as I can what I mean." A person who responded with eagerness to his conversation caused a reciprocal response. "I cannot talk unless I talk to *some*one and see the reaction in his face," he said.

Schweitzer respected others and accepted their ways; he allowed the Gabonese to live at the hospital as they do in their native villages. Nor did he intrude in the personal affairs of others. With the shyness born of the awareness of another's right to independence and dignity, he asked no private questions. Nevertheless, it was apparent that his concern for others was profound. Anyone who sought him out, stranger or friend, could find him. This compassionate concern made people feel that he understood them, not as they seemed to be, not as others judged them, but as they really were.

AT night, after dinner, when the work day was done and he went to his room, he would say, "My door is open." Members of the staff came then with problems to be resolved; visitors came with questions, theological or personal. He was grateful when they showed him the trust of their confidence. For many he was a brother, for many a father, for many a symbol of refuge.

Friendship is difficult to maintain when one person regards the other as a saint, and many considered Schweitzer a saint. He protested that he did not wish to be revered. "It is no basis for friendship," he said.

Schweitzer was kind to people, but he was a human being. He was capable, for example, of outbursts of temper. But the natives were amused and would even imitate him when he was angry. "Our dear old father has had a tantrum," they would say. "How dare you laugh?" he protested one day, and a native answered: "You are Papa—can't an old Papa be angry?" He laughed then, too, for he could not sustain his wrath for long. He was a man of many dimensions, a man who used his senses fully, a man of feeling who was not afraid to express it. He accepted life with all its possibilities.



Letters to the Editor

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The Ironies of Art

THE WORLD of art has always been incongruous, but today, with art making news and money at a dizzy pace, it seems incurably so. During the last few weeks I have collected several random samples of modern doubletalk.

There is, first of all, a whimsical announcement from Huntington Hartford's Gallery of Modern Art, which was started at a cost of some $7,000,000 less than two years ago. When this eccentric building opened on Columbus Circle, New Yorkers were already burdened with the support of abundant established museums. The new one, completely financed by Huntington Hartford and reflecting chiefly his private and sometimes dubious taste, was originally launched (or so we presumed) as a personal venture to be supported by him and by sizable admission fees. A far from distinguished collection bought by Mr. Hartford acts as a partial *raison d'ètre* for the gallery. In addition, there are numerous periodic loan exhibitions which to date have scarcely made history. For that matter, New York is so overloaded with changing exhibits that even the most persistent gallerygoer rarely keeps up with the best of them.

And now Mr. Hartford tells us that his museum is operating annually at a half-million-dollar deficit. He goes on to say, "While I am willing to absorb the deficit at the moment, I think that, in the future, support of the museum must come largely from the general public." What Mr. Hartford seems to forget is that the general public never asked for this museum, nor is the institution vitally needed in New York.

Another ironic message came through the mail last month. The Spanish Pavilion at the New York World's Fair announced an exhibition of drawings by Federico Garcia Lorca, one of Spain's most illustrious twentieth-century poets. On two counts this project strikes me as a misalliance. Since the pavilion is backed by the Spanish government, one cannot help recalling rumors (never disproved) about Garcia Lorca's assassination during the Spanish civil war. If it was not Franco's forces that destroyed him, certainly these same forces did nothing to protect him or his work. And it is less Lorca's amateur drawings than his luminous words that Spain should be honoring today. Equally cynical is the same government's recent patronage of Picasso's art, particularly after shamefully neglecting its greatest modern painter during his most productive years. This sudden jumping on the bandwagon hardly compensates for past offenses. And one must remember that Picasso has sharply repudiated his homeland since the civil war. Not once has he set foot on Franco's soil.

While we are on the subject of Picasso, it might be well to mention the plethora of books about him—personal reminiscences, lavish paeans and photographic testimonials covering his activities from bed to bath. Let us hope there will be a tapering off of this onslaught. Indeed, a year without a new volume on Picasso would be an act of grace. It used to be that artists hungered for a word of recognition; now they must go underground for even a moment of seclusion.

A classic case of present-day captiousness is the frank self-promotion of various so-called new collectors, not that collectors in the past were necessarily always shrinking violets. But, taken by and large, we tend to think of art as a private experience. Not so certain proud collectors who were recently quoted in *Life*. "It's a ball living with pop art," said one. "It's great to wake up and see it. I don't mind what people say. But don't think I don't like all the attention; I love it." Another confessed, "Around four in the morning I come into the study and smoke three or four cigarets. I don't even look at the pictures. I just know they're there—and that I have the best and the biggest collection in the world. . . . These pictures are like IBM stock, don't forget that. . . ." And so the circle is complete. The new form of art that grows out of advertising becomes a new form of advertising.

Not least of modern art's paradoxes are those involving the government. Several weeks ago I saw for the first time an astonishing piece of official sculpture, a huge fountain located in the central court of the new State Department building in Washington and euphemistically called *The Expanding Universe*. Suggesting at once the bloated bronzes that Mr. Moses wished on the New York World's Fair and those pretentious figures that decorate the USSR's public squares, this vapid monument denies the very American dynamism it pretends to symbolize. Though the present Administration is not responsible for it (the sculpture was commissioned earlier), one still hopes that the State Department will promptly order it melted down so that the bronze can be put to better use and so that visitors are not subjected to this vulgar first impression.

I mention the sculpture at some length because the State Department is currently developing an Art in Embassy Program, the plan being to embellish our embassies abroad with high-quality American art. And this is a splendid idea, provided always that the quality *is* high. Still, it does seem a bit quixotic to be more concerned about embassies overseas than about their parent building at home.

President Johnson has urged us to concentrate on making America beautiful, but when intelligent citizens do just that, they are sometimes balked by an obdurate bureaucracy. Right now in St. Louis a handsome building, the Old Post Office, is about to be torn down and replaced by a new structure. Though the American Institute of Architects, the Landmarks Association, and a specially organized Committee to Save the Old Post Office have urged that this landmark, dating from shortly after the Civil War, be preserved, the wheels of progress are grinding away so diligently that the building is daily more seriously threatened. It seems that the General Services Administration plans to demolish the present structure in order to locate a new federal office building on the same site. Only last February President Johnson, in his message to Congress, said, "In almost every part of the country the citizens are rallying to save landmarks of beauty and history. The government must also do its share to assist these local efforts which have an important national purpose."

Though the committee is urging Congress not to appropriate funds for a new building that will force demolition of the old one, signs of sympathetic cooperation are scarcely visible. At a rally last April, 2,201 people, pleading for preservation of the Old Post Office, paid for and individually signed a telegram to President Johnson. Reputedly, the wire was the second longest ever handled by Western Union. So it goes. Official speeches are delivered with paternal resonance advising all citizens to take responsibility for America's heritage. And when they do, the government itself – that great unwieldy steamroller – forgets it asked them to.

—KATHARINE KUH.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Heston Hits the Ceiling

DO WE NEED a new film criticism? The question was asked recently during some panel discussions held during the New York Film Festival, and while I am not at all sure we need a *new* film criticism, I sometimes feel that in order to cope with the various sorts of movies thrust upon our attention we need several different kinds of film criticism. Due to open in theaters in the next week or so are three films, all remote from each other in time, place, and subject matter, and exceedingly different in type. All three have elements in them that might vaguely be called artistic, but none qualifies as movie art, or, to be more ponderous about it, as relevant, significant cinematic expression. In fact, to deal properly with *The Agony and the Ecstasy,* a kind of criticism that we might term "commercial film criticism" ought to be applied.

This kind of criticism would take into account the heavy investment made by 20th Century-Fox to acquire the Irving Stone best-selling biographical novel about the life of Michelangelo, the expensive Todd-AO process in which it was made, the enormous fees paid Charlton Heston and Rex Harrison to appear in the film, and the lavishly expensive production mounting, complete to building a king- or Pope-sized "replica" of the Sistine Chapel. (The original was too small for the Todd-AO screen.) Quite obviously, 20th Century-Fox would have been out of its corporate mind to concentrate on artistic expression with that many millions laid on the line, but I am not too sure, commercially speaking, that it was completely right to concentrate on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, as has happened.

For, during a very large part of this lengthy spectacle, Charlton Heston, as Michelangelo, is up there on the scaffolding, exceeding cramped, occasionally bumping his head, creating those epochal frescos which, as it turns out, are copies made by studio artists anyway. Thus, even when the camera focuses on the details of the frescos, the divine spark of the originals is missing, and we get not photographed art, but the kind of thing you see when you go into a European museum and watch some fellow assiduously copying a masterpiece. And, somehow it is anti-spectacle to watch for so long a time a ceiling being decorated. We are told in the film that the ceiling is the particular vanity of Pope Julius II, played by Rex Harrison, and while Harrison fights battles as the head of the Papal troops throughout Italy, he is actually more concerned about getting that ceiling finished. The recalcitrant Michelangelo wants, on the other hand, to do the sculpture for which he feels best qualified, and he wants to be paid—and this pretty much makes up the conflict of the story fashioned by Philip Dunne and directed by Carol Reed.

The most admirable portion of the film are those first few minutes in which we are given a photographic tour of several of Michelangelo's sculptures—a lovely photographic feast. After that there is much dialogue between Heston and Harrison mainly concerned with the ceiling, and several dubious scenes in which Diane Cilento appears as the *woman* in Michelangelo's life! The biographically minded might figure that one out. And it must be said that Carol Reed has provided some handsome pictorial stuff. It's a movie, however, that conventional film criticism is simply not equipped to evaluate, and I'm not going to try. Is Heston as Michelangelo your dish? Do you see Pope Julius II in the person of Rex Harrison? Do you like reconstructions of sixteenth-century Italy? Are you interested in 20th Century-Fox's limning of an artist's agony? Do you like expensive movies? Do you want to see a Sistine Chapel bigger than life? In that case, Fox has made something for you.

As for *Sallah,* a film from Israel, another critical attitude is required. A prevalent scholarly position has it that film is best assessed as folk art, and that films, whether good or bad, have certain values as a cultural expression. *Sallah* certainly qualifies as folk art. It's not a very *good* film, but it is a highly amusing one, it deals on a farcical level with the problems of housing the tides of immigrants to Israel, and it presents an amiable Oriental Jew, a pleasant, stubborn scoundrel, who outwits bureaucracy and gets nice, new housing for his family. A most talented young actor, Haym Topol, plays the elderly Sallah so winningly that both he and the character have become Israeli heroes, and those who are impressed with the accomplishments of the young nation of Israel, as I am, are bound to appreciate this good-humored take-off on one of its problems. The film is broad, spotty, anecdotal, and maybe a little self-consciously "folk-art," but almost always ingratiating.

An Evening with the Royal Ballet is hardly a film at all, but rather photographed performances of four ballets presented at Covent Garden, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolph Nureyev starring in *Les Sylphides, Le Corsaire,* and *Aurora's Wedding,* and with the company of the Royal Ballet appearing in *La Valse.* Since this film, too, hardly qualifies as cinematic expression, the film critic is forced into the role of dance critic. For me, both Dame Margot Fonteyn and Mr. Nureyev are beyond criticism, and I watched them with fascination. I want to complain a bit, though, about the quality of the recorded sound. In these days of remarkable and relatively inexpensive high fidelity, it is hard to understand why a sound track should seem so synthetic and shrieky. But I don't want to get into that, because it will probably lead into something called acoustical criticism.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

THE YEAR OF THE SERPENT

Ruth B. Stebbins of Elizabeth, New Jersey, has rounded up some of the serpents of literature and asks readers to identify the episodes and name the works in which they occur. Dénouements on page 77.

1. A murderer who tries to ply his trade a second time dies from the bite of a swamp adder that has wrapped itself around his head.

2. A man dies from a heart attack in a state of terror, believing that a stuffed snake with shoe-button eyes is a real one.

3. Three convicts do away with an obnoxious uncle by means of their pet snake.

4. A mongoose gets rid of a pair of poisonous snakes.

5. Thinking she has been denied entrance to her son's home, a woman stops to rest on the heath and is fatally bitten by an adder.

6. A queen employs an asp to commit suicide.

7. A curse is removed from a man when he is able to bless the water snakes.

8. A priest and his sons are strangled by a pair of sea serpents.

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Where There's Smoke

SIX major cigarette companies were among the top twenty television advertisers for 1964. Together they invested almost $190,000,000 in sponsoring their brands on the small screen. In one case (Philip Morris) the television share of the manufacturer's total budget was 89 per cent; R. J. Reynolds had the lowest TV share of total budget (62.7 per cent), although its investment in TV was the highest ($46,450,000). So many millions would not be spent unless the retail sales of cigarettes justified their television advertising cost. A host of smokers are still "lighting up" in the belief that they are "getting a good thing going," despite the Surgeon General's report. Others would like to quit smoking but seem unable to overcome the habit. No one knows how much of their compulsion is nurtured by the blandishments of television's cigarette advertising. A third group, intricately trapped in the dilemma of the tobacco industry, share an economic ambivalence. These are the people who earn all or part of their income from the manufacture or sale of cigarettes.

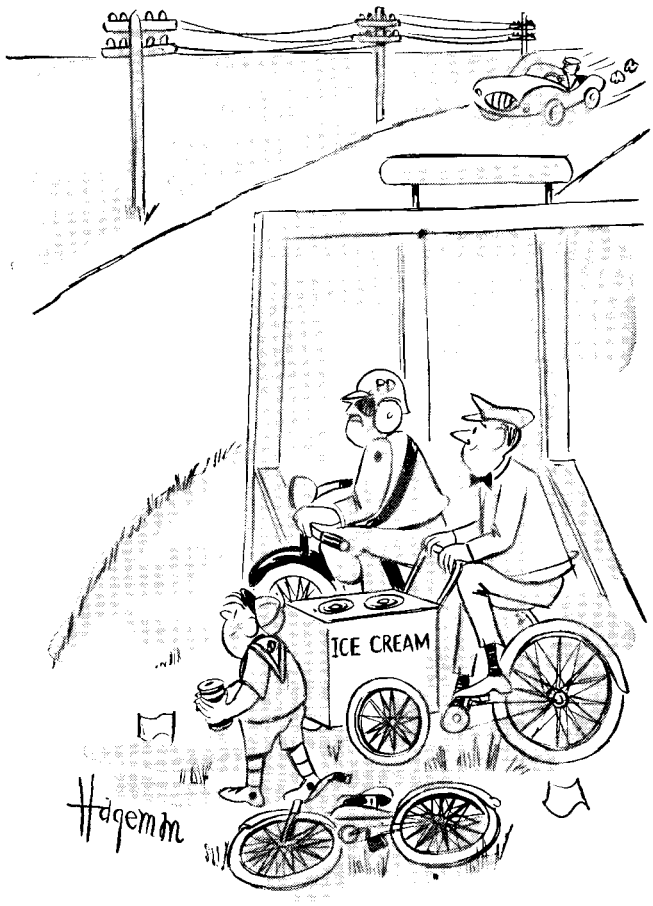
The following account is about a television actor who recently made a cigarette commercial. Even the occasional viewer cannot fail to have seen it at least once. The sponsor is giving it an intensive run, and before its first cycle is through it will probably have earned several thousand dollars for the actor. The monetary gain, however, is offset by a tiny tragedy.

The actor who epitomizes the classic flaw is a tall, handsome man, as virile as Marlboro country. I met him a few months ago during the production of the first program of a new television series that may eventually be shown in schools. For this reason, the actors do not smoke. Since the schools are actively participating in anti-smoking education, it is feared that smoking on the programs may endanger their acceptance in the classroom. As a matter of policy, also, broadcasters these days are sensitive to the need for barriers between youth and cigarette advertising. Our hero, I observed during breaks in the rehearsals, was a nonsmoker in real life. He explained that he had once been a chain smoker (three packs a day); had been frightened by the Surgeon General's report; had quit with great effort; now he had gained weight, he felt better, and never would go back. About a month later, when the company reassembled to shoot the second program, I noticed very quickly that the actor was smoking.

With a wry grin, he unfolded the cause. A successful actor, he had always kept busy playing roles and had never done a television commercial. Recently East Coast production had fallen off; so had his income from acting. His agent suggested that he swallow his artist's pride and do some on-camera selling. Cigarette commercials were the best place to begin. Since the scare, the cigarette companies were asking the networks to keep them out of the 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. hour, which is heavily viewed by children and teen-agers. The tobacco advertisers had also adopted a self-regulating code that forbade the use of models in cigarette commercials who were under twenty-five years of age.

OUR actor fitted the requirements perfectly, so he finally hit the advertising-agency trail. The producers who interviewed and auditioned him would ask him to sit down and pass him one of their cigarettes to light up. Part of the audition was to see how he held a cigarette, puffed it. He had steeled himself to get the jobs without being caught up again in the cigarette habit, so at first he tried to fudge inhaling—but the steelier eyes of the producers put an end to that very quickly. Deep, satisfying inhalations were what they wanted; you had to look as if you were enjoying it. He made the rounds of all the agencies that handled cigarette accounts, smoking his way through the ordeal.

At last he landed a job and spent two days on location filming his first cigarette commercial. The director made many takes for each shot—and a fresh cigarette was handed to him for each take. When it was all over, our actor realized that he was "hooked." He doesn't enjoy smoking; he knows it involves a health hazard; but since he took the first audition cigarette that the producer handed him in his first agency interview, he has been unable to stop. Cigarettes will cost him about $200 a year, he figures: it will take ten years before he eats up the minimum amount of residuals he will earn from the commercial. At that point he will have to count up the real pleasure and the real profit. A second actor in the company, who stood by while the first told his tale, declared that he, too, was about to do his first cigarette commercial. A nonsmoker, he was sure he could resist. Next time the acting company meets to shoot another show, I'll find out. Did he make it, or was he another who switched rather than fight, and is now "smoking more and enjoying it less"? —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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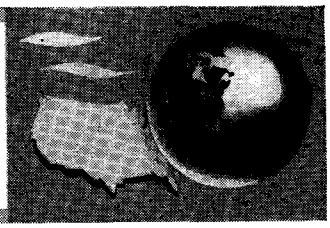
As Others See Us



OTTAWA:

Triumph in Space

GEMINI V WAS safely home before Canadians in the central provinces went to church on Sunday morning. In their prayers was thanksgiving for the survival of two brave men. . . .

If the flight had failed, if any of the mechanical and electronic problems encountered had proved insuperable, those who love to denigrate the Americans would have had new ammunition for disparagement.

It was in fact a triumph. It demonstrated American mastery in building, manning, and directing the ships of exploration in the skies. . . .

Ten years ago it would have been beyond the dreams of ordinary men to fly 3,338,200 miles in seven days, 22 hours, and 56 minutes. Fifty years ago it would have seemed impossible for Americans to build the Alaska Highway 1,500 miles through the northern wilderness as part of a war effort. The proof is given in such achievements that the American drive has not weakened. Faced with a challenge, the leader of the free world can . . . dare to take chances of failure in confidence of ultimate success.

Now the challenge is a journey to the moon, a venture in which it would be heartening to see Americans and Russians collaborate. But if there is no cooperation the Americans will try it alone and someday will succeed. Moreover, they will do it with the lightheartedness that has marked their pioneers everywhere. Near the end of the space flight, Command Pilot Cooper reported everything in the capsule "peachy keen." How can you beat people who joke as they prepare to slow down from 17,457 miles an hour and begin a plunge back to earth? —*Ottawa Journal.*

MANCHESTER:

Competition or Cooperation?

WINNERS CAN AFFORD to congratulate losers on a spirited performance; the test of this magnanimity comes when the losers start to win. The Russian comment on the performance of the American Gemini V has been notably less effusive than in the past. The Mars photographs and the eight-day flight of Cooper and Conrad have established an American lead in the cosmic test series, and the Russians, who appeared to be ahead for so long, are evidently disgruntled. First they complained that undue risks were being taken in powering some of Gemini's systems with fuel cells. Then they complained that the mission was not what it seemed and that military work was afoot. Then they came out with it and alleged that Cuba, China, and North Vietnam were being spied on. It is all very churlish. Unfortunately the Americans have not done much to refute the Russian criticism. They have confirmed that ground recognition tests were part of the program, and President Johnson has announced a satellite program whose purpose is avowedly military. The space laboratory to be launched in 1968 will conduct defense experiments—we have not been told what kind. . . .

President Johnson may have sensed some unease about American intentions when he first of all invited the Russians to send a scientific observer to future rocket launches, and then capitalized on the widespread admiration for Cooper and Conrad by announcing that they would travel abroad to "promote peaceful cooperation." Both ideas are agreeable. Both are pretty naïve. What can the most observant member of the Academy of Sciences deduce from watching vapor trails at Cape Kennedy? Will he be allowed to dismantle the rocket casing for cosmic contraband? What can Cooper and Conrad do, intrepid though they be, to guarantee other nations against the wiles of the Central Intelligence Agency? Will they give away ballpoint pens?

Most people, whether belonging to nations in the satellite club or not, are interested in the results and fascinated by the promise of space exploration. They are not particularly impressed by considerations of national rivalry between the United States and Russia, and they are unlikely to admire attempts to wreak a margin of military superiority from what should be a purely scientific study. The United States-Soviet agreement [on the peaceful uses of outer space] recognized "the common interest of all mankind in . . . the exploration and use of outer space for peaceful purposes." While the two nations dominate the field, they should give meaning to these words by a much greater degree of cooperation, a much less nationalistic concern for their own achievements, and a disavowal of all military aims above the earth.

—*Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

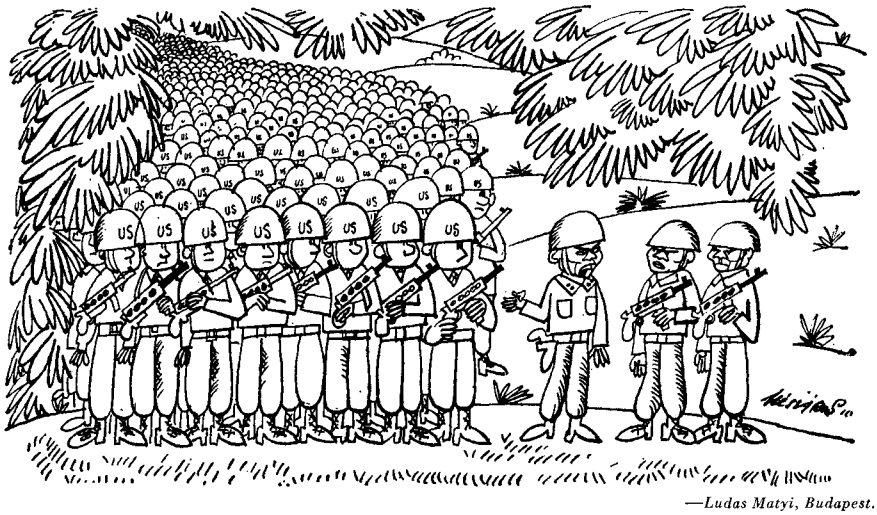
WARSAW:

The Los Angeles Riots

THIS TIME IT was not Harlem, not the traditional areas of Negro misery, that became the arena of tragic events. The outbreak took place in Los Angeles. The immediate cause was out of keeping with the subsequent developments. The arrest of one Negro caused a chain reaction. Thousands went out into the streets. Some 20,000 fully armed soldiers, equipped with tanks and helicopters, were called into action.

But the riots were not really caused by the arrest of a single Negro. It was an explosion of powder that had been amassed over a long period of time. Only desperate people can afford such a powerful reaction.

Negroes in Los Angeles were treated no worse, perhaps even better, than in the rest of the country. But this does not mean that they did not feel deeply the discrimination in employment, in wages,



—*Ludas Matyi, Budapest.*

Hungarian commentary on U.S. role in Vietnam: "Soldiers, meet your advisors!"

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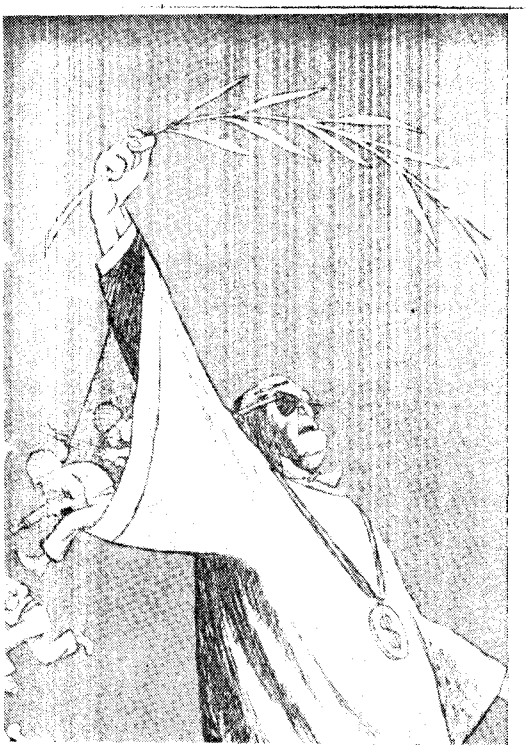

—*Krokodil, Moscow.*

Soviet view: "Hand of the peacemaker."

in housing and schooling, that they were not exposed to brutality from white policemen and the unfriendliness of white officials. In times of peace it is accepted as normal in the U.S. that the citizens are divided into two groups—first grade (white) and second grade (black). From time to time the problem is discussed. Later everything returns to the old patterns.

The whole point is that Negroes do not want to "know their place"; they want to take full advantage of their rights as U.S. citizens. The "place" assigned to them causes bitterness and finally riots.

Dick Gregory, a well-known Negro entertainer who was wounded during the riots, said: "The sight of a uniformed policeman incites to riot. For a Negro, a uniform is a symbol of injustice."

Bitter and meaningful words. They should be thought over by those who try to make other nations happy by bringing them American "freedom and democracy," and who claim the right to bring them on their bayonets. —*Glos Pracy.*

MONTREAL:

Behind the Racial Struggle

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT has concluded that one of the principal roots of the "Negro problem" in the United States is the disintegration of Negro family life.

As Mr. Johnson put it: "For this, most of all, White America must accept the responsibility. It flows from centuries of oppression and persecution of the Negro man. It flows from the long years of degradation and discrimination which have attacked his dignity and assaulted his ability to provide for his family."

This is undoubtedly true, as far as it goes. In the Negro ghettos of the large American cities, there is a fearfully high illegitimacy rate, a dangerously high proportion of broken homes. Millions of young Negroes are growing up with scarcely any family life. Inevitably they are, to greater or lesser degree, scarred by their experience of growing up.

But it is insufficient to look upon the breakup of family life in these Negro communities as a cause; it would be better to call it an effect. The cause is both the historical and the contemporary experience of the Negro in America. Up until the present day the Negroes in the United States have been treated as a submerged group or class. And as a result, it is natural enough that many should feel nothing in common with the values and habits of the White community.

It is this entire nexus of conscious and automatic habits of the white toward the black community that is the cause of the current racial violence in the large American cities. The breakup of family life is one of the effects, not one of the causes; it is a cause only in a secondary sense, and will not disappear as long as the primary causes remain. —*The Gazette.*

ST. JOHN'S:

Back to Work

BY WITHDRAWING ITS demand that the right to vote should be denied members in default on their peace-keeping assessments, the United States has removed the roadblock that has prevented the General Assembly of the United Nations from meeting during the year. It was only by skilful avoidance of a vote on measures before it at the last session that the Assembly was able to avert a dangerous crisis.

The validity of the American demand is unquestionable. But apart from the fact that a great majority of member countries preferred to allow defaulters, including Russian and France, to vote although their peace-keeping dues are unpaid, there is the need of trying to find some solution in the U.N. to the Vietnam problem.

It is difficult to say whether the change of American policy is to be credited to Mr. Goldberg, the new U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., or if it stems from a general Administration decision to terminate a crisis situation. However that may be, it seems to be a wise decision. The General Assembly can now get back to work. And it has plenty of work to do, with Vietnam demanding top priority.

—*The Daily News.*

MUNICH:

Ending the Stalemate

THE BOLD ACTION of the Americans has relieved the stalemate that had afflicted the General Assembly of the United Nations. . . . Have the Americans saved the U.N. by this move or have they brought about the beginning of a delayed end by temporarily restoring to the U.N. mobility and at the same time increasing the possibility of its being undermined . . . ? America has given up its formal rights and overcome the external difficulties of the U.N. The internal one smolders on.

—*Süddeutsche Zeitung.*

On the Move: Travelers flying over the United States for the first time usually notice two features that, seen from the air, stand out very clearly. The first is the huge screens of the open-air cinemas where mainly young people drive in in their cars to glance at the movie between their amatory activities. The second, and far more prominent, are the cars themselves that swarm round and through the towns like painted steel beetles. In hideous raw colors, ranging from sour puce to aching green, they are a moving metal blight that stains the landscape. The parking lots that surround the great industrial plants in the United States may hold as many as 50,000 cars, and the aerial view of them looks like a plague of insects attacking the slablike corpses of the giant factory buildings. . . .

The way the motor car subtly—or maybe not too subtly—changes the mood and behavior of its slave-owner is shown by an incident which must occur many times. The other evening . . . a driver who was proceeding, he thought, in a reasonable and cautious manner to his home was annoyed by another driver who drew up much too close behind him and blared away on his horn and flashed his lights. As he had a clear conscience, he angrily awaited the arrival of the road hog alongside him at the next traffic jam. The honker and light-flasher drew up alongside and began to lower his window, purple in the face, aiming his abuse and making the obscenities come in fast and low—very low. As the leading driver was about to give his critic the usual camel driver's verbal revenge, both parties suddenly recognized each other under their masks of rage. They were close friends. . . .

—*William Connor in the New Statesman, London.*

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Your friend says:

"I've got a KLH."

Do you say:

"There must be a cure for it."

"Only in America!"

"Don't worry. As long as you've got your health..."

"And you were doing so well."

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Lots of people don't know us. Yet. That's not a sin.

We're less than 10 years old.

But we create wondrous things.

A new breed of stereo home music systems.

Compact. Flexible. All solid state. All factory-integrated. All ready to plug in and play.

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We make just about everything ourselves. The tuners. The amplifiers. The speakers. Even the automatic turntables are custom-built to our "specs" by Garrard.

And one thing for sure: there are no unnecessary gimcracks or doohickies on KLH music systems. We never get fancy. Even on our names.

There are no KLH Electras, Mark V's, Jetstars or whatyoumaycallems.

There are just things like the:

KLH Model Eleven
KLH Model Eleven-W
KLH Model Eleven-FM
KLH Model Fifteen
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KLH Model Nineteen

Compact. Flexible. Simple but eloquent.

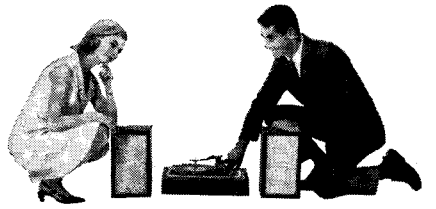
And we do other clever things.

Like creating handsome-looking instruments a whole family can live with. Simple. Functional. Not boxy. Not bulky. Not a conglomerate of separate musical components that intrude upon rather than complement your decorating scheme.

We'd like you to see what a KLH looks like and how it sounds. Best way to do that is to go to one of our dealers. So write us. We'll send you a list of dealers plus complete information and pictures on all KLH music systems. Write: The KLH People, 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Mass., Dept. SR-1.

We'll be glad to hear from you. We'd like you to know more about us because we're proud of what we do.

And of our name: KLH.



30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Mass.

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Flagstad as Isolde (taken in San Francisco, 1937).

The Kirsten Flagstad I Knew

By EDWIN McARTHUR

Few Americans had so close an association with the late Kirsten Flagstad as Edwin McArthur, who was at the piano for her first American concert in 1935 and conducted her farewell performance in Carnegie Hall twenty years later. The following is an excerpt from his forthcoming "Flagstad: a Personal Memoir," which will be published in November by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

THE FIRST TIME I met her, Kirsten Flagstad gave me something of a shock. After having seen her at the Metropolitan in striking costumes and in opulent operatic settings, I was not prepared to meet such a strangely unglamorous woman. She was nothing like most other divas I had known. There is no denying, however, that she attracted attention despite her almost excessive simplicity. Like her husband, she was tall, but she was not beautiful. And, at this party of distinguished people gathered to swoon, she gave little if any impression of the glamorous celebrity who had been expected. *Plain* is the only word I can use to describe her. Her dress was unattractive—she wore a hat fit only for a woman to wear to market—and not yet having learned how to play the role of a famous woman, and obviously feeling self-conscious at meeting so many strangers, she didn't smile at all. I remember standing aside for a few minutes just looking at her, naturally with admiration for what she was, and praying that my ambition to become her accompanist would be realized, but at the same time trying to persuade myself that such a woman could really be a *Flagstad*.

In the interval before the audition I prepared myself down to the last detail. I wanted that assignment more than anything else, and I did everything I could to bring it about. To begin with, I had to have a firsthand impression of her voice. After some difficulty, I arranged to hear her in *Tristan und Isolde* at the Metropolitan. I also prepared a number of sample programs as suggested formats, always leaving a space for a group of Scandinavian songs, believing it important for an artist to develop and emphasize a specialty. In addition to these programs I made up several groups of German *Lieder*. Beyond this, for each program I included a group of songs in English, of both British and American composers, and took copies of all of them for her to see.

WHEN the day finally came, I presented myself at her apartment in the Astor Hotel and she greeted me with cordial simplicity. I saw with some surprise that there was nothing in her surroundings of the glamorous prima donna —no secretaries or maids, none of the customary accouterments of stardom. For half an hour we chatted, mostly about herself. Then, with a shyness I was to see later as basic to her personality, she asked me to play. From a pile of music on the piano she chose two songs by the Norwegian composer Eyvind Alnaes: *Lykken mellem to Mennesker* and *Vårlengsler*. The first song is a quiet mood-evocation; the second is dramatic, with a technically demanding piano part. I must have done fairly well, for when we finished she smiled and said, "Now, let's have a cocktail." Shortly after, she thanked me for coming and asked if she might keep the songs in

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Visit to Geraldine Farrar with Elisabeth Rethberg (left) and Marion Telva (right).

English. And so I left uncertain about the outcome.

Several days went by. I heard nothing. Meanwhile, the musical profession spoke of nothing but Flagstad. Finally, I said to Max Levine, her manager, "I'm concerned—can you find out what the decision is?" Shortly after this appeal, Max reported to me that she seemed surprised at the question and said simply: "Didn't I make it clear to Mr. McArthur that I want him? I thought I had. He plays very well. But more important to me, he is tall and I think we will look well together on the stage." Thus began our long association, a remarkable musical collaboration, and a close and affectionate friendship that lasted until she died.

From an obscure position in the provincial musical world, this woman, relatively late in life, suddenly blazed upon the international scene as the extraordinary singer and artist that she was. Practically overnight, she became the idol of a vast public. Thousands quickly became dedicated Wagnerites thanks to her magnificent voice and deep musical instinct. With few exceptions, however, music and intellectual sophisticates accepted her with considerable reservation. That her voice was glorious and beautiful, and that she was tremendously musical was evident. But it was equally apparent that she was not in the slightest intellectual. It was often a question whether she really understood the complex characters she played on the stage, and there were those who could accept her as an actress of only minor accomplishment. When a profoundly analytic article about her portrayal of this or that character appeared, she seldom had any idea what the author was talking about. Her understanding was sure, but intuitive—and she knew above all how to use her voice, both musically and dramatically. Therein lay her greatness, and also the paradox of her personality. Despite her protestation to the contrary she was a complex individual. She was sophisticated in her art. She was completely unsophisticated as a person. Like any prima donna, she feasted upon public adoration, and also found criticism, artistic or personal, either incomprehensible or infuriating. But in her native simplicity there was rooted a rare sensitivity and wisdom, the base of her almost universal human and artistic appeal.

For example, there was the tug of war that arose over her 1933 schedule at the Metropolitan. Well knowing the importance of making his first season as general manager of the Metropolitan as brilliant as possible, Edward Johnson conceived the idea of presenting Flagstad as Norma in a revival of the Bellini opera—disregarding among other things that her contract called for performances only of Wagnerian works, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*. (This last was soon deleted from her obligations.) Further, the part of Norma was not exactly the most natural one for her talent and temperament.

In his effort to persuade Flagstad, Johnson cited the unusually rich repertoire of Lilli Lehmann. Under that kind of pressure Flagstad finally agreed. Upon her return to New York in the fall, Johnson arranged for Maestro Riccardo Dellera of the Metropolitan staff to coach her in *Norma* before she left on a concert tour of the West. I was present at the sessions Maestro Dellera gave her and marked a score in the greatest detail for myself so that we could work together while on tour. This was a great privilege for me, as Maestro Dellera was one of the really great authorities of the Italian style and was thoroughly familiar with traditional alterations that were usually made within the work. Flagstad took her commitment seriously and worked hard on the score. But finally she said to me, "I simply cannot do it. I have always sung an opera the way the composer wrote it. All these changes are foreign to me and I will never feel at home in the Italian and I can't sing an entire opera in it." She asked me what I honestly thought. To me, it really did not sound right and I told her so. And I was as anxious as anyone that she do only that which would keep her very much at the top. She was in a vulnerable position. I reminded her that there had been two rather recent and highly successful revivals of *Norma* in America—one in New York with Rosa Ponselle and one in Chicago with Rosa Raisa. "One day you might sing this part superbly," I went

(*Continued on page* 73)

En route from Honolulu to San Francisco, in 1938, with her husband, Henry Johansen, manager Max Levine, Edwin McArthur, and two officers.

Flagstad in Hawaii; photo taken by Edwin McArthur.

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Otto Klemperer conducts "The stereo 'Messiah' to own and to live with."

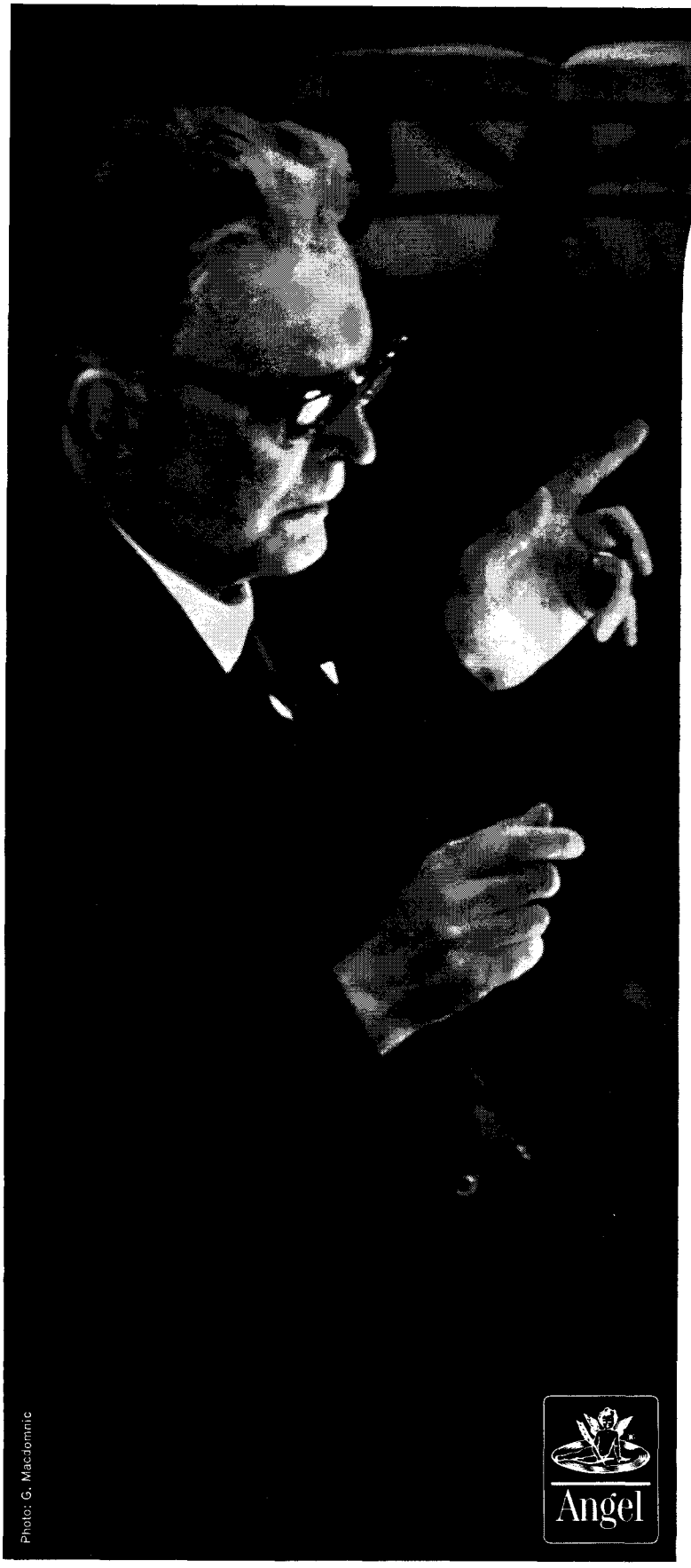


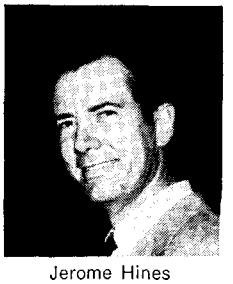
Photo: G. Macdomnic

"Dr. Klemperer has indeed given us a revelatory performance...true to the musical essence of what Handel wrote." *David Hall of HiFi/Stereo Review* has high praise for Angel's new "Messiah." Hall describes the soloists thus: Schwarzkopf ("striking"); Hoffman ("great beauty of tone"); Gedda ("wonderfully dramatic"); Hines ("imposing"). And of the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus *The Gramophone* says: "The great glory of these records lies in the choral singing..." Truly, this is a majestic "Messiah"—and a magnificent gift.

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf

Nicolai Gedda

Grace Hoffman



Jerome Hines

"Messiah" (SCL 3657): DeLuxe three-record set, with illustrated text booklet. Also on stereo tape at 3¾ i.p.s.

Angel

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Audio '66

THE 1965 New York High Fidelity Music Show will be in session during the last week of September at its now customary home at the New York Trade Show Building, 500 Eighth Avenue beginning on Wednesday and extending through Sunday. The second-floor exhibition area has served in past years primarily as a staging area for the rush of audiophiles to the four exhibit floors above; this year, however, the floor will stage instead "one of the most complete series of high fidelity seminars ever held." Should these seminars equal the unprecedented success of last year's little-publicized but well-attended sessions, the IHF hopes to duplicate them at future high fidelity shows outside New York.

Four separate one-hour programs are planned. Novice Symposium, "a comprehensive introduction to high fidelity components," will be conducted four times by Leonard Feldman of Crestmark Electronics, the author of two books on audio. Novice sessions will begin at 8 P.M. Thursday, September 30, and Friday, October 1; at 3 P.M. Saturday, October 2; and at 2:30 P.M. Sunday, October 3.

A discussion of "Speakers and Enclosures," by Ed Villchur of Acoustic Research and Jack Birchfield of Electro-Voice will be held from 7 to 8 P.M. Thursday, September 30, with University's Abe Cohen moderating.

Friday will see Joe Kempler of Audio Devices (audio-tape) and audio specialist Carl Feller discussing "Tape and Tape Recorders," with Lary Klein, technical editor of *Hi-Fi/Stereo Review*, moderating, from 7 to 8 P.M.

"Stereo and the Listener" will be discussed at 7:30 P.M. Saturday by moderator Norman Eisenberg, Audio Editor of *High Fidelity Magazine*, and a panel consisting of Abe Cohen of University and Irving M. Fried of IMF Products.

Several major recording companies have also promised displays for the second-floor area, and personal appearances by their recording stars.

In the four exhibit floors above, sixty manufacturers in 125 booths will display their wares and answer questions about them.

This is the year that the first home videotape recorders are expected to reach the market, and the public will have a chance to observe home VTRs in action at the Ampex booth, and possibly at the Sony Corporation booth as well. These recorders are not cheap—they cost about $1,000 each, and tape costs about $30 an hour—but they are a foretaste of things very soon to come. Andy Warhol, painter and film-maker of the "underground cinema," is currently working on the first "underground videotape" for presentation in the show's second-floor area.

Cartridge tape players for automobile use are also in the news today, with Ford's announcement that such a unit will be available as an accessory on their 1966 cars. Viking, which claims to have originated this type of equipment, is the only manufacturer to have announced its intention of displaying such units at this year's show. The Viking cartridge player comes in two models: the Autotape 500, for use in automobiles, boats, and planes with 12-volt electrical systems, and the Stereo-Mate 500 for home use with standard 110-volt A.C. house power. The cartridges are of a continuous-loop variety that require no rewinding.

Also at the Viking booth will be its new solid-state model RPI20 stereo tape record/playback amplifier. The RPI20 illustrates a growing trend toward "professional" appearance and features. In the RPI20, these features include modular construction, allowing easy repair (defective circuits can be replaced in minutes) and a choice of input circuits (including low-impedance microphone inputs), separate record and playback circuits for use with three-head machines, and heavy-duty, "Cannon"-type input and output connectors.

Dynaco's Beocord, made by B&O in Denmark and shown in prototype at last year's show, further exemplifies this professional trend in its choice of features. These include slide-type mixing controls, modular circuitry with choice of inputs, built-in echo, and, in the portable version, provision for carrying two B&O ribbon microphones within the case lid.

Elpa Marketing this year will show the ReVox tape recorder, well known in Europe, though new here. The ReVox, which can handle full 10½-inch reels (with double the capacity of the standard 7-inch size), also has three heads, a choice of inputs (not including low-impedance microphone), and three Pabst Outer-Rotor motors—one for each reel and one for the capstan—instead of the single motor common to most home recorders.

Crown, of course, has for years been making only 10½-inch-reel machines, most with three heads and such other professional features as an all-solenoid, push button control of tape transports, full-size VU meters with bias and erase metering provisions, mixing inputs, modular construction, and low-impedance microphone facilities.

Concord's "R-series," introduced last year, also features all-solenoid operation, three motors and three heads, plus interchangeable, plug-in head assemblies on the R-2000 model.

Uher's new 9000, another three-head machine, offers modular construction for easier servicing and an exclusive control that switches equalization from CCIR (European) to NAB (U.S.) standards for international tape interchangeability.

The third-head feature (which allows the tape itself to be monitored while recording is in progress) also shows up this year on the new Oki 888, Sony 350 and 350-C, and Intermark's new Cipher 98.

Several of the new tape recorders feature inputs equalized for magnetic phonograph pickups, permitting the direct taping of records without the use of phono preamps. New this year on the Oki 888, the feature also appears as an option on the Dynaco and Crown recorders. Ampex now features automatic threading and Sony has a silence-actuated automatic reversing switch.

In battery-operated, portable recorders, Concord offers two new models of its ultra-compact, "Sound Camera" line (one, the F-88, has capstan drive and a voice-operated control microphone), and the slightly larger Model 320 portable, which accepts 5-inch reels and operates from batteries or a.c. without adapters.

Norelco's cartridge-loading Carry-Corder 150 portable now comes with an optional under-dash mounting tray for use in automobiles. Sony/Superscope will offer two new portables, the two-speed Model 900 and the three-speed Model 800, both of which operate from battery or A.C. without adapters.

Innovations are fewer in the disc field than they are in tape. Elpa offers three new Thorens phonograph products this year. One is the new Series II of its TD-124 turntable, with new motor and a nonferrous platter that will not pull down magnetic cartridges; another is its new model TP-12 arm, whose cartridge shell adjusts for proper playback stylus angle; and third is the new TD-150 AB two-speed record player, also with adjustable vertical tracking angle. Like the AR and Rek-O-Kut players (and the long-forgotten Stromberg-Carlson unit), the TD-150 suspends its tone arm and turntable platter on a common adjustable, spring-loaded platform below the turntable's mounting board.

United Audio's new Dual 1019 auto-

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matic turntable adds anti-skating compensation, a cue control, a single-play spindle that rotates with the record, and a stylus-overhang adjustment to the features of its earlier 1009 model.

RFS Industries will display the Balfour "Princess" line of record changers, with built-in stylus-cleaning brush and Delrin moving parts to eliminate the need for lubrication.

Garrard's line, displayed in a replica of Barbra Streisand's home music-room, incorporates several modifications and improvements.

Several new cartridges will bow at the Show. The new Stanton 581 "Longhair" cartridges incorporate a free-riding brush that sweeps the groove clean just ahead of the stylus trip. According to the manufacturers, tracking is not adversely affected.

Empire's 888 series has a "magnetic cone" stylus claimed to be "the lightest moving mechanism yet developed." Shure's M44-C is a new version of last year's M-44, designed for 3-5 gram tracking pressures, while their M80E is a new version of their Gard-A-Matic "Floating Cartridge" series for use in Garrard Lab 80 and A70 turntables. Pickering has improved versions of their V15 AT and V15 AC cartridges.

The trend toward compact, transistorized "phonograph systems" continues apace. Benjamin, having last year sandwiched a 36-watt stereo amplifier into the base of a Miracord auto-manual turntable, has this year added an FM tuner without increasing the cabinet dimensions.

Scope offers two EMI-Scope systems, and Harman-Kardon has added a table with AM/FM stereo receiver to its Stratophonic line. Electro-Voice will again show its Entertainer I portable unit, and KLH may show its new Twenty Plus, consisting of two pedestal-mounted speaker enclosures and a matching phono/amplifier/tuner unit.

KLH has expressed tentative plans to demonstrate only its new Model Twelve speaker system, "a three-way, four-driver moving-coil loudspeaker of very wide bandwidth and low distortion, in a floor-standing cabinet," which they describe as their "most ambitious speaker in some time."

Empire will show the new 8000P version of its Grenadier series, with adjustable brass response, and the Model 8400 Crown Grenadier bookshelf system. Three new Electro-Voice speaker systems include an extension speaker with molded plastic enclosure.

Wharfedale's new W30 Bookshelf speaker system incorporates an "Acoustic Compensation Control." Circle-O-Phonic offers a new approach to acoustic control, a rotating speaker which, it is claimed, breaks up echo patterns in the room.

The new Acoustic Research AR-2x and AR-2ax speakers are improved models of the earlier AR-2 and AR-2a. The difference is an improved mid-range unit, available in a $15 conversion kit to owners of the older models.

James B. Lansing offers two new patio speakers, while UTC has expanded its line of Goodmans Maximus speakers to include the book-shelf Maximus 4, 5, 6, and 7 models in addition to the earlier, miniature Maximus 1, 2, and 3. Tandberg will also offer four new speaker models.

Neshaminy's new Z-700 incorporates the JansZen Electrostatic with the Neshaminy 350 dynamic woofer, in a bookshelf enclosure. Tannoy has modernized and redesigned its cabinets.

For personal listening, Telex, Superex, Koss and Sharpe will offer new headphone models, while Shure will demonstrate its new Solo-Phone stereo headphone amplifier, the first such unit to include magnetic phonograph cartridge inputs.

Virtually all of the new electronic gear will be transistorized, and most manufacturers will have new models. Sherwood claims "the industry's only all-silicon line of transistor components," while Scott offers a unit using field-effect transistors.

C/M Laboratories, one of the younger firms, and one that has never made a tube unit, will show its first integrated amplifier; like the pre-amplifier they introduced last year, the CC-50S will be pushbutton-operated.

Acoustech, another child of the transistor era, has come up with an interesting wrinkle in kits: the new XI-AS that can be built in stages. If desired, the unit can be built as a power amplifier only, and a preamplifier module can be added later. The amplifier chassis is punched to accommodate the preamplifier controls, but a panel is supplied to cover them until the preamplifier is added. As with all Acoustech kits, the unit's plug-in, printed circuit boards are assembled and tested at the factory.

Shure, Electro-Voice, and PML (Ercona) will display microphones, including three new models from E-V and new versions of the PML condenser microphones, using field-effect transistors instead of tubes.

The show will open at 6 P.M. and close at 11 P.M. on Wednesday, September 29. On Thursday and Friday, September 30 and October 1, hours will be from 3 P.M. to 11 P.M., and on Saturday, October 2, from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. Sunday hours (October 3) will be from noon to 8 P.M. —IVAN BERGER.

Directory of the '65 Hi-Fi Show

Acoustech. Solid state amplifiers, speaker/amplifiers, kits. 640.

Acoustic Research. Turntables and loudspeakers, including improved versions of AR-2 and AR-2a. 642, 644, 645.

Altec Lansing. Speakers and speaker systems, amplifiers, tuners, receivers. 308.

Ampex. Tape recorders and tape. 302, 318.

Angel Records. New releases, 603.

Benjamin. Miracord record changers, Benjamin phonograph compacts. 330.

Bogen. Stereo amplifiers, receivers, tuners, variable-speed turntables. New receivers, amplifier, turntable. 424.

Bozak. Loudspeaker systems. New cabinet style. 333, 334, 335.

British Industries. Garrard automatic turntables and record changers, Wharfedale loudspeaker systems. New Wharfedale W30 Bookshelf speaker system, with Acoustic Compensation Control. 529, 531, 532, 533, 534, 537, 539, 540.

Capitol Records. New releases. 603.

Circle-O-Phonic. Speaker systems with revolving elements, phonograph system. 547.

C/M. Solid-state amplifiers, preamplifiers, new integrated amplifier. 348.

Concertone. Tape recorders. 441.

Chancellor Electronics. OKI solid state tape recorders. Three new models, including one with three heads, non-paper-cone speaker enclosures. 329, 331.

Concord. Tape recorders, including battery-operated portables. 602.

Crown. Solid-state tape recorders accepting 10½" reels; new model SX 700. 431, 432.

Dynaco. Dynakit kit and asssembled amplifiers, tuners;/B&O microphones and tape recorder. 503, 524.

Electro-Voice. Speakers and speaker systems, amplifier, tuner, receiver, portable high fidelity record system,

(*Continued on page* 68)

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Recordings in Review

Make Way for Freni

BELLINI: *"Or rendetemi la speme" (I Puritani).* VERDI: *"E strano"; "Ah, fors' è lui." (La Traviata).* MOZART: *"Dove sono" (Nozze di Figaro).* CHARPENTIER: *"Depuis le jour" (Louise).* VERDI: *"Ave Maria" (Otello).* PUCCINI: *"Senza mamma" (Suor Angelica). "Signore, ascolta"; "Tu che di gel sei cinta" (Turandot). Mirella Freni, soprano, with Rome Opera House Orchestra conducted by Franco Ferraris.* Angel mono M 36268, $4.79; stereo S 36268, $5.79.

As addenda to the Mimi in which she made her recorded debut on Angel in September 1964, this is clearly a list to break Freni on a wheel of vanity, or make her one of the most admired singers alive. It is one of the easier tasks of criticism to take the latter view, for it is a long time since I have so enjoyed so varied a collection of arias, and found so little to take issue with, either in vocal quality, musicianship, or artistry.

As everybody knows, there are two ways of singing Elvira in *Puritani*—the Callas way and the Sutherland way. Now there is a third—the gently melancholy, infinitely appealing way of Freni, with its lovely curling phrases and beautifully sustained high tones. I would like to hear a more precise articulation of each tone in descending scale passages (hers tend to be glissandi), but the quality itself is so pliant, so caressing to the ear that the objection may almost be waived.

Having quickly qualified herself in a kind of singing so different from her recorded *Bohème* or the Nanetta in *Falstaff* (described in an *SR* report from the Hague two years ago) one is almost prepared to discover she sings Mozart as well as Puccini, and Charpentier as well as Bellini. Almost, but not quite—prepared, that is. For the simple fact is that the kind of beguiling vocal quality and pervasive musicality that Miss Freni disposes clings to each design as a drape of fine silk does to a body—retaining its own quality yet assuming a new identity as part of the thing to which it belongs.

As Freni (according to the commentary by Charles Reid attached to the issue) "has never laid claim to academic prowess," the subtle, refined way she sings "Dove sono," inflects the line of "Depuis le jour" (has there been a better since Dorothy Maynor's?), and responds to the challenge of Desdemona's "Ave Maria" must be unparalleled for innate sensitivity or aptness in imitation of a peerless model. About the latter, the

Mirella Freni—"little to take issue with."

question immediately arises: Where could she find equally peerless models for "Senza mamma," which she sings in her infinitely painstaking (but never cautious) way, and "Ah, fors' è lui"? Only within herself, I'd say. Franco Ferraris supports Freni in the way she merits, and the recording is easy on the ear.

Schippers's Best

ROSSINI: *Stabat Mater. Thomas Schippers conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo; Tito del Bianca, tenor; Justino Diaz, bass; and the Camarata Singers directed by Abraham Kaplan.* Columbia mono ML 6142, $4.79; stereo MS 6742, $5.79.

Of all his recorded undertakings, which have now included operas as well as symphonies, concertos and overtures, this strikes me as the most distinguished yet to Schippers's credit, an opinion that proceeds from several hearings of the recording as well as the live performance of last spring from which it derived. Indeed, it is the kind of performance in which, after a while, one is unaware of the conductor's identity—a tribute to the balance thus arranged in the composer's favor.

The part in which Schippers *qua* Schippers still intrudes includes the first two sections, and especially the second devoted to del Bianco's singing of "Cujus animam." I found Schippers's jaunty tempo for this more than a little at variance with the "allegretto moderato" marking, not to mention the sentiment declaring "how sad and afflicted" Mary was as she stood at the Cross. Del Bianco's voice registers well on the microphone, though it is a little light and nondramatic for what he has to do here. On the other hand, he does manage with spirit and accuracy the cadenza with its D flat at the end, which leaves him with our thanks. Martina Arroyo provides with something to spare the thrust and shine of sound her music requires, and Beverly Wolff is equal to the needs of the mezzo line.

However, for those who do not hesitate to peer into the future, this recording may stand as the first sizable evidence of the accomplishments to the credit of Justino Diaz. The Puerto Rican basso is gradually attaining the artistic experience and breadth of expression to measure up to the magnitude of the voice he possesses. Outstanding in his treatment of "Pro peccatis suae gentis" is the straightness of the vocal line he draws, meaning that every tone is squarely centered, without quaver or wobble.

As for the work itself, it adds more than a little to the image of Rossini as it exists in the minds of many. I do not hesitate to include myself among them, not because Rossini's noncomedic achievements are unknown, but rather because knowledge of them has been hard to come by. Here is one work that puts a proper emphasis on the grandeur of the musical resource Rossini commanded, and the legacy of expression that he passed on to others of his native land. It also bears some direct evidence of the reasons why Verdi's "Requiem" began as a tribute to Rossini. Marjorie Lelash's annotation is better written than most such things are inclined to be, though the statement that "the first part contains much attractive music, typical of the composer of *The Barber of Seville* and *Cenerentola*" is inclined to arouse more objection than agreement. Technically the recording is first class.

Symphony with Cello

BRITTEN: *Symphony for Cello and Orchestra, Op. 68.* HAYDN: *Concerto in C. Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, with the English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Britten.* London mono CM 9419, $4.79; stereo CS 6419, $5.79.

Britten's endeavor to write a work that should be equally representative of his talents and those of his friend and colleague, Mstislav Rostropovich, strikes me as being as equivocal in outcome as it is in conception. Having started out with the idea of what he is going to avoid—namely, a treatment of a solo instrument in terms of its virtuoso capacities—it doesn't appear to me that Britten is

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quite as clear in his own mind of what he is going to embrace. In a word, he seems to proceed from a negative attitude rather than a positive one.

My principal difficulty, after three full hearings and as many partial ones, is that I cannot hear it clearly as a symphony, without consideration of it as a symphony with cello. There are clearly four movements, of which the last is a passacaglia, but I have not heard the inner relationships that make for symphonic contrast as well as variety, diversity, and unity. The commentary of Peter Evans sets out a good deal about the scheme that Britten has evolved for each movement, but even with this guidance, it remains elusive.

I am not presuming to say that it is nonexistent—only that it is hard to grasp. Some of this is inherent in the material itself, which tends to be fragmentary, and prevailingly of a somber cast. Perhaps it is the last factor that is the clue to the inconclusive impression the work makes—it is not music that reaches out to attract the listener to it, but music that tends, rather, to ward him off. I gather the impression, from time to time, that it is a dialogue between the composer and the solo performer . . . which may be all very well for them, but not for anyone else. It is, in any case, expertly performed. As noted on the jacket, the decision to present all thirty-four minutes of the work on a single side imposes some sacrifice of volume in the grooves. This can be offset by turning up the volume on the reproductive end.

As a counterbalance to Britten's work, one could hardly ask for anything more outgoing and engaging than the Haydn concerto. This is not, as some may automatically assume, the well-known work in D major that has been in circulation for decades, but another in C, of more recent discovery. Attribution of it to 1765, when the composer was in his early thirties, provides its own forecast as to style of composition. It hasn't all the distinctions of the D major, but it has an agreeable range of interests nevertheless. Britten's direction is full of vitality, Rostropovich's performance as much a part of the response as the orchestra's.

Mstislav Rostropovich (lower left) with Benjamin Britten (conducting)—"a work equally representative of his talents and those of his friend and colleague."...

A New "Character" for Callas

ROSSINI: *"Non più mesta" (La Cenerentola). "Selva opaca" (Guglielmo Tell). "Bel raggio lusinghier" (Semiramide).* DONIZETTI: *"Convien partir" (La Figlia del Reggimento); "Tranquillo ei posa!" (Lucrezia Borgia); "Prendi, per me sei libera" (L'Elisir d'Amore). Maria Callas, soprano, with Nicola Rescigno conducting the Orchestra of the Society of the Concerts of the Conservatory.* Angel mono 36239, $4.79; stereo S 36239, $5.79.

Considering the length as well as the breadth of her recording career, it would hardly seem possible for Maria Callas to add some quality of personality hitherto unrevealed in her singing. But, as she continues to investigate wider horizons of creative expression, so she continues to uncover even deeper areas of recreative expression within herself—which is one virtue, as well as reward, of the kind of curiosity that continues to animate her.

Here, to such previous soul states as fury, rage, resentment, affection, despair, and self-sacrifice, she adds one the listener hardly expected to associate with her—repose. She has, to be sure, often sung slowly, sometimes surely and even purely, but always with the sense of latent fire that might burst through at any moment. In the superb re-creation of "Selva opaca" from *William Tell*, the fire is somewhat banked, so that the musical expression, for all its warmth, is steadier, more secure than on most prior recordings of this kind. This could also have to do with the ease and flow of the tone production, a lightening both of weight and color from the way it has sounded in some recent releases (including *Carmen*). This enables her to manage the extremes of a more-than-two-octave range not only with security but also with purity of sound. Considering the distinctions of so much she does here, it is unfortunate that Callas did not persevere to produce a "Non più mesta" that would end as well as it began. This one is marred by a final B that almost gets away from her. Rescigno is in sure command of the instrumental problems in this repertory, and the recording is all it should be.

Michelangeli, In Part

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in C minor, Op. 111.* GALUPPI: *Sonata in C minor.* SCARLATTI: *Sonatas in C minor (L.352), C major (L.104) and A Major (L.483). Arturo B. Michelangeli, piano.* London CM 9446, $5.98; stereo CS 6446, $5.98.

The first thing that comes to the attention in this recording is, as Thomas Heinitz mentioned in his comment in THE OTHER SIDE last month, the inferior quality of the piano sound. Where it was made, or on what kind of an instrument, is not documented on the issue itself (other than the inscription "recorded by BDM"); both, it may be noted, are inferior to London's usual high standard. The next consideration, of course, is what the sound, good or less good, conveys; and the judgment there is that this, too, is much less than what had been anticipated from Michelangeli in his first record to reach the American market in years.

Pianistically, his standard is very much what it has been: assured, meticulous, distinctive in its combination of finesse and facility. But it strikes me either that Michelangeli considers himself the heir of Gieseking—for whom the repertoire of this disc would be well chosen—or else he has a remarkable misconception of where his own best interests lie.

There is the closest match of means and requirements in the Galuppi, which is beautifully articulated and carefully measured, dynamically, to the scope of the musical expression. But what is one to say of Scarlatti embellished by arpeggiated chords, doublings at the cadences, and other excesses? Simply that it may be Scarlatti to a pianist's taste but not to a musician's. As for the last of the Beethoven sonatas, it is rather skimpy dynamically, much too superficial in its appraisal of the architecture of the work, and lacking in the kind of lyric impulse to give conviction to the *Arietta*.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Coming October 23

"The Crisis in Water: Its Sources, Pollution, and Depletion"

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Benjamin: *Jamaican Rumba.* Debussy: *General Lavine-Eccentric.* Grieg: *March of the Dwarfs.* Harris: *March of the Mandarins.* Paderewski: Minuet. Rameau: *The Hen.* Rimsky-Korsakov: *Flight of the Bumble Bee.* Foster: *Camptown Races.* Traditional: *Sailor's Hornpipe; When Johnny Comes Marching Home.* Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 6157, $4.79; stereo MS 6757, $5.79.	In addition to showing off the sectional skills of the Philadelphia Orchestra's numerous virtuosi, these transcriptions show off the arranging artifice of Arthur Harris, who is responsible for all of them. The Benjamin, Debussy, and Harris pieces are treated for percussion, the Paderewski and Rameau (also the *Hornpipe*) are assigned to the winds, *Camptown Races* and *Johnny* employ the brass, the *March of the Dwarfs* is set for full orchestra, etc. The only disappointment is to find the *Flight of the Bumble Bee* given to such agile instruments as the strings; massed brass would have been more of a challenge. Ormandy tends to be a little deadpan about the whole thing (a good square title would be Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Popular Orchestra), but the full dazzle of the sound is acutely reproduced.
Dvořák: *Slavonic Dances* (Opus 46, Op. 72), *Carnival* Overture. George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia M2L 326, $9.58; stereo M2S 726, $11.58.	Since Vaclav Talich's pioneering venture with the complete edition of these ingratiating works appeared here in the later Thirties, there has been a series of aspirants to comparison. The closest competition came from Rafael Kubelik (London), the result in no small measure, of the playing of the Vienna Philharmonic. Now Szell has put his stamp on the music, and it is hardly surprising that the results are a sounding likeness of the Czech Philharmonic, which he once conducted. However, by comparison with the Talich, which took its point of departure from the dance element in the work and thus stemmed from the feet, or the Kubelik, which was steeped in sentiment and thus sprang from the heart, Szell's treatment is cooly, clearly a product of the head. He is not indifferent to the appeal of a frisky dance rhythm, and a good tune engages his attention (if not his melting affection), but what is superb and unprecedented in his treatment is the definition of texture, which fascinates and delights him. As the orchestra is wholly capable of doing just what he asks it to do, the results fascinate and delight the listener, too. The overture makes a rousing encore.
Nielsen: Symphony No. 4 (*The Inextinguishable*). Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Hallé Orchestra. Vanguard SRV 179, $4.79; stereo SRV 179SD, $5.79.	The Nielsen centennial may not cut as wide a swath in public favor as some would wish, but it has aided the dissemination of recordings for those with the curiosity to investigate them. This is one of the best, powered by Barbirolli's long-known sympathy for the Dane's music, and a wholly convincing performance by the fine Hallé orchestra. To be sure, the two sides contain, together, only thirty-four minutes and fifty-eight seconds of music, which would seem to provide room for more Nielsen than it contains.
Strauss: *Don Juan.* Respighi: *Feste Romane.* Zubin Mehta conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic. RCA Victor LM 2816, $4.79; stereo LSC 2816, $5.79.	This record succeeds admirably in its dual purpose of displaying the responsiveness of the new Pavilion in the Los Angeles Music Center and the qualities of the Los Angeles Philharmonic under Mehta. He drives both orchestral vehicles with a sure hand and a steady sense of pace, accelerating with the right touch of pressure when the grade is up. Temperamentally, I prefer a *Don Juan* with more heat than Mehta conceives, but he makes his preference convincing. The disc is being sold in a limited edition by the Southern California Symphony Association prior to its general release later in the year.
Stravinsky: *Orpheus.* The composer conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. *Apollo.* The composer conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Columbia CM 9426, $4.79; stereo MS 6646, $5.79.	The composer is a better spokesman for himself in *Apollo* than he is in *Orpheus,* perhaps because it has a more continuous line and is thus more easily articulated than *Orpheus.* In the latter the fragmentations of thought among the various elements of the ensemble do not succeed each other with the continuous emphasis that they should have. It is interesting to hear, in Stravinsky's treatment of *Apollo,* a much less *espressive* declaration of the melodic sentiment than some interpreters deem appropriate.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 1 (*Winter Reveries*). Lorin Maazel conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London mono CM 9426, $4.79; stereo CS 6426, $5.79.	This is one of the most valuable additions to the catalogue in the series of Tchaikovsky symphonies by Maazel which London has been issuing periodically this year. This is not because it is a better, more authentic solution of the problem than any other, but rather because the problem has engaged few musicians of his competence, putting the results in a category of their own. A product of the late 1860s when Tchaikovsky was still feeling his way symphonically, it embodies an assortment of inclinations that Maazel assorts well and restates with considerable persuasion. Highly successful reproduction.
Tchaikovsky Concertos Nos. 2 and 3. Gary Graffman, piano, with Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia mono ML 6155, $4.79; stereo MS 6755, $5.79.	As a partisan of Balanchine's treatment of these two works as ballets, I am also partial to the vigorously rhythmic, nonsentimental projection by Grafmann. This is what one would like to hear anytime *Ballet Imperial* is performed, but, alas, does not. Of and by itself, it is a gaudy specimen of pianistic efficiency that is a grade above mere facility. Ormandy participates actively in the animated results, and the balance is particularly good.
Verdi: Preludes to Acts I and IV (*Traviata*). Rossini: Overtures to *L'Italiana in Algeri; Semiramide.* Offenbach: Barcarolle (*Contes d'Hoffmann*). Ponchielli: "Dance of the Hours" (*La Gioconda*). Georg Solti conducting the Covent Garden Orchestra. Victrola mono VIC 1119, $2.50; stereo VICS 1119, $3.	Much of this is creditable to Solti, especially the performance of the orchestra, which shows the benefit of his demanding kind of leadership. Some of those demands, especially in the Rossini overtures, tend to suggest a passion for speed for the sake of speed, but the order of musicianship at work is absorbing at all times. One wonders, however, whether it was Solti's preference to have the two Verdi preludes separated by *L'Italiana,* as though Violetta had taken a trip to Algiers between Acts I and III. The recording is clearly intended to be showy, and it does not fail its intentions. —Irving Kolodin.

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LPM 18 907 Stereo, SLPM 138 907

BEETHOVEN: PIANO SONATAS—*This new edition in stereo by Wilhelm* Kempff comprises inspired new readings of No. 16 in G, No. 18 in E flat (Op. 31, Nos. 1 & 3), and No. 22 in F, Op. 54.
LPM 18 940 Stereo, SLPM 138 940

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Alkan: *Le Festin d'Esope;* Bacarolle; *Quasi-Faust;* Symphony (Op. 39). Raymond Lewenthal, piano. RCA Victor LM 2815, $4.79; stereo LSC 2815, $5.79.	Lewenthal proves his point that it takes a high-powered pianistic mechanism to deal with the inventions of Charles-Valentin Alkan, and that he has in remarkable degree the resources of fingers and wrists that are required. However, he doesn't do as much to prove why anyone interested in music, as contrasted with piano playing, should devote serious listening attention to the repertoire of this disc. The musical ideas rarely approach the originality or interest of Liszt's—with which they have most in common—and they have a tendency to arrive at commonplace resolutions of whatever harmonic problems are encountered. In short, the range of interest represented by this material is seriously limited, though pianists will be fascinated by the amount of mastery Lewenthal demonstrates.
Beethoven: Quintet in E flat (Op. 16); Octet in E flat (Op. 103). Paris Wind Ensemble with Roger Boutry, piano. Nonesuch H 1054, $2.50; stereo H 71054, $2.50.	The skills of the players are more to be admired than the music that results from their deployment of them. This applies especially to the Quintet in which Robert G. Casier, oboe, André Boutard, clarinet, Michel Berges, horn, and Gerard Faisandier, bassoon, perform with exemplary finesse. However, they do not derive either leadership or example from the piano playing of Boutry, who is facile and not much more. The musical results are of a higher order in the Octet, in which the players named above are joined by André Francois, oboe, Claude Desurmont, clarinet, Georges Barboteu, horn, and André Delhemmes, bassoon. Nonesuch earns thanks for sustaining the technical quality of its records despite an economy price.
Beethoven: Variations and Fugue in E flat (*Eroica*); Bagatelles, Op. 126. Joerg Demus, piano. Westminster XWN 19066, $4.98; stereo WST 17066, $4.98.	Recordings of this engaging work are by no means as scarce as they once were, but there is nevertheless a welcome place for one as well played (and recorded) as this. In addition to the zest and enthusiasm Demus brings to his playing, he has a superior understanding of the composition's contrapuntal workings and a quick response to its changing emotional states. And, as noted, the recording (in the Mozartsalle of the Grosses Konzerthaus in Vienna) is outstanding for fulness and response from top to bottom. Demus's sensitivities are also keenly applied to the Bagatelles, in which there is much that can be underestimated. But, he also has the good judgment not to underestimate importance, while not overstating consequence.
Chopin: Ballades (Nos. 1-4); "Trois Nouvelles" Etudes (Op. Post.). Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. London CM 9422, $4.79; stereo CS 6422, $5.79.	This record is infused, like all since Ashkenazy's very first, with the things that make piano playing a command to the attention—lovely sound, warmly rounded phrases, an aptitude for putting into music what cannot be said in words. It is also a little overladen with some inclinations that, at first impact, one would prefer not to hear—violent dynamic contrasts, the kind of impulsive alterations of pace that push structural values out of proportion, a lapse of what might be considered "taste" here and there. But, at second contact, these are clearly in the nature of things for Ashkenazy at this time of his life, a joyous expression of the emotions and satisfactions he finds in these works. Doubtless he will play them somewhat differently ten years hence and ten years after that. The etudes are pure Ashkenazy-Chopin, which is to say as well played as I can imagine them being played.
Dvořák: Quintet in E (Op. 97); Sextet in A (Op. 48). European String Quartet, with Richard Strabl, second viola, and Wolfgang Herzer, second cello. Westminster XWN 19099, $4.98; stereo WST 17099, $4.98.	Each of these works, for all the freshness of thought it contains, requires more interpretive assistance from the performers than is provided in these instances. That is to say, there is in each a marginal amount of padding, working out, form-filling, etc., which needs a more discreet adjustment to what precedes and follows than these players command. Lacking, too, is the kind of forceful leadership that is wanted, especially where the Quartet is augmented by additional players. It sounds all too much like an ensemble of equals to preserve a strong sense of momentum. Very good recording, both in respect to sound and the balance of elements.
Dvořák: Serenade in E (Op. 22). Mozart: Divertimento in D (K.136). Princeton Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Nicholas Harsanyi. Decca 10109, $4.79; stereo DL 710109, $5.79.	Harsanyi has somewhat more identity (he was formerly viola player in the Lener and then the Roth Quartet) than the group he conducts, if none as a conductor. Together, however, they make a joyous experience of the songful work of Dvořák. Harsanyi clearly has a superior sound in his ear as the criterion of how a string ensemble should perform, and the one at his command comes close to it. Of particular interest is the Scherzo, which projects some ideas on the subject that Dvořák elaborated in his symphonies. The Mozart does not reach quite so happy an outcome, but it adds to the pleasure of a generally superior issue. Very good string sound.
Schubert: *An die Musik; An Schwager Kronos; Ständchen; Die Allmacht.* Tchaikovsky: *Was I Not A Blade of Grass; Again, as Before, I Am Alone.* Rachmaninoff: *O, Thou Billowy Harvest Field; Spring Waters.* Copland: *Zion's Walls; At the River.* Mozart: *Alleluia.* Spirituals: *He's Goin' Away; Honor, Honor; Oh, Glory.* Shirley Verrett, mezzo, with Charles Wadsworth, piano. RCA Victor LM 2835, $4.79; stereo LSC 2835, $5.79.	To do equal justice to all the material contained on these excerpts from a Carnegie Hall recital of last January, Miss Verrett would have to be a combination of Schwarzkopf, Tourel, and Mahalia Jackson, a triplication still somewhat beyond her. However, she accomplishes an almost equally formidable feat: performances that come closer to realizing the potential qualities of her voice than any I have previously heard recorded. There are qualities of thought and emotion to admire in each of the songs, but also some unsupported phrase endings, scoops, and tones pushed off center in quest of volume (as in *An Schwager Kronos* and *Die Allmacht*). Where the technical problems are under control and she can concentrate on communication, as in *Ständchen,* Miss Verrett sometimes sounds uncannily like the young Marian Anderson. However, I could do without the applause that RCA has seen fit to include after each song. Vocally, Miss Verrett has more sympathy with the Tchaikovsky songs, which she sings well, than with the Rachmaninoff. Least persuasive of all is the strained effort with Mozart. Wadsworth follows where Miss Verrett leads.
Strauss: "Ein Schönes war" . . . "Es gibt ein Reich" (*Ariadne auf Naxos*). Wagner: "Starke scheite schichtet mir dort" (*Götterdämmerung*). Rossini: "Frag' ich mein beklommen Herz" (*Barbiere di Siviglia*). Gluck: "Leb wohl! Lass dein Herz treu bewahren" (*Iphigenie in Aulis*). Christa Ludwig, mezzo; with Ursula Schirrmacher, soprano; Annabelle Bernard, soprano; Yonako Nagano, mezzo; and the orchestra of the German Opera, Berlin, conducted by Heinrich Hollreiser. Eurodisc 71394, $4.98; stereo 71395, $5.98.	This is the kind of vocal field day more than a few mezzos dream of having but rarely do: the opportunity to show themselves adept not only in the weight-lifting events but also in the dashes and the steeplechase. Were Miss Ludwig rated in terms of points for her tonal decathlon, she would probably score higher than any contemporary. However, general suitability does not assure specific superiority, especially in such a testing stretch of singing as Brünnhilde's *Immolation.* Miss Ludwig sings much of it beautifully, but with the wrong vocal quality, as if Brünnhilde had been taken by a sudden indisposition and Waltraute had stepped in to see her through. Also, the microphoning props her where she might be overwhelmed otherwise. However, it is unquestionably arousing to hear the familiar contours given a new glow and vitality by the caress in her youthfully vibrant sound. Tempermentally, she is every bit a Brünnhilde, if more the enthusiastically young one of *Walküre* than the time-tried, mature one of *Götterdämmerung.* As might have been expected, she is superbly at home in the solo from Strauss's *Ariadne,* which she sings better than anyone of record since Cebotari. Unlike most, she is not penalized either by the low A or the high B, providing just the right blend of richness and characterization. For those who do not mind the German text, her "Una voce poco fa" (in E major) is remarkably adept and charmingly spirited. Hollreiser is hardly a commanding presence on the podium, but the recording is good. —I.K.

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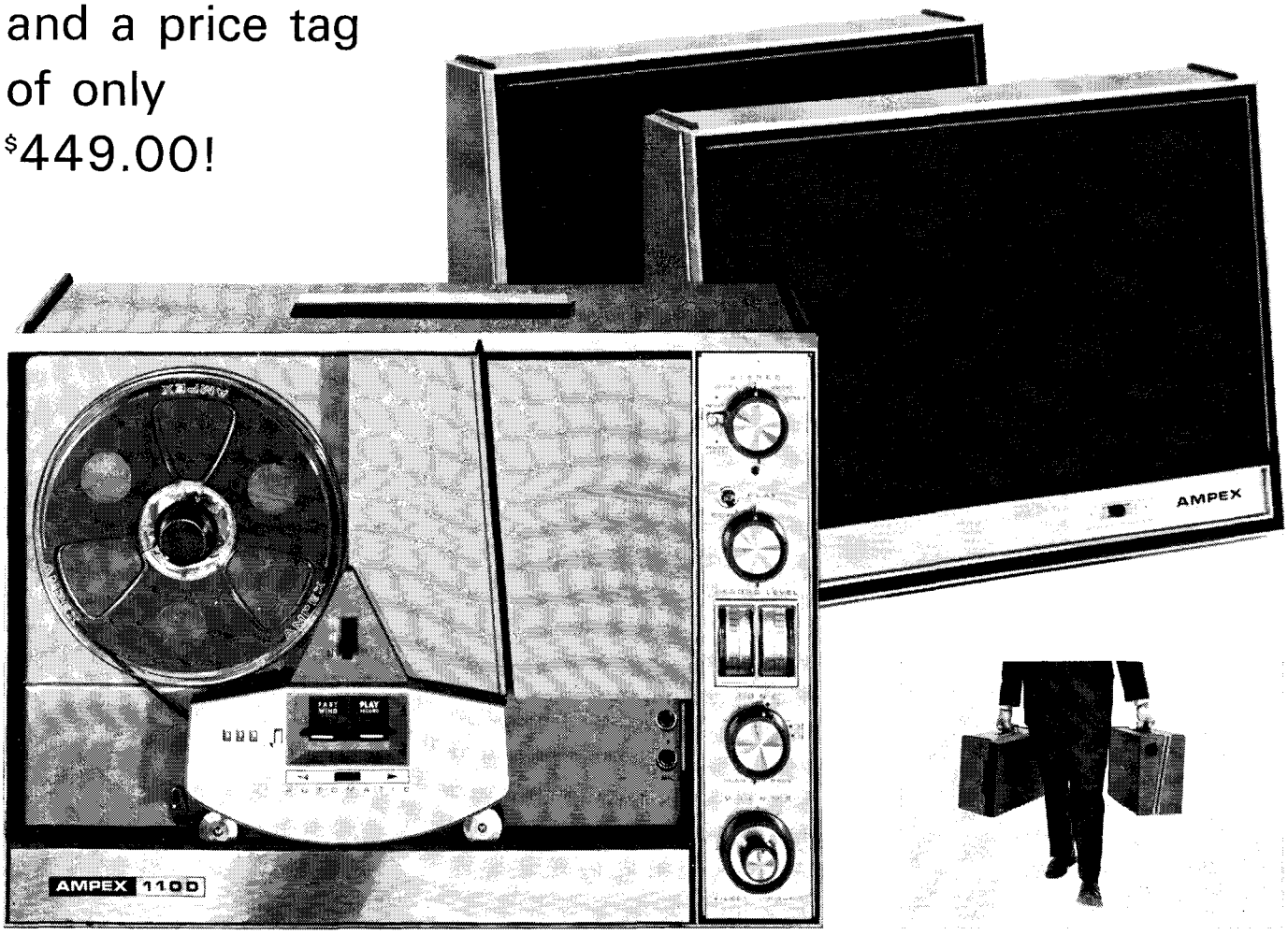

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THE OTHER SIDE

Prices and Products

LONDON.

EARLY SEPTEMBER may still look like summer in concert hall or opera house—but record companies, sensing the first chill of winter in the air, have already taken up battle stations for what promises to be the most fiercely competitive season in memory.

As I have observed before, it does not require an Act of Parliament (like the threatened abolition of Resale Price Maintenance) to spark a price war; such a war is now upon us; but, instead of being fought between individual shops, it is the manufacturers who will be at each others' throats. Although the initial concept of cheaper LPs dates back to the days following the introduction of stereo (when Decca launched its Ace of Clubs label, ostensibly to spike the guns of cheap-jack record clubs), the current phase of escalation can be traced directly to the alliance formed early last year between the Czech firm of Supraphon and the London book publishers Paul Hamlyn.

Since then Supraphon mono and stereo discs, selling at less than half our normal price, have enjoyed an enormous success, and it could only have been a matter of time before our own manufacturers began to hit back. Philips took the first step some months ago by launching an even cheaper mono label, mainly featuring somewhat superannuated Mercury recordings; more recently EMI, apparently working on the time-honored principle of "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em," began pressing a number of Supraphon titles for Paul Hamlyn, and now this under-cover alliance has flowered into an overt partnership with the announcement of a new, Joint Music for Pleasure label that will cater to the popular as well as the classical market.

Initially confined to mono releases (though I understand that stereo recordings will follow early next year), these discs will cost $1.80, which makes them substantially cheaper than Supraphon ($2.10) not to mention "normal" LPs ($4.50 and $5.60), though some dealers may not relish the fact that they must order twenty-five or more discs at one time. No sooner had this scheme been announced to press and trade—the classical portion of the first issue, amounting to nearly thirty titles, contains many oldish Capitol recordings (Steinberg, Stokowski, *et al.*) as well as some domestic EMIs and at least one Westminster disc—than Philips replied by reducing its cheapest label from $2.10 to $1.40, with the result that everyone now wonders what Decca's answer will be.

Nor is the battle confined to the lowest regions: in the medium price range Philips has just brought out a stereo series at $3, while Decca is augmenting its $3.50 Ace of Diamonds repertoire with a parallel series of Telefunken issues. Next month, too, EMI will introduce yet another reprint label, the Everyman Opera Series, which should create quite a stir at $3.50 per disc (including libretto) when it is seen to feature the Flagstad-Furtwängler set of *Tristan und Isolde* complete on five discs (previously it ran to six discs at $5.24 each). The fact that Furtwängler's performance of *Die Walküre* is also scheduled for reissue in this series must surely give Decca thought, since its own Solti-Culshaw recording will be made this autumn with a cast including Nilsson, Hotter, Crespin, Christa Ludwig, and James King.

How the public will react to this bonanza is anybody's guess—I expect bewilderment as well as delight, mixed with some apprehension at a situation that might get out of hand and ultimately damage the industry as a whole.

(*Continued on page* 70)

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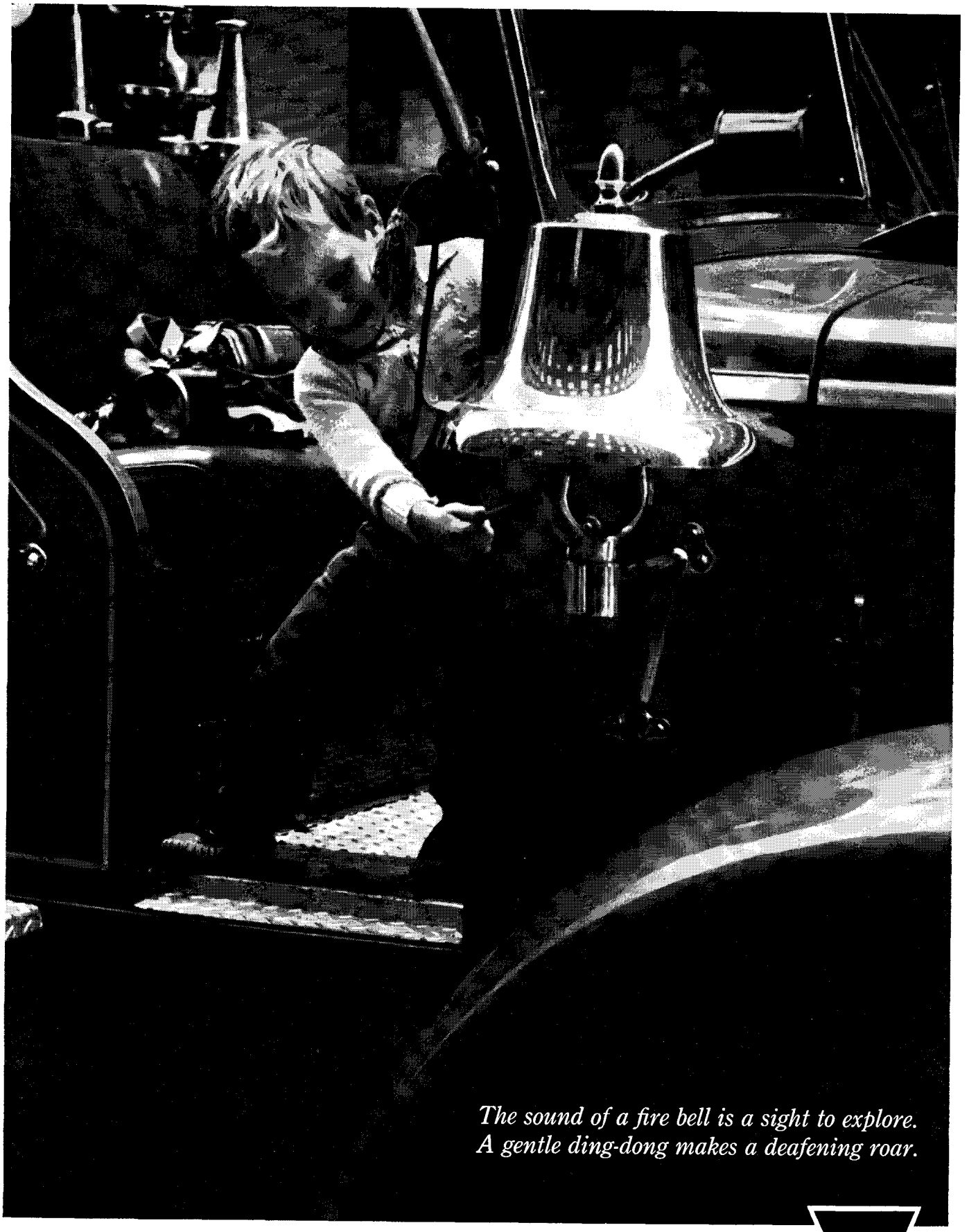

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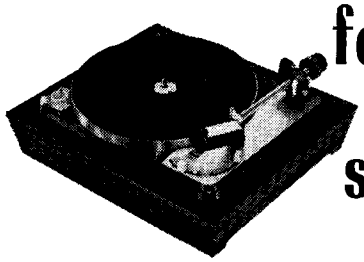

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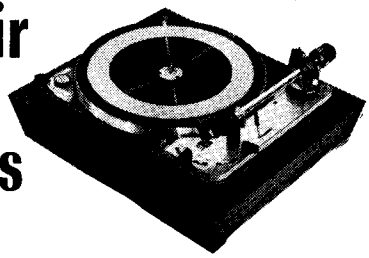

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Hi-Fi Show

Continued from page 59

microphones. New speakers and microphones, solid-state amplifier, tuner and receiver. 433, 436, 440.

Elpa. Thorens turntables and arms, Ortofon arms and cartridges, Cecil Watts record-cleaning devices; new ReVox tape recorder, accepting 10½" reels. 347, 349.

EMI-Scope. EMI Loudspeaker systems, new EMI-Scope Phonagraph systems. 633, 635.

Empire. Grenadier speaker systems; phonograph arms and cartridges, turntables. New speakers with adjustable response; new cartridges. 339, 340.

Ercona. Leak amplifiers and speakers, Ferrograph tape recorders, new transistorized version of PML condenser microphone.

Fisher. Components and Radio-Phonographs; new 70-watt receiver. 402, 416, 418, 422.

Hadley. Solid-State preamplifier, amplifier. 629.

Harman-Kardon. Receivers, amplifiers, tuners, new compact music system. 328.

Hartley. Hartley-Luth speaker systems. 501.

IMF Industries. 520, 521.

Inter-Mark. Cipher tape recorders. 327.

Kenwood. Tuners, amplifiers and receivers. New Model TK-80 receiver. 401.

KLH. New Model Twelve floor-standing speaker system. 518, 522.

Koss/Rek-O-Kut. Headphones, including a new model KO-727 with coiled cord; turntables, arms and record players, including new ML-500 two-speed player. 601.

KSC Systems. Speaker systems. 519.

J. B. Lansing. Speakers and speaker systems, amplifiers, preamplifiers; new Lancer and Dorian speakers, Festival patio speaker, guitar speakers and integrated amplifier/preamplifier. 509, 510.

London Records. New releases. 634, 636.

Marantz. Amplifiers, preamplifiers, tuner, record-player with radial arm. 407, 447.

Martel. Uher tape recorders, Telmar

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portable tape recorder, radio, integrated amplifier. 637.

McIntosh. Tuners, amplifiers, preamplifiers, integrated amplifiers and FM tuning scope. 309.

Mercury Records. New releases. 643.

Neshaminy Electronics. JansZen electrostatic and dynamic speakers. New Model Z/700 bookshelf speaker system. 307.

Norelco. Tape recorders, 437, 438.

Pickering. Magnetic pickup cartridges; new versions of V15 cartridge. 552.

Pilot. Stereophonic receivers, tuners, amplifiers and consoles. 619, 621.

Pioneer. 600.

R. F. S. Balfour "Princess" record changers. 553.

H. H. Scott. Components and consoles. 627, 628.

Sharpe. Stereo headphones. 312.

Shure Brothers. Microphones, phono cartridges, new Solo-Phone stereo headset amplifier. 446.

Sony Corp. Videotape recorder. 320, 321.

Sony/Superscope. Sony audio tape recorders. Several new models. 408, 409.

Stanton Magnetics. New "Longhair" cartridge with groove-cleaning brush. 544.

Superex. Headphones. 624.

Tandberg. Tape recorders, new Tandberg radio, tuner, four new speakers. 623.

Tannoy. Speaker systems; re-designed cabinets. 343.

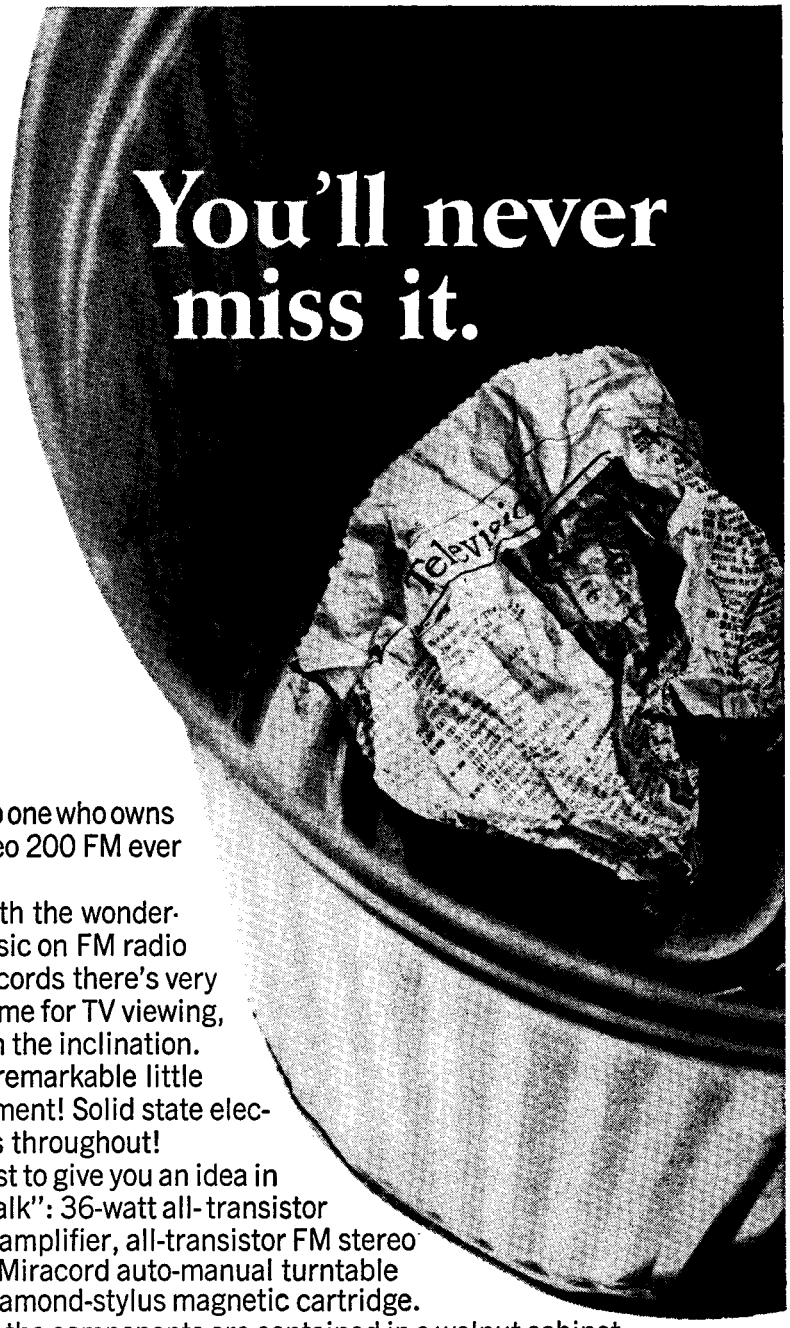
Telex. Stereo Headsets. 305, 306.

United Audio. Dual turntables and automatic turntables; new model 1019. 525, 526, 527, 528.

Utah-American. Loudspeakers and speaker systems. Two new models. 325.

UTC Sound Division. Goodmans Maximus speaker systems; new Maximus 4, 5, 6. 7 models. 428, 430.

Viking. Tape recorders, decks and transports; Auto-Tape cartridge player and matching Stereo-Matic home cartridge player. New modular professional electronics. 541, 546.



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The Other Side

Continued from page 66

Sooner or later the shift of emphasis from quality product to cut-price article is bound to reach a point where important recording projects requiring heavy investment will have to be abandoned since collectors, faced with a bargain-saturated market, may well resent being asked to pay $5.60 per disc even for a *Götterdämmerung*. We may know the answer by next summer, and one can only hope against hope that this war will not produce any major casualties.

Meanwhile, of course, though price-cutting projects may command the headlines, our main concern is still with the new "quality" releases and, after a month's pause, Decca has come up with a fair-sized and by no means uninteresting September list. From the Boskovsky-led Vienna Philharmonic Quartet, augmented by cellist Richard Harand, we have the first really worthy stereo version of Schubert's sublime C major Quintet. This performance may not generate the intense rapture of that unique Prades disc featuring Casals, Stern, Tortelier, *et al.*, but it is a far finer achievement than the same ensemble's account of *Death and the Maiden* had led me to expect; the playing is extremely accomplished and commendably unsentimental, while the recording sounds absolutely ravishing. There is also a fill-up: Schubert's charming one-movement String Trio in B flat, composed at the age of nineteen (but I cannot imagine anyone wanting to listen to it right after the marvelous close of the Quintet!).

Fine though the Schubert is, I have little doubt that the most valuable of the new Decca discs is the latest of a great series devoted to the works of Benjamin Britten. This couples an early orchestral masterpiece, the *Sinfonia da Requiem*, with the *Cantata Misericordium*, which was commissioned in 1963 for the centennial of the International Red Cross. The Cantata—for tenor, baritone, chorus, and orchestra—uses a Latin text by Patrick Wilkinson dramatizing the parable of the Good Samaritan; it is a most beautiful and moving work, which might almost be considered as a postscript to the War Requiem. This impression may be strengthened by the fact that the two soloists in this matchless recording, as at the Geneva premiere just two years ago, are Peter Pears and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, but there are resemblances of mood and idiom that go beyond the vocal timbres of these profoundly eloquent performers. With the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus under the composer's baton, they give a performance that is unlikely to be equaled, let alone surpassed; the *Sinfonia da Requiem*, one of Britten's finest non-vocal compositions, is splendidly played by the New Philharmonia and conducted by the composer.

RCA offers little of consequence this month, apart from a fairly successful Ravel-Roussel disc by the Chicago Symphony under its new chef, Jean Martinon, and the Serkin-Toscanini performance of Beethoven's G major Concerto (the Toscanini version of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* has not yet reached these shores), but on Oiseau-Lyre there is a fine disc by the Melos Ensemble devoted to Schönberg's Suite, Op. 29, for seven instruments (three kinds of clarinet, string trio, and piano). Also included are Berg's Four Pieces, Op. 5, for clarinet and piano, splendidly played by Gervase de Peyer and Lamar Crowson (who are involved, too, in the Schönberg).

Among a somewhat curious collection of EMI releases, pride of place belongs to Klemperer's commanding account with the New Philharmonia of Bruckner's Sixth Symphony, a work that is even today rarely heard in the concert hall. Less familiar still is C. P. E. Bach's *Magnificat*, composed in 1749 and altogether fascinating as a kind of stylistic "bridge" between the two halves of the eighteenth century; it is very capably performed by Jennifer Vyvyan, Helen

Watts, Wilfred Brown, and Thomas Hemsley, with chorus and orchestra directed by Garaint Jones, and admirably recorded.

Amid all the current price battle, Deutsche Grammophon is the only company applying the "special offer" technique, whereby some larger album sets may be bought at less than their normal cost for a limited period after publication, subsequently reverting to the standard price. Usually the albums concerned are collections or anthologies (Karajan's Beethoven and Brahms sets were issued thus), but the latest batch of "special offer" albums due to arrive during the autumn includes the new *Zauberflöte*, as well as a jumbo-sized Chopin collection by Tamas Vasary, and an equally bulky compendium of Schubert's chamber music featuring the Amadeus Quartet and other artists in the Octet, the *Trout* and C-major quintets, the G-major Quartet, the E-flat Piano Trio, the violin sonatinas, and some two- and four-handed piano music. Even odder than these albums themselves, perhaps, is a trailer disc released this month: it is very cheap and has one side each devoted to Chopin and Schubert, but the pieces actually chosen do not come from the albums at all but from earlier recordings by the same artists!

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Swinging Liturgy

RECENTLY released by RCA Victor is *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts* (LPM-3414; stereo LPS-3414), the work of Argentine-born composer-pianist Boris "Lalo" Schifrin, who has worked in Dizzy Gillespie's quintets as well as in Hollywood's film and TV factories. Schifrin's chief soloist is Paul Horn, who plays clarinet, saxophone, and several flutes. Predictably, the RCA publicity machine started to whir some time back. Gossip columnists were titillated, certain clerics were intrigued, and glowing reviews had appeared in news magazines even before the record was in general release.

This jazz mass, it might be noted, is not the first such self-conscious effort to use modern jazz in Christian worship. Ed Summerlin has written several jazz scores for Protestant services and received a couple of national writeups.

Schifrin is a highly skilful composer. His apprehension of jazz is sympathetic and even thorough, but perhaps sometimes as theoretical as it is pragmatic. Paul Horn is a player for whom jazz is less a matter of conviction than a matter of style—anybody's style, apparently, for he here plays clarinet like Jimmy Giuffre and saxophone like John Coltrane. The result is a work more engaging than moving. The "Kyrie," for example, is a cool swinger. But is a cool swinger appropriate to the invocation, "Lord, have mercy!"?

One section that does cut more deeply is the "Credo," and it is a disturbing experience. Horn offers a "free form," Colemanesque improvisation over a chorus of voices reciting the Creed in ascending intervals and increasing frenzy. The scheme might be more appropriate to cries from the damned than to an assertion of the articles of belief. Indeed, this section is more than a little indebted to a piece by musician-critic Don Heckman, which Schifrin has performed and for which Heckman's title is "Terror."

There is, of course, nothing wrong with composing a jazz mass, and probably American music will, in the future, see more of such undertakings. But jazz itself sprang partly from the religious music of American Negroes and is still strongly influenced by the Gospel songs of Negro Sanctified and Holiness churches. Perhaps any lasting jazz liturgy will in some sense have to evolve out of that remarkable sacred tradition. In any case, a self-conscious composer takes certain inherent risks, and the irony is (as he probably knows) that even the most sophisticated listener is likely to find his attention wandering when a group like the Staple Singers is making a joyful noise unto the Lord.

Schifrin's most pragmatically successful work in jazz was done while he was still with Gillespie and can be heard on a *Carnegie Hall Concert* (Verve V/V6-8423) with the trumpeter and a large, predominantly brass ensemble. It is a four-part "Tunisian Fantasy," based on Gillespie's "A Night in Tunisia." The opening section is an orchestration of Gillespie's piece, and subsequent sections treat its various components separately—its main melody, its "bridge" melody, and its rifflike "interlude," which usually serves to introduce the soloists. There is plenty of room for improvisation, and, foremost, Schifrin allows Gillespie room to open up and play.

Dizzy Gillespie also dominates a new release in RCA Victor's "Vintage Series" called *The Be-Bop Era* (LPV-519). It is perhaps a bit arrogant for any one company to produce a set with such a title, but the new LP is a valuable companion to RCA Victor's earlier *The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie* (LPM-2398), not only because it contains material by influential modernists but also because it shows how their innovations affected others whose styles were based in the music of the Thirties, men like Lucky Thompson, even older men like Benny Carter and Pete Brown. The delightful 1950 "Rat Race" by a Count Basie sextet, for example, offers "chase" saxophone solos by Georgie Auld and Gene Ammons, both of whom use a modified Lester Young approach. On his number, Illinois Jacquet sounds as though he had just caught up with Young only to find himself panting after Charlie Parker.

Parker himself is luckily present, since he slipped in for two selections at an "all-star" session featuring some 1949 poll winners. Parker, simply by playing, produces more interesting melodies than the fussy themes provided by two composers. The session also has a trumpet chase by Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, and Fats Navarro.

Navarro and pianist Bud Powell, along with the leader's drumming, are a joy on four selections by a 1946 ten-piece Kenny Clarke ensemble. There is a particularly revealing solo by a tenor

(*Continued on page 75*)

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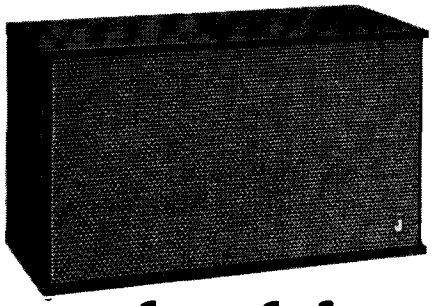

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Verdi's "Luisa" and "Lady"

ALMOST thirty-five years ago, one of the more shadowy operas of Verdi, *Luisa Miller*, in which the master, bringing to an end that eloquent but unseasoned portion of his career preceding *Rigoletto*, looked forward at the same time with remarkable clarity to the period of self-discovery and of experimentation that came after *Traviata*, was revived at the Metropolitan with a cast that included three notable singers: Rosa Ponselle as Luisa; Giuseppe de Luca as Miller; and Giacomo Lauri-Volpi as Rodolfo. Tullio Serafin conducted. Audience reception was cool. The work received two performances in the first year of its revival, one in the second. Then it disappeared.

Today, when older operas are taken off the shelf, examined without prejudice, judged by new sets of values, *Luisa Miller* might stand a better chance of success, especially if a singer with the magnetism and vocal splendor of Ponselle were available. But somehow I doubt the staying power of this opera on the stage. The plot, based on Schiller's play *Kabale und Liebe*, is excessively gloomy, the atmosphere unrelieved. At least in the ballet *Giselle*, which begins with an identical situation (rustic maiden courted by a prince in disguise who is engaged to a highly placed princess and denounced by the maiden's jealous suitor), the heroine removes herself through suicide so that the second tableau is peopled by less conventional and more interesting personages, the Wilis. But we must see *Luisa Miller* through to the end with the heroine in her father's front yard, through plots, subplots, and yards of incidental intrigue spun by Schiller. The prospect of hearing this work in the theater stirs little joy, but listening to it on records, especially in the largely good performance provided by RCA Victor mono (LM-2-6168, $9.79; stereo LSC-2-6168, $11.79), provides a welcome new opportunity for the understanding of a great creative mind.

Many of the pages make a vivid effect: the superb overture, unduly neglected in the concert hall; certain pastoral tones in the opening scenes that recall the woodland feeling of *Freischütz*; the sinister undercurrent associated with the two villains, Count Walter and his retainer, Wurm (both bassos, anticipate in the dramatic alliance of two such voices a linking of King and Inquisitor in the later *Don Carlos*); the highly charged, unaccompanied quartet in Act II (not so novel as it might seem on first hearing, since Meyerbeer had used the same device—an unaccompanied trio—some eighteen years earlier in *Robert le Diable*); the fine tenor aria, best known, perhaps, of all the music in this opera, "Quando le sere al placido"; and almost the whole of the final act, looking forward across the years to the dramatic passion of *Otello* and the instrumental mastery of *Falstaff*. In many ways this opera is commanding—without, it is true, any really distinguished tunes, but of a poignancy that merits the attention of every Verdi enthusiast.

Fausto Cleva leads the RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus in a fervent performance, full of dramatic drive and excitement. These qualities spill over into the work of Cornell MacNeil, in superb voice as Miller; Carlo Bergonzi, who sings with an outgoing brilliance not always associated with him; and Giorgio Tozzi as a villainous yet com-

prehensible Count Walter. Ezio Flagello, in the lesser but still important part of Wurm, also performs well. It is with the ladies that one feels a lack of Verdian grandeur. Not that either of them is less than scrupulous. Anna Moffo, as Luisa, sings on pitch, has good rhythm, molds phrases tastefully; but she does not bring a stellar musical personality to the role on which the opera stands or falls. Shirley Verrett as Federica, the noble rival of Luisa for Rodolfo's love, sings well but without much fluency. The Mediterranean style, as least in this opera, does not seem to be hers.

More of a piece in performance and far finer as an opera is London's recent recording of Verdi's *Macbeth* (mono, A 4380/3, $14.37; stereo, OSA 1380/3, $17.37). The album represents several positive achievements. For one thing, it is possibly Birgit Nilsson's finest work on records. Her evolving variety of dy-

(*Continued on page* 77)

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Flagstad

Continued from page 56

on, "but for now whatever you do will be compared to what they did, and if I were you, I would drop it." Eventually Henry Johansen went himself to see Mr. Johnson, and after that meeting Johnson immediately released Flagstad from the special commitment.

Many of Flagstad's characteristics were stubbornly methodical. This came out in trivia as well as in important matters. She was an avid player of solitaire. Most of the games she played took two decks of cards. I have watched her play more than twenty different, very involved games. For years she carried a special little book with her in which she carefully put down the number of times each of these intricate bouts came out. On many occasions she would become so absorbed in a particular game that she would take the cards with her to a performance. If by chance some visitor had been admitted during the intermission, he might very well have found her completely oblivious, lost in a match with herself. Five minutes later she could be on stage singing a great scene.

There were a great many stories about Flagstad's drinking habits, but I think that they were about the same as those of most Scandinavians I have known. Those rugged people simply like their liquor. In any case, I prefer to think of it as their concern. Flagstad's favorite cocktail was a dry—eventually a very dry—martini. In the beginning we used to make them of three parts of gin to one of vermouth, but she soon came to find this rather tame. Madame Frances Alda, among others, insisted noisily that this made no cocktail at all. On her instructions we changed to a ratio of six to one. She already detested the weak cocktails of commercial places, particularly those served on trains. Very soon on tour we carried a large leather case that she had had made in Europe. The case contained four heavy glass bottles. In two of these we carried our own martinis; another was filled with cognac, the fourth with plain—and delicious—Scotch, which I always preferred to the champagne Flagstad usually had in the evening. Wherever we were, it was always my task to see that the four bottles were full.

Cocktail drinking on transcontinental train trips became a particular ritual. There is a tradition among Scandinavians, so I have been told, which forbids a drink before noon. Once one has started, it is perfectly permissible to drink around-the-clock until the next noon. But if there is any break, one never begins again until twelve the following day. We often used to travel on the *Overland Limited* from Chicago to San Francisco, a trip of three nights and two days across the West. Usually in the morning, around eleven o'clock, the porter would notify me that the lady in Drawing Room A was ready to receive me. Flagstad would be all comfortably fixed for the day and already would be glancing impatiently at her watch. Five minutes would slip by, and still another five, with more and more fidgeting from the star. Finally, at about quarter to twelve, I would say "Oh, for heaven's sake, in New York it's already nearly two—we can start." Then we would ask the porter to bring two glasses full of ice. I don't believe I have ever seen other tumblers as large as those on the old Pullman cars. We would pour the martini over the ice to the very top of each huge glass. It was a heroic drink. As Flagstad's glass would get half empty, she would jiggle it, look at me pointedly, and say "Well, what's the matter?—it's plain water." I would make the refill quickly. Her capacity was tremendous. I myself could barely get the one glass down. Then, after a hearty luncheon, I would have to go off to sleep for two or three hours to sober up.

For all this, Flagstad never drank before singing. But immediately following an operatic performance or a concert, the first thing was a good shot of cognac. She always felt that this helped to avoid a cold. But before singing—never.

Her San Francisco debut was on Monday evening, November 4, 1935. Flagstad did a stunning Brünnhilde in *Die Walküre*. The spectacular success of her New York debut was at least equaled, and from then on the city was at her feet.

Flagstad gave just one song recital on the Pacific Coast that season. Just before we started east, she sang in Oakland, and before that concert a little ritual commenced which we carried on through many years. She had become enamored of the way I played popular music. In Oakland that evening I went along to her suite at the hotel, and just before we left for the hall I sat down at the piano and played Jerome Kern's "Lovely to Look At." Then a second time through, and in my frightful voice, I sang her the words. From that night on, she would not leave her apartment or hotel for a performance until I had played and sung this song to her.

She could rise, simply, to any occasion. There was the time in 1938 when, a concert tour of the Far East being concluded, we sailed for home aboard the S.S. *Niagara* from Sydney. Max had carefully planned to make connections fifteen days later with the S.S. *Matsonia* from Honolulu to San Francisco. The timing was essential to reach California for three important engagements Max

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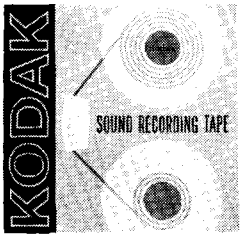

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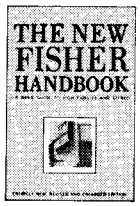

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had arranged by cable. We had a twenty-four-hour stop at Auckland, New Zealand, and Max suggested that we use this time for an excursion to the native village of the Maoris called Rotorua. The trip takes some three or four hours by car from Auckland.

Flagstad was a very bad tourist. It was rarely that one could interest her in visiting a famous or interesting spot. I know for a fact that although she lived for several seasons directly across the street from the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, she never set foot inside the building. She visited motion picture studios in Hollywood only when there was some personal attraction.

But there was evidently something about the way in which Max described the Maori people when we were on tour in New Zealand, and for this time, Flagstad was intrigued. I remembered, too, and told her something of the Maori music. Years before I had played several of their songs in concert arrangements for Frances Alda.

We made the trip and it was an utterly fascinating experience. Except for Princess Rangi, the famous guide for visitors, none of these people on the other side of the world had the faintest idea that they were being visited by a celebrated opera star. And Flagstad didn't behave like a famous opera star that day. She was a plain, simple, Norwegian woman with a good deal of wholesome curiosity.

The Maoris greeted her with no fanfare at all, but retained their unaffected simplicity in giving us a warm welcome. She in turn intuitively responded in her own simple Norwegian manner. Princess Rangi asked her if she would like to hear a group of the women sing. Of course she would. "But," said Princess Rangi, "we will sing for you only if you sing for us." Under any other circumstances, Flagstad would have turned and run.

"Of course," she said. For half an hour those few of us had a remarkable musical experience—out of doors in the native Maori village of Rotorua, a group of simple Maori women in their own setting, singing their haunting melodies. We did not understand the words. We did not need to. The music and the expression on their faces was message enough. And then Flagstad sang three or four Norwegian songs. No accompaniment was needed. The rapport was sufficient accompaniment for one of the world's greatest artists singing in this simple way for these simple and honest people. They did not applaud. Perhaps they had never acquired that means of expressing appreciation. But their broad smiles and the animated chatter were proof enough of their pleasure. After each of Flagstad's songs Princess Rangi would say, "They want more!"

It was shortly after this incident that Flagstad passed over into the area of the real prima donna. Although throughout her entire life she never really lost her simple and almost peasant-like Norwegian character, it was only natural that, with such continuous acclaim and world-wide demand for her, she should arrive at that state. One of the usual habits of a prima donna is the exercise of power, and she realized more and more clearly how much she had and what it would bring to her. She gloated over the fact that she could practically dictate the work and cast for her twenty-fifth anniversary.

No one wanted her to leave America in 1941. I, myself, probably more than anyone else, completely disapproved. Yet nothing I could say could bring home to her the danger and the probable eventual consequences of this reckless project. Her determination was unshakable and there came a time when everyone began to realize that it would only cause her further sorrow to be crossed. Too often she had made it clear to me that I was the one person she could count upon. Whenever even a slight question was raised, she quickly said, "My husband has asked me to come home. I will go—and Edwin will arrange everything for me."

It was repeatedly charged that Flagstad returned to Norway in 1941 through aid she had received personally from the German Embassy in Washington and that she traveled on a German passport. The fact is that, as far as I know, she never met anyone at all connected with the German Embassy in the U.S.

The charge of her having traveled on a German passport is incredible. She was a Norwegian with a legally effective Norwegian passport, and she never had one of any other nationality.

It was a foregone conclusion that the German authorities had to be dealt with in her behalf for the necessary visas through the occupied territories as well as Germany itself. The National Broadcasting Company took an active part in making all the arrangements. But Flagstad herself had absolutely no contact with any German and no one in the German Embassy or connected with the German Government was ever used by her personally.

All this time it had been my suggestion and hope that Mr. Johansen would meet her in Sweden and that perhaps they would decide she should not enter Norway. As I look back now, I wonder at my stupidity at that time on this question. It was amazing that we could have been so naïve as to think that the German occupation authorities would have allowed Henry Johansen to leave Norway to meet his wife in a neutral country and to return home without her.

It was clearly apparent then that of-

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ficial Norway frowned upon her plan of return. No one can deny the justice of their position. But even then I often thought how much better it would have been if the personal relations between Flagstad and the Norwegian Minister had been friendly. Officially his position might not have changed, but at least the atmosphere would not have been so clouded and the bitterness and enmity to be faced in the years after the war would have been lightened.

Her final prewar performance in the Metropolitan Opera House took place on Saturday afternoon, April 12, 1941. The opera was *Tristan* and I conducted. After many curtain calls, Melchior got permission from Edward Johnson to make a few remarks to the still-applauding public. He announced from the stage that a week later Flagstad would be leaving for home and that all wished her Godspeed and a safe return.

There was a roar from the public—"Flagstad! Flagstad!" She raised her hand and said simply "I am very happy to be going home, but I shall be even happier to return to you."

And so at ten o'clock that morning of April 19, 1941, the *Dixie Clipper* lifted off the water and we all stood there in helpless silence as the great star and our beloved friend floated off into the perilous unknown.

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Swinging Liturgy

Continued from page 71

saxophonist on the Clarke version of "Oop-Bop Sh-Bam" (my guess is that it is by Ray Abrams, but the notes are annoyingly lax here and elsewhere in identifying soloists). It features one Charlie Parker idea after another, but the player accents them, pronounces them, in the manner of a swing-style musician, and the effect is not that of modern jazz at all. There could be no more convincing evidence that the innovations of be-bop are fundamentally rhythmic. Finally, I'm happy to note that among the selections by Gillespie's 1947-49 big band are a couple that feature scat singing, the one called *Jump Did-Le Ba* with a granite-hard vocal virtuosity that is hard to believe.

Now and again, a collector's zeal for the rare or obscure overtakes his musical taste. Perhaps that is the reason why a decidedly inferior "take" of Duke Ellington's "Jumpin' Punkins" finds its way onto another new Vintage release of 1940-41 Ellington (RCA Victor LPV-517). And in view of the fact that several selections from the Ellington musical *Jump for Joy* are included, I am somewhat dismayed not to find the instrumental version of the score's most durable piece, "Just Squeeze Me," recorded by a small Ellington group under Rex Stewart's name and titled for the nonce "Subtle Slough." But in the face of the inclusion of such until-now rare Ellingtonia as "Conga Brava," "The Sidewalks of New York," "Are You Sticking?" and "Clementine," perhaps I am carping. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

The Moment

By Jeannette Nichols

WE *find out*
and Betrayal
moves into the next room

the moment stands in wet shoes

and we go after
asking and wringing
our hands

Betrayal stands
in the doorway
a silhouette in cut paper

and we *walk out*

the moment turns and turns
then goes out
like a damp candle

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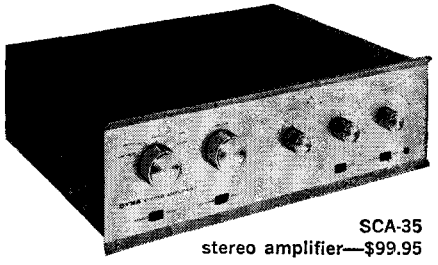

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Palestinian Founder

CATCHING UP on my reading, I noticed with considerable surprise that Mr. William Steinberg considers himself to be the founder of the Israeli Symphony Orchestra (page 57 in your May 29 issue)! In fact, the idea *and* creation of this orchestra was the work of my father, the late violinist Bronislaw Huberman. This is so well known that it should require no documentation. My father not only generated the idea for organizing the orchestra from the best displaced musicians from Nazi Germany but also looked after the fund-raising campaign (naturally with the help and support of many others, including Einstein), personally selected the first set of musicians, persuaded Toscanini to conduct the first performances, *and* arranged for the employment of Mr. Steinberg as, I believe, the first permanent conductor. (The Mann Auditorium, now the permanent home of the orchestra, is on Huberman Street in Tel Aviv.)

Huberman (right) with Albert Einstein

Mr. Steinberg, of course, did outstanding work as conductor of the orchestra for several years, which may be why he now considers it "his." Still, I would like to hope that in future he will give credit for the foundation of this wonderful orchestra where it rightfully belongs.

JOHN HUBERMAN.

Vancouver, B.C.

PS: Attached is a photo taken in January (approximately of 1936) of my father discussing plans for the (then) Palestine Symphony Orchestra with Einstein, at the latter's Princeton home. Einstein was reluctant to support any "cause" publicly but was persuaded to support the Symphony Orchestra. The photo appeared at the time in the *New York Times*.

Praise for Shure

PLEASE, what happened to Leonard Shure? If he is still alive and healthy why is he not recording Beethoven?

Does anyone remember Vox VLP 6360, *The Diabelli Variations*, done by Shure? After more than fifteen years of listening to this recording I am sure that this is the way Beethoven would have played these variations.

Please, Leonard Shure, do them again. Or—and I am desperate—please, Vox, reissue the old recording.

ALPHONS J. RIEDE.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *At last report Shure was well, and working in New York City.*

No Dice for Dalis

IN THE LIBRETTO BOOKLET which accompanies Philips Records' wonderful recording of *Parsifal*, we are told that Irene Dalis "is the first American singer to play the part of Kundry."

How can this be when the great American dramatic mezzo-soprano Edyth Walker (born Hopewell, New York, 1870; died, New York, 1950) sang Kundry at Bayreuth in 1908? I also have a suspicion that Lillian Nordica (born Farmington, Maine, 1857; died, Batavia, Java, 1914), who excelled in Wagnerian roles, also played Kundry, but I am not certain about this. Perhaps one of your readers will settle this? And if possible, give names of other American singers, if any, who did Kundry.

IRVING SCHWERKE.

Appleton, Wis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is hardly necessary to go back so far into history. Helen Traubel was a superb Kundry, and Margaret Harshaw sang the role at the Metropolitan as did Rose Bampton.*

Lent or Borrowed?

JOHN ARDOIN'S interesting article on the Patagonian festival recordings of *Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, and *Die Entfuehrung* prompts some questions and observations. I have seen the name of Ralph De Cross on several other Period recordings and I now wonder, since he is listed as the conductor of the Patagonian recordings, if he really exists and how he lends his name to this type of enterprise.

ROBERT N. MYERS.

Citrus Heights, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An educated guess would be that, if Ralph De Cross exists, his name, like the contents of the recording, was not lent, but borrowed.*

More About Parker

I TRUST THAT Oliver Daniel, who described *Hora Novissima* as an "absolute bore" [SR, June 26], has not said the last word about Horatio Parker's early choral work by any means. The eminent music critic of Boston, Philip Hale, reviewed the performance of this work in February 1895 in the Boston *Journal* as follows:

> Mr. Parker's work is one that is an honor to himself and to his country.

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Nor is it, perhaps, foolish to predict that future historians of music in America will point back to *Hora Novissima* as proof that when there were croakers concerning the ability of America to produce any musical compositions save imitations of German models, a young man appeared with a choral work of long breath that showed not only a mastery of the technique of composition, but abundant, spontaneous, flowing, and warmly colored melody.

HARRIET H. BARRY.

Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

"Luisa"

Continued from page 72

namics and of vocal color (especially in the breathtaking pianissimi of the sleepwalking scene), the freshly probing sense of drama brought to bear in her reading of the letter from Macbeth and, later, in the aria "La luce langue" (one of Verdi's extraordinary creations, by any standard) bring prime quality to the set. Giuseppe Taddei, slightly dry of voice but expressive and resourceful as an interpreter, does what he can with the part of Macbeth—a thankless assignment, for much of his music is conventional. This is a soprano-conductor opera, especially in the version rewritten for Paris, with its spectacular apparition scene, and Thomas Schippers, who seems to find his most congenial outlet in the works of Rossini, Donizétti, and early Verdi, does not let us down. His conducting is dramatic, well paced, and, when necessary, thunderous.

Bruno Prevedi and Piero di Palma are stirringly resonant as Macduff and Malcolm; Giovanni Foiani sings a passable Banquo; and the chorus comes off with distinction in the scene of the refugees at the Scottish border. *Macbeth*, for all the clarion brilliance of its battle scene, the ruggedness of its choral finale, the superbly interior drama of its episodes with Lady (as she is called in the Italian vocal score), does not always run on an even plane. There are banalities, langueurs. Yet even more than *Luisa Miller*, this is a score to be cultivated by all who profess a love for Verdi.

Technically, both are a model of vocal-orchestral balance, a striking display of stereo effect at the service of musical theater. It is to be hoped that further recordings of the lesser-known Verdi operas will be made along the same authoritative lines.

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Continued from page 17

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YOUNG WOMAN, 25, educated abroad. Knowledge of French, Arabic. Experienced as librarian, model, researcher, secretary. Impeccable social references. Seeks challenging position NYC. All suggestions considered. Box 0-494.

HOUSEPARENTS, mature, college educated, experienced couple desires position institutional setting, etc. Box 0-506.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

ETV STATION needs Chief Engineer, Assistant Station Manager, Program Manager. Northeast. Send complete details. Reply Box 0-413.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR POSITION OPEN Sheldon Swope Art Gallery, Terre Haute, Indiana. Salary open. Important collection of American art. Need is for museum man with all-round experience. Opportunity for development in the community and for personal and professional development. Write to Ewing H. Miller, President, Board of Directors, Sheldon Swope Art Gallery, 604 Tribune Building, Terre Haute, Indiana 47801.

WANTED: HOUSEKEEPER (no objection to lady with child) whose duties will include mothering 12-year-old daughter. Home in delightful resort area. Write Box 30, Southern Pines, N.C.

20TH CENTURY SECRETARY for 18th Century Williamsburg, Virginia. Unusual opportunity for responsive person who seeks offbeat assignment amid pleasant surroundings. Write Box 0-466, c/o Saturday Review, giving full qualifications.

SENIOR ADVERTISING COPYWRITER. Textbook publisher looking for person with teaching experience Grades 1-6 to develop advertising copy and work with editors. Advertising or textbook sales desirable. Locate in Boston. $7,000 upward, depending on qualifications. Send complete resume to Box 0-495.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY to principal executive of large midtown NYC organization. This is a well-paid career job for personable, dependable and skilled secretary with proven writing ability. She should be able to handle special as well as routine correspondence with minimum of direction. In addition to complete resume, typed, please submit in own handwriting informal essay including any additional information of interest to prospective employer. State salary requirements to Box 0-500, Saturday Review.

HOMEMAKER—family with four motherless children, York, Maine, needs refined, cheerful, kindly mother of grown family. Box 0-482.

ESTABLISHED AUTHOR, widow, southern Connecticut, seeks secretary, general factotum, educated woman, who can type and drive car. Salary not sensational, but unusual amount free time and independence, also European travel. Box 0-507.

"WORLD-WIDE JOB GUIDE" lists 460 sources. All types! Includes "Model Resume Outline," and "Executive Recruiters List." $1. Advance, Suite 536-SR, 152 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.

(Continued on Page 80)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 79)

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

SOUTHERN VERMONT. Farms, magnificent views. Acreage. Houses. Harold W. Ross, Realtor. Bondville. 802-824-6000.

TOWN bleeds into country elsewhere, but we have genuine rural remoteness and year-round comfort in 4 bedroom Dutch Colonial on 50-acre estate. Woodlands, fruit trees, flowering shrubs, view. O'Wyatt, Oxford, N.Y. 607-843-5186.

VERMONT. Fine, large, old brick. Excellent heating, plumbing. Apartment possibilities. Box 0-488.

POMPANO BEACH, FLORIDA. Retiree homes in good residential areas, seven to ten thousand. $300 to $700 *down, seventy dollars per month.* Raphael S. Roberts Realty, 3885 North Federal Highway.

IN GRAFTON, VERMONT—25 acres with A-frame, living room, kitchen, 2 bedrooms, full bath. Spring water, central heat, insulated. $7,500.
ALSO, 40 acres m/l on year-round road, with good spring. $4,500. Betty Cox, Broker, Saxtons River, Vermont.

IN PEACEFUL, COOL, beautiful Eastern Maine, retirement and summer homes $4,000, $6,500 and up. Remarkable values. State requirements, ask literature. Emery Realty, Eastport, Maine.

For Rent—Furnished

KAANAPALI, MAUI, HAWAII. Spacious, luxurious Polynesian type cottages. Completely furnished for gracious living, nestled around the rolling fairways of Royal Kaanapali Golf Course, scene of famous Canada Cup matches, overlooking blue Pacific and neighbor islands. Will accommodate two or more couples. From $450 monthly. Maid service available. International Colony Club, Kaanapali, Maui, Hawaii 96761.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

N.J. 1 room studio apartment to sublease during school year. 35 minutes to NYC. Convenient to Newark and other nearby colleges. Write Box 0-467.

LARGE FURNISHED STUDIO on beautiful Siesta Key, Sarasota, Florida. Ten feet from bayou. $1,000 winter season, $1,200 year. Box 0-475.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

WATERFRONT FARMS, estates on Virginia's Eastern Shore. Amine C. Kellam, Broker, Belle Haven, Virginia.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE BOOKLET, "990 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 828-J, Brooklyn 4, N.Y.

CAMPS

NO FRILLS. Full $700 worth: Music, Dance, Drama, Fine Arts, Sports (Coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

RETIREMENT LIVING

WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping, with good transportation. Meals, services, and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program, write: Resident Manager, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

VACATIONS

ASK YOUR FRIENDS about our Berkshire deep-woods lakeside "hideaway" where informality, self-planned activity, friendliness have been de rigeur for 41 seasons. Open to September 27th. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

WINDY HILL, RD, Box 160, Walden, N.Y. Records, books, lake. Informal. Telephone: 914-562-1232.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

NO COCKTAIL LOUNGE—the warmth of spirit obviates the need for spirits. Clean, comfortable guest accommodations, and a well-set table in a dining room that takes its beauty from breathtaking view of 7,500 mountaintop acres. All sports, including golf, tennis, boating, fishing . . . and more. Hay rides, cook-outs, nature walks, movies, ping-pong, children's programs, and so forth. AND lectures, seminars, workshops and other activities designed to refresh you culturally and spiritually. Not expensive, compared to other resorts. 450 guests; *many of them get to be best of friends, and bring others.* Come for a day—you'll be back! Lake Mohonk Mountain House, Dept. SR, New Paltz, N.Y. . . . 90 miles from NYC. 914-256-2211.

WALKER'S WRINKLE, Brooklin, Maine, provides autumn vacationers with delicious cuisine, homelike atmosphere.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn, apartments and motel with or without meals. Open through November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

FOLIAGE TIME—Visit Vermont. Flood Brook House, Route 11, midway between Peru and Londonderry. $10 a day with dinner and breakfast (luncheon if desired). Housekeeping apartment available. Also available, private house for larger group. Roessle, 802-824-5918.

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, scenic inn. Colorful foliage. With or without meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA, Mobil Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport 3, Massachusetts.

HILL-COUNTRY INN: Restful—informal—good food. Superb views. Folder. Windham Hill Farm, West Townshend, Vermont.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. Famed resort, inn and cottages at edge of the great outdoors. Delicious Maine food, cocktail lounge. Magnificent fall foliage, scenery. No hay fever. Fly fishing. Deer, bear, partridge hunting. Open all year. AAA. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 12, Maine.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

FOR A VACATION THAT LASTS, Rancho La Puerta, across the Mexican border in Tecate, Baja California, provides neo-rustic setting with complete accoutrements of health spa and family vacation resort. Vegetarian diet, special reducing dining room; fun exercise classes, fully equipped gym. Massage, facial department; beauty room. Riding, sports, craft classes, organized evening entertainment, etc. Guests may use optional clock schedule to ensure full, busy days. Guaranteed weight loss. Utter relaxation. New-found vitality. Rates nominal and phenomenal—$10 per day and up, three meals, all-inclusive. Only in Mexico. Staff of 100 for 150 guests. As featured editorially in LIFE, VOGUE. Operated by same management as de luxe Golden Door. See Chapter Seven, Doing It by Osmosis, in current best-seller, Overweight Society. New color brochure, write Rancho Vacation, Tecate, California. Telephone 354-1005.

HIDEAWAY for delightful, talented, creative guests. Tennis. Fishing. Golf nearby. Chaits Hotel, Accord 5, N.Y. Tel. 914-626-7373.

LIGHTHOUSE INN, New London, Connecticut. Overlooking the sea but nothing else. Jewel box 52 room inn; private ocean beach. AAA, E.P. Write for color brochure SR.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Blazing foliage! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Summer Rates. Write for information: Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

VACATIONS

GREEN SHADOWS will be closed October 5th until spring.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

COME EARLY TO TUCSON before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food. American Plan. $12 to $16 a day. CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona.

THE FLYING CLOUD—for unspoiled New England at its best. Incomparable year-round, off-beaten path, intimate 1771 inn-resort. A.P. Tucked away high in the glorious foliage and soul invigorating air of the Berkshires. Adjoining State Forest, at New Marlboro, Massachusetts. Superb tennis and food. 413-229-2113. Reservations necessary.

HUNTING'S GOOD at Tamarack Lodge in the Adirondacks. Write R.D. 1, Cold Brook, N.Y.

GARDEN GABLES INN, Lenox, Massachusetts. Small, restful, charming. Beautiful grounds. Breakfast served. Open all year.

STUDIES ABROAD

TRULY GIFTED scholars, artists, teachers, students—live, work and study at world's outstanding international college (Chateau near Lausanne, Switzerland). Tutorials, discussions, seminars, lectures, concerts, the Humanities and Arts. October through June ($1,800 includes room, board and tuition). Address: Albert Schweitzer College, Corcelles s/Chavornay, Vaud, Switzerland.

TRAVEL

U-PLAN-IT—Unique folders for independent travelers to Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and Aruba—Jamaica—Nassau—Mexico—and Miami Beach. Includes hotel and sightseeing descriptions and rates, restaurants, night life and car rental information. Guaranteed air and hotel reservations. Contact Gramercy Tours, Dept. SR, 444 Madison Avenue, NYC 10022 or your travel agent.

FOLLOW THE SUN aboard TYPEE, from California to Caribbean. Leaving December 15th, six months. Visit Central America and Caribbean Islands. Accommodate 4 girls. Box 0-397.

EAST AFRICA—WINTER in the sun. RYDE'S TOURS are now booking safaris for November, December, January, February. Write for details to American representative, Ellen Mitchill, 320 North Poinsettia Place, Los Angeles, California 90036.

DUBROVNIK OR DUBLIN? ZURICH or ZAGREB? We specialize in exclusive independent and escorted tours and cruises. Mrs. John Milliken, Go Travel, Inc., 200 Third Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

CAPE TOWN TO DURBAN, along the Garden Route by modern motor coach, offers infinite variety of South Africa's mountain, ocean, countryside and jungle scenery. Details from your Travel Agent; literature from SATOUR, Dept. P, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020, or 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area. Only one block from non-stop subway to the World's Fair . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV. . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

GET LOST . . . MENTALLY under blue Bahamas skies in unusual relaxing comfort as twin Catamaran hulls carry you on 10 day informal cruise in Outer Islands. Fish, skin dive or loaf. From $175. Brochure. "Tropic Rover," P.O. Box 394-K, Naples, Florida.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1642

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

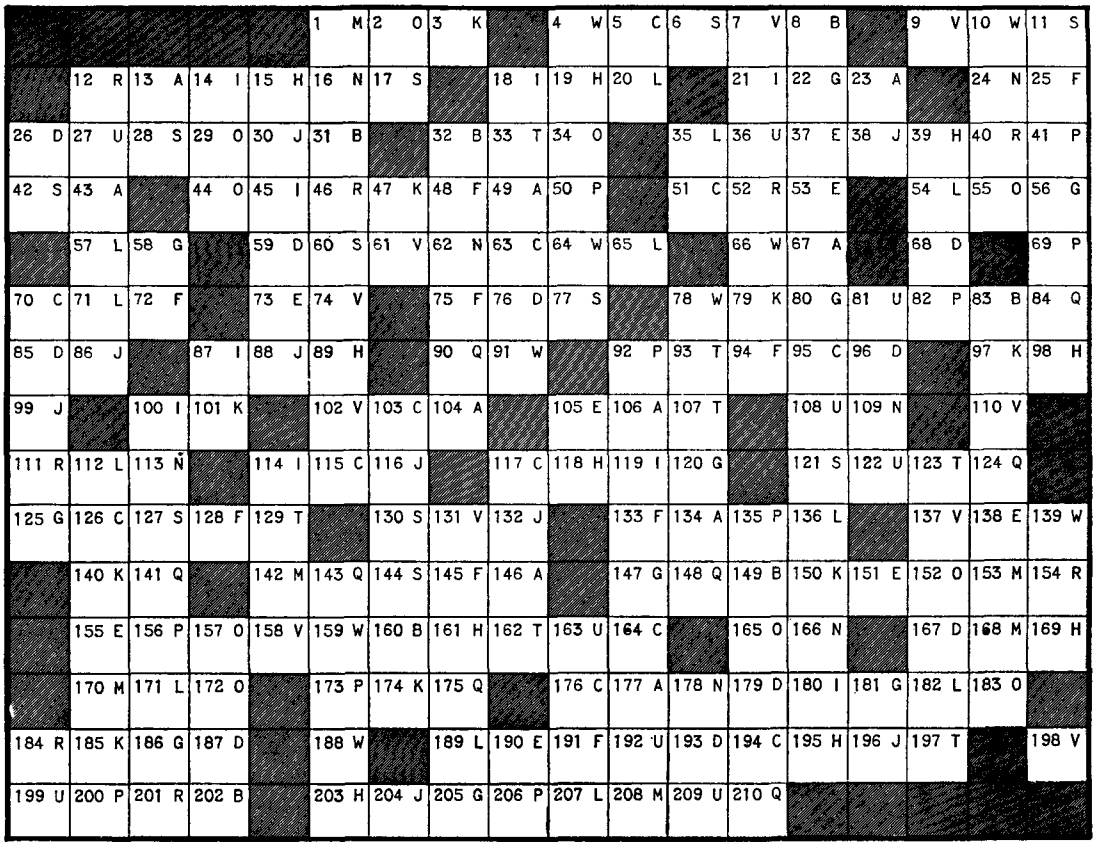
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Flashed like lightning.	67 177 49 43 106 146 13 104 134 23
B. Exclamation simulating sound of smashing blow or fall.	8 202 83 32 31 160 149
C. Where a good deed shines like Nerissa's candle (2 wds.)	164 70 103 63 5 115 51 117 126 194 95 176
D. Pertaining to longitudinal stress.	85 193 187 76 167 96 179 59 68 26
E. Early French crusader, 11th cent.; after capture of Jerusalem "Defender of the Holy Sepulchre"; hero of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* (name of dukedom).	105 190 53 73 37 151 155 138
F. Popular island of the Bahamas, one of earliest to be colonized by England.	145 72 48 94 75 133 128 191 25
G. Interlarded with pretentious words.	205 58 56 80 125 120 186 22 181 147
H. Less faithful in performance of religious obligations (3 wds.)	98 19 161 15 39 203 118 195 169 89
I. Where any comet shows its great dimensions (3 wds.)	100 18 87 119 14 180 21 114 45
J. Detachable, buttonlike devices, which serve as fasteners, ornaments, etc., made of precious metal (2 wds.)	30 204 38 132 86 88 196 99 116

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. White-belted hog in America; large, hornless sheep of England.	174 97 101 150 47 185 140 79 3
L. Complete something by adding a (special) finishing touch (4 wds.)	189 182 136 71 65 171 35 54 20 112 207 57
M. The articles forming equipment as for a journey or expedition.	168 142 153 170 208 1
N. What the important group in *Three Musketeers* really consisted of (2 wds.)	109 166 62 178 24 16 113
O. Dance in which Miss Joan Crawford is said to have gained early fame.	44 2 29 172 157 152 34 165 55 183
P. Readiness to converse.	200 69 92 82 156 206 135 41 173 50
Q. The wrong name for something.	90 84 210 143 148 141 175 124
R. Practiced healing by incantation or magic (local U.S.)	12 46 111 40 52 184 154 201
S. Familiar compound describing the baby without much hair to speak of.	144 6 127 42 121 60 77 130 17 28 11
T. European territory conquered by Rome 14 B.C.	93 123 197 107 129 162 33
U. Designating speech movements.	27 163 209 108 81 36 192 122 199
V. Inception.	110 131 7 9 61 137 198 158 102 74
W. Difficulty in swallowing.	139 91 4 78 64 10 159 66 188

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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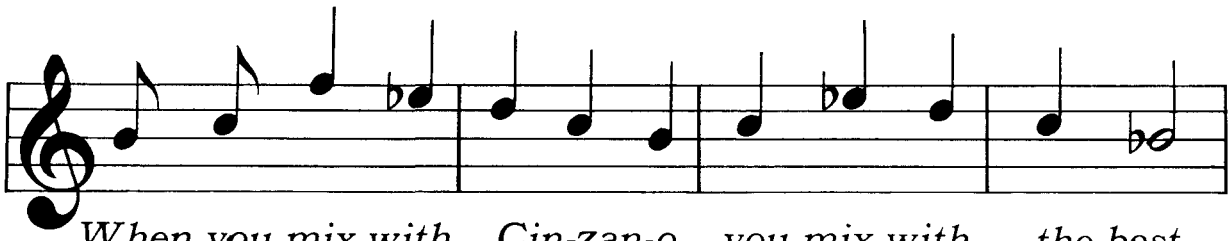
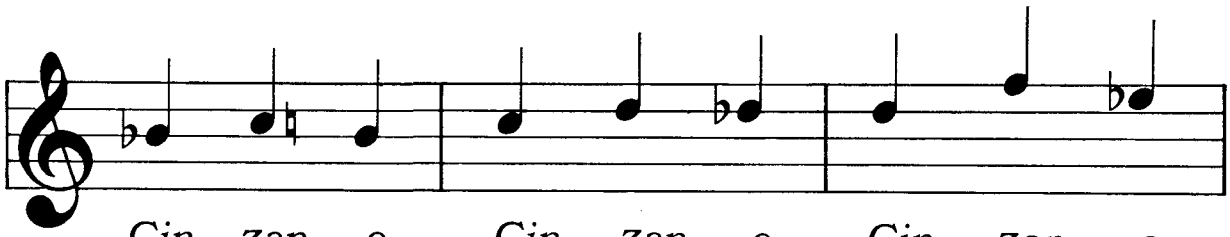
MUSIC FOR LOVERS

of Gibsons, Martinis, Manhattans, Rob Roys, etc.

Cinzano specializes in lovers. Those who love their vermouth dry. And those who love it sweet. For the former, there's Cinzano's French Extra Dry Vermouth. Mixes beautifully. For the latter, Cinzano's exquisite Italian Sweet Vermouth. Irresistible all by itself. MORAL: Whatever your vermouth pleasure is, one sip and you'll be a Cinzano lover for life.

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